My Seventy Years in California

By J. A. GRAVES

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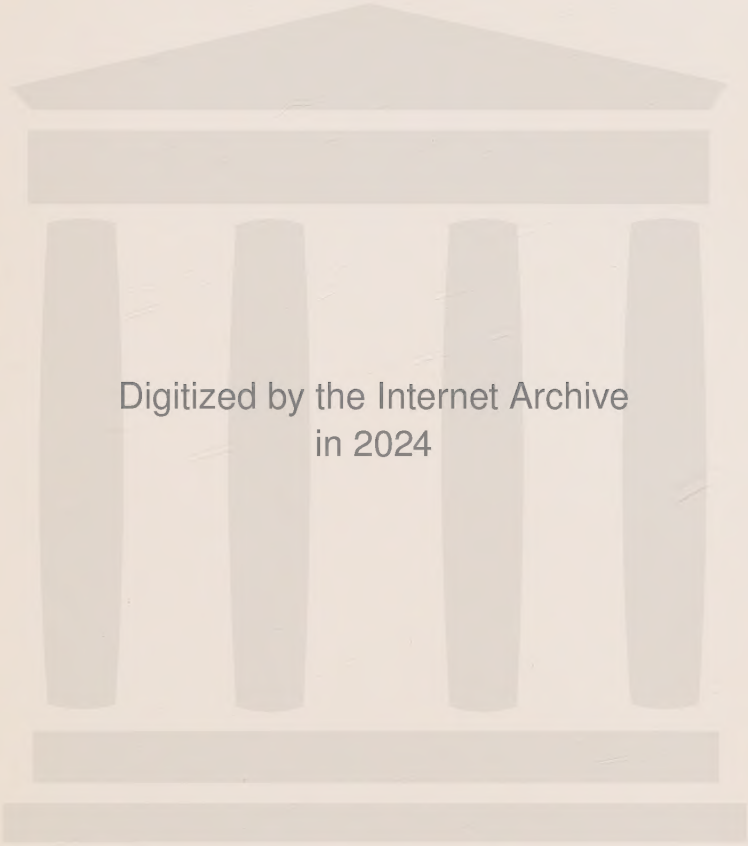
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J. A. GRAVES

MY SEVENTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA

1857 - 1927

By

J. A. GRAVES

President Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles

Los Angeles
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By J. A. Graves

LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO MY WIFE
ALICE H. GRAVES

PREFACE

Time flies so swiftly, that I can hardly realize so many years have elapsed since I, a child five years of age, passed through the Golden Gate, to become a resident of California.

I have always enjoyed reading of the experiences of California pioneers, who came here either before or after I did. The thought came to me, that possibly other people would enjoy an account of the experiences of my seventy years in the State, during which I participated in the occurrences of a very interesting period of the State's development.

As, during all of my life, to think has been to act, this is the only excuse or apology I can offer for this book.

J. A. Graves.

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INTRODUCTION

One of the strongest impressions left upon me, after reading the following pages, is the realization that it is a most notable contribution to the history of California.

History claims a place second to none in the roll of interesting subjects of study. The desire to know how we come to be what we are, and how the world comes to be what it is, is inborn in us all. Biography has ever furnished the best material for the historian.

Between the lines of this story of the life of J. A. Graves, can be read every phase of the development of California, from the days of the decline of the mining industry to the present moment.

After the waning of the mining era the people of California turned to the agricultural possibilities of the state. This included civic development, because as the agricultural resources were increased and widened, towns and cities grew. First, the grains and cereals were grown, and then deciduous fruits, and later on the grape, to be followed by the citrus fruits as a merchantable product. Incidental to this tillage of the land, and growth of cities, the titles to the land were directly involved. The base of civic, and particularly agricultural, development is the title to the land. No progress can be made except that ownership in the land is such that it insures to the owner unclouded ownership. All new countries, in their evolution to social stability, pass through this stage. Collateral to the ownership in the land, our state was peculiar in that ownership in the water that irrigated the land was of equal importance. Because of our climatic conditions,

with no rainfall during one-half of the year, artificial irrigation is the means by which plant life is sustained. Hence the vital necessity of ownership in the running streams and other sources of supply. There resulted, therefore, a vast amount of litigation over land titles and water rights. Mr. Graves participated to a large extent in this litigation and had a large part in bringing them to the point of stability they have now attained. Not only in the litigation against the squatters on the San Fernando Ranch, so graphically described in Chapter XVIII, not only as attorney in the Anaheim Union Water Company, but in hundreds of other instances in the current practice of the law, as attorney for abstract and title companies, his work as a lawyer was steadily directed to the settling and forever terminating doubts and questions about the titles to real property. Keeping in mind that the history of our state and city are based on the countless every-day, minor incidents as they occur, and keeping in mind that no professions exceed the influence of the lawyer and banker in the shaping, moulding and fashioning of these incidents, and that Mr. Graves was both lawyer and banker, it is deducible that his life had much to do with our local history, and that the account of his life furnishes an historical document of greatest value.

As to the book itself, it is a perfect exemplification of the saying, *"Le Style c'est l'homme."* It is like the man himself, straightforward, and no mistaking his meaning. Whether in the lighter vein of anecdote or the deeper strains of the hours of suffering, there is ever present the note of genuineness and earnestness. His every sentence is vibrant with his energy, and every sentiment is expressed with that honesty which has pervaded his life.

Biography can be, and many of them are, a kind of

drum and trumpet affair, or they may be dry as dust, chronicles of uninteresting events; but this biography is studded through and through with apt, humorous and pungent anecdotes. They are finely told, each fits the case, each has its punch, and their number show Mr. Graves' acute perception of the humorous side of life. They give us a more just estimate of the man. It is this gossipy attitude towards the little events of every-day life that are not only enlightening, but make the book so readable. On the whole, the book is so like the man that that makes it valuable. It is frank, intimate, personal, picturesque, and unconventional, and that is J. A. Graves.

As to the man portrayed by this book, I would say he is of the finest type of an American. He comes of good Kentucky stock. The Southerners have always been good pioneers—Lewis and Clark were from Virginia—Fremont was from South Carolina. Eighty per cent of the white population of Los Angeles, between 1865 and 1870, was from the South.

When the Graves family reached Marysville and found their savings had been lost, they did not sit down and do nothing but mope in despair. Such people do not know the meaning of the word "poverty." It simply meant that they had to commence over, which they proceeded to do. Then followed for Mr. Graves, even in his extreme youth, a period of hard physical work, of slow gains, with some comfort, but with complete independence and always with his self-respect untarnished. Through it all was his indomitable will, his boundless energy, his unfailing perseverance. He would have an education, and he obtained it, in spite of every difficulty. By unflagging industry and thoroughness he always was, and always will be, successful.

J. A. Graves has always been an honest man, not merely honest in that he observed the legal regulations respecting what is mine and thine, but honest in the sense that he pays his debts, tells the truth, and does his work thoroughly.

He has always been a free man. No man ever owned him; he has never been under bondage a moment of his life. Neither influence, nor power, nor gold, could make him surrender one iota of his personal independence. Four-square to every wind that blows he has ever stood unfettered to do that and that only which his conscience dictated. He has been a man of courage, both physical and moral. Note with what courage he attacked the vicissitudes of his youth. It took courage to fight his way to the top. But his courage is not only of that kind, but he has always had the courage to say just what he thinks, regardless of consequences. He has contributed much to the press on the public affairs of the day and he never hesitates to attack boldly the demagogues and political Bolsheviks of our time. I think these lines of Lowell aptly describe him:

> "I honor the man who is ready to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
> And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower."

And when I spoke of Mr. Graves being of the highest type of American, I spoke advisedly, because he is genuine California American, and that is the finest type.

The Eastern seaboard states, and even as far west as Chicago, are more or less affected by European influences, by reason of their easy access. If my memory serves me correctly, Mr. Graves has made but one trip to the East-

ern states. Outside of that his travels have been confined to the Pacific Coast, so he has remained purely Californian. When following the deer in Trinity and Humboldt counties, he was in the country of many streams, of verdant meadows, where the madrone shed its chocolate bark, and where, above all, the warm brown shafts of the redwood carried easily as a giant the delicately feathery leaves of its evergreen foliage.

If he were trolling for lake trout on Lake Tahoe, his eyes saw a sky as blue as the waters of that turquoise jewel, set amidst the rugged, pine-clad summits of its guardian mountains. If he were hunting the rare antelope on the plains of La Liebre, he worked his way through the elfin forest of the chaparral, the hot, dry air redolent with the odor of crushed sage. If he were casting the fly for the golden trout on Volcano Creek, he was amidst the sublime and austere surroundings of the High Sierras, where the winds blow in melody through the spires of the spruce and fir, the meadows are spangled with buttercups, and the wild lilac and manzanita challenge your path. Communion with these places inoculates one with a mystical influence that leaves its mark on character. And as you read these pages you will feel that they have left their impress on the man pictured therein.

"Deal with him gently, gentle Time."

H. W. O'MELVENY.

My Seventy Years in California

CHAPTER I

FAMILY HISTORY. MARYSVILLE IN 1857 COL. JIM HOWARTH

FROM an entry in my mother's handwriting, in her family Bible, which is in my possession, I learn that my father, John Q. Graves, was born in Lexington, Kentucky, on October 11th, 1823, and that my mother, Katharine Jane Haun, was born September 24th, 1826, on the Georgetown Pike, several miles from Lexington, where her father conducted a flouring mill and an old-fashioned Southern plantation.

Another entry in her Bible, in her handwriting, records the fact that she and my father were married at Paducah, Kentucky, on February 26th, 1846. Four children were born to them, in the following order:

Henry Emmet Graves, who died in Los Angeles in April, 1906; Selwyn Haun Graves, who died at Marysville, California, in 1860; Kate Graves, who died at the same place in 1864; and myself. My brother Selwyn and I, favoring my father, were blondes, with light hair and light blue eyes; my eldest brother and sister, favoring my mother, were semi-brunettes, with dark hair and most piercing black eyes. There was as much difference in the dispositions of us four children as there was in our appearance. Selwyn and I were the lively and mischievous ones. My eldest brother and my sister were more sedate. I was the pessimist of the family. Many a time I have cried myself to sleep, when the spring weather promised a dry year and I saw the crops withering up. I imagined all sorts of disasters ahead of us, even starvation. Some-

how or other, I have never gotten over the pessimistic idea, in fact, one of my sons-in-law christened me as the "optimistic pessimist."

My grandfather, W. W. Graves, who died of the cholera at the age of 87, and my grandmother, Polly Cloud Graves (they were not related, although they bore the same family name), who died at the extreme age of 105 years, in the possession of all her faculties, were of English descent. They were married the day the Battle of Waterloo was begun. My mother's people were Holland-Dutch. I have heard my mother state that her grandmother on her mother's side was named Winter and that she could hardly speak English.

My mother had only two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, twins. They were born in 1823. Elizabeth died when quite a young woman, never having been married. Mary married Capt. Samuel T. Milliken, after whom Milliken's Bend, on the Mississippi River, was named. He migrated to Texas, and was for many years a prominent figure there, in the mercantile world. He left one daughter, Edmonia, who married Capt. A. J. Brown, and who died on March 16th, 1927, being then a little over seventy-five years of age.

My mother had many brothers. So did my father, and he had but one sister. I have heard my parents state that when I was born, I had nineteen living uncles. Of course all of them have passed away. Most of them lived to quite an old age, except several of my father's brothers, who were killed at the Battle of Murfreesboro, in the Civil War. They were serving under John Morgan, the celebrated Confederate cavalry leader.

Another entry in my mother's handwriting, in the same Bible, recites the fact that I was born on Sunday, December 5th, 1852. I know, from information received

MOTHER AND FATHER GRAVES

from my father, mother, eldest brother and various uncles, that I was born at Hauntown, a village ten miles west of Clinton, in Clinton County, Iowa.

William G. Haun, one of my uncles on my mother's side, after whom the village was named, and my father, conducted a flouring mill and distillery and a general merchandise store at Hauntown. The mill was built by them in 1850. Its timbers were of hewn oak and pinned together with oak pins. It was destroyed by fire late in 1926. Some of the timbers were saved by the fire department and were found to be as sound as the day they were laid in the building.

In the Spring of 1926, I delivered an address at a luncheon of the Bar Association of Riverside County, California. Mr. Lyman Evans, an attorney of that city, whom I had met before and knew by reputation, presided at the luncheon. He asked me where I was born. I told him and he said: "Why, I was born within a few miles of Hauntown, on my father's farm. What did your father do?" I told him that he and my uncle were in business there in Hauntown. He threw up his hand, as if writing on a blackboard, and said: "W. G. Haun & J. Q. Graves, Millers, Distillers and General Merchants. I can see that sign now," he said, "as plainly as if it were before me. It was on the front end of the mill." He then went on to state that often, as a boy, he accompanied his father to the mill when he was hauling wheat and corn to it. He said there was very little money in circulation. For such products as they sold, they got some money, took back flour, corn-meal, buckwheat flour, bran, middlings, always ten gallons of whiskey, and general merchandise.

We left Iowa when I was scarcely five years of age, but I have a remembrance of some things that occurred

there. I remember that our house was on quite a hill and fronting on a road that led to Sabula. The mill was on Elkhorn Creek, run by water-power, and the mill-race backed up a very considerable body of water. From this I have seen our people catch the Mississippi blue cat-fish, frequently three feet in length. I approached one of them lying on the bank and touched him on the head, and I have the distinct remembrance of receiving a jab from a flexible sharp-pointed appendage near his mouth, which he seemed to have the power of using in almost any direction.

A short time before we migrated from Iowa, my two brothers took a little wagon, such as boys always have, put me in it and started for the mill for some chicken-feed. Instead of going down a perfectly smooth road, which was safe to travel, they took a path down the steepest side of the hill. As boys will, they got to fooling on the road, and at the steepest declivity, near its foot, they broke the tongue out of the wagon, and it dashed on with me in it and the mill-race just ahead. I distinctly remember that I had no fear of the water, but extreme fear of those three-foot catfish. Just as I went over the bank, the miller, Johnnie Mulligan, happened to come around the corner of the mill, and he fished me out, only damaged to the extent of a scare and a wetting.

Before coming to California, after closing out affairs in Iowa, we went to Lexington, Kentucky, and there visited my grandparents and other relatives. From there we went to New York and came to California by way of Panama. We came to San Francisco by steamer, on either the "Golden Gate" or the "Golden Age," I forget which, but whichever one it was, we played lucky. On her next trip up the coast she burned to the water's edge, and a great many people lost their lives.

We had relatives living at Marysville, in Yuba County, and went there from San Francisco on a river boat. We were much astonished to find considerable fruit and plenty of grapes growing in that neighborhood. They were introduced by General John A. Sutter, who came to California in 1835. He obtained very large grants of land from the then Mexican Governor of California, embracing much of Yuba and Sutter Counties. He bored with a big auger. He impressed the Indians into his service by treating them well, and had a large place near Marysville, called "The Hermitage," where he raised all kinds of crops, established a flouring mill, and built a sawmill at Colima where Marshall discovered the gold which caused the rush to California from the Eastern States. He brought lumber from Colima, fenced off ranches, built houses and barns and planted fruit trees and vineyards.

In my uncle's front yard at Marysville—with whom we stopped—were two immense fig trees, of the black Mission variety, full of delicious figs as late as October first, when we came there. There was also a grape arbor, loaded with ripe grapes. Many late peaches were still on the trees, also apples just becoming ripe. To us, coming from a then almost fruitless land, these things were a great surprise and treat.

Marysville, in 1857, was the third town in California in importance, San Francisco being first and Sacramento second. It was situated above the junction of the Feather and Yuba Rivers. It was founded by a man named Charles Covillaud and another Frenchman named Sicard. They bought the site of Marysville and much other land from General Sutter. Judge Stephen J. Field, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California, also for many years a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, arrived in Marysville in 1849. He was a

thorough French scholar, and Covillaud and Sicard immediately engaged him as their attorney. He drew the deed to them from Sutter for the lands which they purchased from him.

Covillaud, his wife and daughter Naomi, then a small child, were survivors of the Donner Party which, in 1846, were frozen in at Donner Lake, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Mrs. Covillaud's name was Mary, and when they laid out the town some wanted to call it Yubaville and other equally obnoxious appellations. Judge Field suggested that it be named after Mrs. Covillaud, and it was christened Marysville.

The promoters of the townsite, Covillaud and Sicard, arranged an auction sale of lots. Covillaud urged Judge Field to buy as many lots as he wanted. Field told him he had no money. Covillaud said that made no difference, that he would give him all the time he wanted to pay for them. Accordingly, Judge Field bid in some sixty-nine lots, mostly corners, for approximately $20,000. Inside of sixty days he sold one-third of them for sufficient to pay for all of them.

Judge Field and my uncle, Henry P. Haun, also a lawyer, were very intimate friends. My uncle was appointed by Governor Bigler to fill out the unexpired term of Broderick in the United States Senate when the latter was killed in a duel with Judge Terry. Uncle Henry returned to California at the end of the session and would, without doubt, have been elected to the Senate, but he died of Panama fever three days after reaching San Francisco. While in the Senate, he made probably the first speech ever delivered there advocating the building of a railroad from the East to the Pacific Coast.

Judge Haun's only daughter, Mrs. Kate Haun Dewey, a widow, one year older than myself, lives in San

Francisco. She writes a clear, firm and very legible hand and her letters are of a chatty, newsy nature, like those of an intelligent young woman of twenty years of age.

Some thirty years ago I was in Judge E. M. Ross's chambers, then located in the old Farmers & Merchants Bank Building, at Main and Commercial streets, in Los Angeles, and he introduced me to Justice Field. I told the Judge that, in the early days, I had an uncle who was a warm friend of his. He inquired who he was. I told him, "Henry P. Haun." He embraced me lovingly, and inquired how it came that I was a nephew of Henry P. Haun. I told him that it was the most natural thing in the world, he being my mother's brother. He made me sit down and he entertained Judge Ross and myself by going over many Marysville incidents, including the disgraceful manner in which a Judge Turner had treated both Judge Field and my Uncle Henry. It shows that the friendship of those early days was long remembered. When it came time for the judges to ascend the bench, we entered the court room from Judge Ross's chambers. Justice Field had his arm around me, and when we reached the steps leading to the bench, he shook me warmly by the hand, much to the astonishment of the attorneys who were in the court room.

We knew and visited the Covillauds. After we went to Marysville, the daughter, Naomi, married a large landholder, named Mike Ney, while she was quite a young girl. He died some years afterwards, and in time she married a man named Schenck who lived at The Dalles, Oregon. She is now a widow, still living there, very wealthy, the principal owner of a prosperous bank, is about eighty-seven years old, and is probably one of the last survivors of the Donner Party.

Marysville at that time was the head of river naviga-

tion in that part of California. All the year steamers came up from San Francisco and Sacramento loaded with freight and passengers. In winter-time, the freight not needed for local consumption was stored in huge warehouses built on the river bank. Col. R. S. Baker, who was well known to all the people of Los Angeles, and who, with Senator John P. Jones, owned the San Vicente and Boca de Santa Monica Ranchos, and laid out the town of Santa Monica, with a man named Rice, built one of these warehouses. They also conducted a drug store there. Col. Baker retired from the business and it was then conducted by Rice & Coffin.

As soon as the winter storms were over, and the snow had begun to melt off the mountains, huge mule teams drawn by from ten to twenty-four animals, took this freight and all that was brought up during the summer-time, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California, and even as far as Virginia City and White Pine, in Nevada. It was a wonderful sight to see these teams, heavily laden, pulling out of Marysville. Each team was in charge of one driver, usually a Missourian, who rode the near pole mule and handled his animals with a jerk line attached to the bridle bit of the near lead mule. The wisdom displayed by this animal, who was the acknowledged leader of the team, was most astonishing. With twelve span of mules hitched to a wagon with two trailers attached, on a sharp turn, on a steep mountain road, the jerk line mule knew just how far to get out on the outside of the grade, to allow his wagons to clear the inside embankment. The amount of freight so moved was simply astonishing. The feeding of hundreds and hundreds of mules so engaged made a good market for hay and grain that the farming communities raised, while they took many of these commodities as freight to the mines.

All passengers were carried in six and eight-horse stages owned by the California Stage Company, whose headquarters were in Sacramento and whose president was Col. Jim Howarth, a genial, big-framed, big-hearted Kentuckian, who, among other things, owned the celebrated running stallion, "Langford," who was a frequent contender for heavy purses against the thoroughbreds, "Norfolk" and "Lodi," owned by Theodore Winters of Yolo County.

Nowhere in the world were there ever better stages, or better horses, than the California Stage Company used.

They used to tell a very good joke on Howarth. He was a kindly man and thought a great deal of his employes. His superintendent in Marysville discharged one of their old drivers, named Dave Taylor, because he was getting near-sighted. Within the next day or two, Col. Howarth was in Marysville. The stage company's office was in Marcuse's cigar store, in a corner of the Western Hotel. It was a small, narrow room. Howarth was standing in the door, looking out, and smoking a cigar, when along came Dave Taylor. Col. Howarth greeted him very cordially, and after talking with him a few minutes, he said:

"What time is it by that clock?" (meaning the clock in the steeple of the Presbyterian Church, about eight blocks off).

On the inner wall of the stage company's office was a very large-faced clock and old Dave was looking right at it. He took a squint at it, turned around, shaded his eyes with his hand and replied:

"It is five minutes to eleven."

"Why," exploded Howarth, "there is nothing wrong with your eyes. Come in here."

They went in and Howarth wrote a note to the super-

intendent reinstating Dave, and told him to report the next morning and take out the Browns Valley stage. In relating the incident subsequently old Dave said that he could not see the church or the steeple, much less the clock.

About 1876, staging being on the wane in Northern California, Taylor drifted to Los Angeles and was driving stage from this city to San Diego. Anaheim was situated on a pure sand-bank, and in summer the streets were a fright. There were three or four livery stables there, and with the consent of the authorities they hauled all the manure from their stables and spread it on the main street of the town. Thereupon old Dave threw up his job. He said he would not drive a stage that passed through any town that paved its streets with horse-manure. He then opened a small faro game in Los Angeles and ran it quite successfully until his death.

In 1857, the water in both the Feather and Yuba Rivers was at least fifty feet below the level of the plain upon which Marysville was built. After hydraulic mining began, the rivers filled up, and today there is a levee around the city of Marysville, not less than twenty feet high, to keep out flood waters. All of the bottom land on both of the rivers, of course, has been ruined, and along the bluff, which separated the upland from the bottom land, levees extend on both sides of Feather River, and on both sides of Yuba River, for many miles.

CHAPTER II

MARYSVILLE BAR IN 1857. JUDGE STEPHEN J. FIELD ITS LEADER. GEN. GEO. N. ROWE PLACERVILLE BAR AN ABLE ONE

IN 1857, Marysville had a very able Bar. Justice Field was the leader of it. Shortly after we reached Marysville he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of California. He remained on the bench, part of the time as Chief Justice, until President Lincoln appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He filled that position, with great credit to himself, and honor to the nation, for thirty-four years, when he resigned.

He had many able competitors while living at Marysville. Among them were Judge Filkins and Judge F. L. Hatch; G. N. Sweezy, General Geo. N. Rowe; C. E. DeLong, afterwards Minister to China during General Grant's administration; Hank Mitchell, who attained great prominence as a mining lawyer in the Comstock days; the two Belcher brothers, Isaac S., who was for many years on the supreme bench of the state, and W. C. Belcher; Joseph Ashford, Nin Whitesides, E. D. Wheeler, a son-in-law of Judge Geo. N. Rowe, who for many years was a judge of the district court of the nineteenth judicial district of the state, in San Francisco. It was said that he and Judge E. W. McKinstry of the supreme court of the state, wrote the purest English of anyone in the legal profession in California. There was Judge Merrill, Judge Davis, and Gordon N. Mott. Later on came James G. Eastman, who took a prominent position at the Marys-

ville Bar. His cousin, John A. McQuaid, was also an able man.

Marysville had three eminent physicians, Dr. E. T. Wilkins, who was afterwards, for many years, superintendent of the Napa Insane Asylum; Dr. McDaniels, whose son, Eugene, has been judge of the superior court of Yuba County for many years; and Dr. Gray, the father of L. D. C. Gray who lived for many years in Los Angeles and was employed by the firm of Graves & O'Melveny, Attorneys at Law. He died several years ago. One of Dr. McDaniels' daughters married Major Frank Ganahl, who was practicing law in Los Angeles in 1875. He subsequently went to Idaho where he was quite successful. He died either in Idaho or Spokane, Washington, I forget which. His widow lives at Hollywood.

In those days, all of these lawyers and, in fact, everybody else, were active politicians. Political feeling ran very high. People took an active interest in politics, turned out at all political rallies and did their best to elect the nominees of their respective parties. There were quite a number of southern sympathizers at Marysville. When President Lincoln was assassinated, some of them rejoiced openly, and they were promptly arrested and confined at Alcatraz Island, in the San Francisco Bay. There was a man named L. W. Thomas, from Tennessee, who was very tall and quite slender. His right hand had been burned when he was a child and his fingers were all twisted up. He could, however, hold a revolver in it and use it effectually. Some female admirer had made him a silk Confederate flag, about six by ten inches in size. The day the assassination of the president was announced, he pinned it on his breast and boldly strutted around the streets of Marysville, hurrahing for Jefferson Davis. He was arrested and taken to Alcatraz. All of these political

prisoners were put to breaking rocks and grading paths and roads. Thomas declared that he was a Southern gentleman and declined to work. He was put into the sweat-box repeatedly, but he never yielded. After the excitement had died down, all of these prisoners were discharged without trial and returned to Marysville.

Thomas was quite a wild character and, with the Joe McGee crowd, had been in a number of shooting scrapes. He owned a ranch at Chico, some miles above Marysville. An adjoining neighbor, named Turner, a brother of Judge Turner of the Judge Field episode at Marysville, one day took a shot at Thomas and then jumped behind a tree. The trunk of it was not large and was crooked, so that one of his knees was exposed. Thomas promptly put a bullet through it, and in speaking of the incident he would always say, "Yes, yes, I shot him through the knee to make him bow to a Southern gentleman." After the war, he returned to Tennessee and died there.

When Thomas returned to Tennessee he expected to come back to California. In conversation with Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, he told him that my mother was alive, and Davis gave to Thomas a beautiful letter to be delivered to her, together with an autographed photograph, as follows:

> "Jefferson Davis to Mrs. John Q. Graves,
> San Francisco, California. July 9, 1870."

At that time we were living in San Mateo County, a few miles from San Francisco. Thomas inherited quite an estate in Tennessee, from some relative, and did not return to California, but he sent the letter and photograph to my mother. Mr. Davis went to college with my uncle, Henry P. Haun, visited at the home of my mother's

parents, and my mother knew him when she was a young lady, although he was much older than she was. The photograph is now in my possession.

People of this age have no idea of the social conditions prevailing in California in 1857. Even Judge Field, before he went on the bench, accepted a challenge to fight a duel. His challenger, when the time fixed for the meeting came on, got cold feet, got out of the vehicle that brought him and his second to the grounds, boarded a passing stage and fled to Sacramento, much to the disgust of his second, Charlie Fairfax. Judge Field and his second, who was Gordon N. Mott, very courteously took his opponent's second back to Marysville with them.

Judge Field, while in the legislature, was compelled to challenge B. F. Moore, an assemblyman from Tuolumne County. Motion to impeach Judge Turner of Yuba County was before the house. Moore made a violent and indecent attack on the floor of the house upon Judge Field. Judge Field sent David C. Broderick, also an assemblyman, to Moore, demanding a public retraction on the floor of the assembly, and as Moore refused to make the same, he then challenged him to fight a duel, Broderick acting as his second. Moore declined to accept the challenge solely on the ground that he was going to run for congress and that to fight a duel might injure his chances. Broderick then told Moore that Judge Field would, on the next morning, denounce him on the floor of the assembly. Moore replied that, if he did, Field would be shot. Broderick told him that, in that case, there would be others shot. When the house was called to order by the speaker, a coterie of assemblymen, all fully armed, surrounded Field. He and Moore arose at the same time, Field fully prepared to denounce Moore in as severe language as he was capable of. The speaker recog-

nized Moore, who read an abject, humiliating apology, and the duel was averted.

I do not relate this incident to disparage the character of Judge Field, than whom no man of finer sensibilities or greater honor ever lived, in the State of California. I simply mention these facts to show the social conditions then prevailing here. Men drank to excess and shooting scrapes were the order of the day. Gambling was an occupation continuously indulged in. Finally the wild crowd passed off the stage and more peaceful times prevailed.

I must relate an incident regarding General Rowe, the attorney spoken of above. When we moved to Marysville, he owned a ranch a mile or two from us. We had a band of fifteen or twenty sheep which ran with the cows, and quite a number of stock hogs. We sold them all to General Rowe. Among the sheep was a buck named Billy, whom I had raised by hand, having picked him up by the side of the road one evening, where he would have perished before morning. Lambs born out of season were discarded by their mothers and herders. After feeding him I would scratch his head, push him back with my hand, and in a little while I got him to butting everything on the ranch, even to fence-posts. The only person he respected was my father. He attacked him one day, when he happened to have a pick-handle in his hand, and father gave him a severe beating, and after that he let him alone. He had grown quite large, and if he caught me away from any building or fence, he would bowl me over and after a little while lie down and contentedly chew his cud, and I would crawl off on my hands and knees, when he would jump up and come after me, but not assault me; and in a little while lie down again, and after a time I would get to some place where I was protected.

The hogs were delivered in two or three wagon-loads, and my father told me, that afternoon, to take the sheep over to Rowe's. I put a rope on Billy's horns and led him, I being on horseback, all the other sheep following. When I got to Gen. Rowe's place he was sitting on the back porch. He saw me coming and told me to put the sheep in a corral that was not far from this porch. I opened the gate, took them in, got the rope off of Billy, and got out. In the corral were a lot of calves that were being fed skim-milk. I stopped to exchange the courtesies of the day with the General, he having come down off the porch. One of these calves came up to Billy and stuck out his nose affectionately towards him, when Billy knocked him galley-west. Then another one came up and he floored him. General Rowe seemed to get excited over this, opened a small gate and went in to drive Billy off. He was dressed in a long black coat, and probably he made some impression on Billy. Instead of immediately attacking him, Billy reared up on his hind legs, twisted his head and bleated defiance. In the meantime the General began to back off and got through the gate. Billy became more threatening, and made a break for him. The porch was four or five steps up. Just as he reached the steps, Billy overtook him and very materially assisted him in ascending the steps by boosting him from behind. Then Billy stood off, rearing up on his hind legs and twisting his head in challenge and encouragement to battle. Gen. Rowe had a rifle sitting on the porch, with which he had been trying to get a shot at a big hawk. He was so mad that he took up the rifle and in a very few minutes put an end to Billy's existence. It was all I could do to keep from laughing. I told him I couldn't understand what had gotten into that sheep; that I had never heard of his butting anyone before; that I had probably

traveled too fast with him, in bringing him over, and got him excited; and finally we parted friends, and I had my laugh all to myself, riding home.

When I reached home I was exultantly telling my mother how Billy had performed, and of his untimely ending, and of my telling Gen. Rowe that I had never seen him butt anything before. I miscalculated her fibre. She gave me a good scolding, and told me to go hitch a horse up to a buggy, which I did. Then she said:

"Get in here and drive me over to Gen Rowe's."

She scolded me all the way there. The General lived in Marysville and was only out at the ranch for the day. We found him just ready to start for home. He greeted my mother most cordially, and she said to him:

"General, I have brought this lying boy back to you, to make him apologize to you. He taught that sheep to butt, and he knew that he would butt anything in sight, and I want to pay you for the sheep."

The General laughed good-naturedly and said:

"We have a dozen workmen here. We intended to eat all those sheep, and they have already skinned Billy and they will eat him, so no harm has been done. I don't want you to pay me for the sheep."

She then directed his attention to me, and asked the General what he thought of a boy who had done what I had. He was on my side of the buggy. He put his hand on my shoulder and said:

"Mrs. Graves, the boy is all right. He didn't lie. He simply suppressed the facts. Mark me, he will make a great lawyer some day."

The reader can well imagine that I was not feeling any too good, and I do not know that his compliment made me feel any better. He told my mother that he regretted our moving away, and asked her if she would

not come and stay with them for a few days, after our teams had left for San Mateo. Mrs. Rowe had already extended her a similar invitation, and she stopped with them about a week, coming on to San Francisco by steamer, after we had gotten somewhat settled.

The actions of my mother that day, and the lecture I received from her, made a deep impression on me.

Gen. Rowe had an enormous appetite for food. His reputation in that respect was widespread. On one occasion he was in Sacramento, going to San Francisco. At breakfast, at the old Golden Eagle Hotel, he ordered buckwheat cakes many times, to the astonishment of his waiter. A few days afterwards, returning from San Francisco, he again breakfasted at the hotel. When the waiter who had attended him the last time saw that he was there, without taking his order, he went to the kitchen door and shouted:

"Buckwheat cakes and sausage gravy for ten! That old hog from Marysville is back again." Gen. Rowe overheard the waiter and told this as a great joke on himself.

As early as 1860, the churches were well represented in Marysville. The Methodists, the Catholics, the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians all had very good buildings, considering the times. I do not remember whether the Baptists were represented or not. It was well provided with public schools. There was a very large two-story brick building, presided over by Mr. Dudley L. Stone, a very celebrated educator, who was afterwards Superintendent of Public Instruction in San Francisco.

Other towns in Northern California were also represented by good lawyers; for instance, at Placerville, among others, there was Joe Hamilton, several times Attorney General of the state; at Grass Valley there were

Judge T. B. Rearden, Thomas B. McFarland, subsequently for many years on the supreme bench of the state; and Niles Searles. Judge Rearden also lived for a time in Marysville and married his wife there. For many years he was judge of the district court of Nevada County, California. He presided at the second trial of Laura D. Fair, who killed A. P. Crittenden. She was convicted on her first trial, and acquitted on the second trial, owing largely to the skilful defense rendered her by her attorney, N. Greene Curtis. At that time I was in St. Mary's College, and two of Rearden's boys were there. With the consent of the president of the college, Judge Rearden arranged that Harry, his son, and myself could hear the arguments delivered to the jury before him. We went up to the judge's chambers before the court opened and he took us into the court room and saw that we got seats. It was a wonderful experience which I certainly have never forgotten. The speeches of Henry Byrne, District Attorney, and Alexander Campbell, who spent the latter years of his life in Los Angeles, for the prosecution, and of N. Greene Curtis, for the defense, attracted wide attention and commendation from the judges and lawyers of that era.

I never think of Niles Searles without a feeling of gratitude. From 1880 to 1885, my partner in the practice of law was John S. Chapman, undoubtedly one of the ablest lawyers on the coast. Chief Justice Fuller, of the U. S. Supreme Court, said that Chapman's argument before that court, in what was known as the "Scrip Case," involving the right to locate government scrip, on oil lands in California, was the ablest argument he ever heard while on the bench. He declared that it equaled anything Webster ever did.

In about 1883 or 1884, Brousseau & Johnston (the

latter, Griffin Johnston, being a son of Albert Sidney Johnston, the famous Confederate commander) brought an action for a man named A. L. Bath against one Valdez and others, to quiet title to the north half of a one hundred and twenty-foot lot on Spring Street, between Second and Third, in Los Angeles. Johnston dropped out of the firm of Brousseau & Johnston; Judge Brousseau was not well, and he employed our firm to assist him. The laboring oar fell to Mr. Chapman. He tried the case, while I made money every day for the firm attending to its commercial quick-paying business. At the trial, Bath succeeded in showing a perfect paper title to an undivided one-half of the sixty feet involved. He had to depend upon the statute of limitations for title to the other half. He showed many years' occupation under a claim of right and the payment of all taxes. There was no question of minorities of any of the claimants to the lot involved. The legal question involved was whether or not the statute ran against a joint tenant. Judge Chapman argued the question very elaborately. So did counsel on the other side, among them being Stephen M. White, who was then in his prime. The trial judge decided that the statute did not run in favor of Bath against his co-tenant. We made a motion for a new trial and appealed from an order denying it and from the judgment, going up on a statement on motion for new trial, which contained all the evidence given at the trial. The supreme court affirmed the judgment of the court below. Chapman was heart-broken. He had studied the case thoroughly, was familiar with all the authorities, and knew in his soul that his position was correct. He filed a petition for re-hearing. It was granted and the case was re-argued. The supreme court affirmed the judgment of the lower court. We filed a petition for a re-hearing,

which was granted. After re-argument, the judgment was again affirmed. We filed another petition for re-hearing, which was granted. Before the case came up for argument, after the granting of the last petition for re-hearing, a commission was created by the legislature to hear and determine such cases as the supreme court referred to it. Judge Niles Searles was appointed on the commission. The supreme court referred the much-argued case of Bath vs. Valdez, et al., to the commission on the record as made up. The case was not re-argued before the commission. In one of the first opinions rendered by the commission, Judge Niles Searles, writing the opinion in Bath vs. Valdez, held that the statute of limitations ran in Bath's favor, reversed the judgment of the superior court and ordered judgment for Bath.

Of course we, and especially Chapman, were overjoyed, I rather more for the fee that was in sight, but he purely from the love of the law. He wanted to see right prevail. We sent for Bath to tell him the good news. He received it quietly and then said, "I always told you there was nothing in that case." Rather a bald statement, when he had come so near losing the case. That took the joy out of poor Chapman. He asked me what we ought to charge Bath. (Up to that time we had never had a cent out of the case. Brousseau had abandoned it, when we lost it in the lower court, and left it to us.) As the thirty feet recovered was then worth sixty thousand dollars, I told Chapman to charge him $3,000. He and I at that time had dissolved partnership and he was in partnership with his brother-in-law, E. W. Hendrick. He did not say anything, but sent Bath a bill in the name of our firm for $2,000. Bath paid it and never afterwards would he speak to Chapman. He was always friendly with me until one day when he complained of Chapman's

charge and I gave him a good tongue-lashing for his penuriousness and for the manner in which he had treated Chapman. I also told him that I had told Chapman to charge him $3,000. Then he no longer liked me. Judge Searles' decision was approved by the Bar generally, and I do not think that it has been in any manner modified.

CHAPTER III

FARMING IN EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA HOW WE LIVED. DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION AT MARYSVILLE DURING THE LINCOLN-McCLELLAN CAMPAIGN

WHEN we started for California my father left quite a considerable sum of money, more than $30,000, on deposit in a Chicago bank. The year 1857 was a panic year. Many banks throughout the country failed. By the next steamer after the one we came on, he learned that the bank in which his money was deposited had been closed. After some years he received a very small dividend on the amount due him. This was a severe blow to my father. He had intended to embark in some mercantile business. Without capital he could not do so.

We accordingly went onto a ranch five miles from Marysville, on the east bank of Feather River, under some sort of a partnership agreement with one of my uncles, A. J. Haun, brother of Henry P. In 1857, Northern California was thinly settled. Marysville had about five thousand inhabitants but settlers in the surrounding country were few and far between. The house on the place that we moved to was a huge affair, built by General Sutter, and was hardly a fit shelter for human beings. My father and mother, uncle and some assistants went out there every day for a couple of weeks, getting it in some sort of condition, and finally we moved out to it.

There was plenty of room for all of us downstairs. The upstairs was simply a huge loft, of the width and depth of the house, and must have been fully eighty feet long. There was a big window in the south end and the

stairs leading to this loft were on the outside and at the north end of the building. We did not intend to use the loft. It had been cleaned up, and, as the weather was quite warm, the door where the stairs ended and the window at the other end of the room were left open. I remember that we had succeeded in getting everything into a semblance of order on Saturday, and my mother said, "Now, all of you stay in bed tomorrow morning. Let's have a rest." However, at about six o'clock Sunday morning everybody was awakened by a most terrific noise overhead. My two brothers, older and more venturesome than myself, got out of bed, ran outdoors and went up the stairs. There they found a flock of goats. They had wandered from a neighbor's place, about a mile away, gone up the stairs and into the loft. They had become frightened at something and began to run around on the board floor, and you can imagine what it sounded like to people in the rooms below. When the goats saw my brothers they were more frightened than ever. The leader did not hesitate but jumped out of the window at the other end of the building. It must have been fully twenty-two or twenty-three feet to the ground, as the house sat up four or five feet off of the ground and had an old-fashioned high ceiling. Every last goat followed him and they scampered away home. After that we kept the door shut and did not have a repetition of that performance. It took us the rest of the day to get over our scare.

Our first six months on that ranch were very harrowing. Early rains set in, there was no school in the neighborhood, no community life of any kind. The days were long and dreary. During the winter we managed to get a crop in on the upland by hiring men and getting from the teamsters, who hauled freight in the summer time to the mountains, mules with which to plow. They were very

J. A. GRAVES AND SISTER KATE

WHEN HE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD

glad to have them worked for their board. Planting in the bottom land came later, but in six months from the time we settled there, things were going better. The bottom land was immensely rich, and we had vegetables of every kind growing. We accumulated a small flock of sheep, had our own chickens, turkeys and hogs. There were some stock cattle on the place when we went there. Wild blackberries and huckleberries grew in the woods in great profusion and the largest wild grapes I have ever seen. Out of the latter we made, in summer time, jam and jelly. We put up the blackberries and huckleberries. There was an orchard on the place that Sutter had planted, so we had plenty of fruit and canned it. Canning fruit, though, in those days, was not what it is today. Every can had to be soldered, and you can imagine that was some job for amateurs. I remember that in the lid there was a small hole to let the gases out while the lid was being soldered on. After the lid was on, then the small hole in the center was soldered. They were not very pretty looking, with home soldering, but they held.

We always made our own hams, bacon, lard, and had plenty of spare-ribs and sausage meat. Some of the sausage was stuffed and smoked and lasted until away in the spring. In the fall we would put up a barrel of sauerkraut and kill a young steer, pickle some of the meat, make corned beef of some of it, smoke some of it, and eat the rest fresh. As far as living was concerned, we had everything that anybody ought to have. We made the old-fashioned lye hominy, taking selected ears of corn, putting the corn, after shelling it, through the fanning mill, and then outdoors there was a hopper, made of boards, in which all the ashes from the house were put, and when the rains came a jar was set under the drain-pipe of this ash-bin, and gave us lye. With that lye, the outer covering

of the corn was removed, in making hominy, then the product was washed thoroughly until all the lye was out. With fried hominy, sausage, spare-ribs and corn-bread for breakfast, plowing seemed easy.

Nevertheless, we had none of the comforts of modern civilization. Our only lights were candles. We made them ourselves, because of economy, and those we made were better than those we bought. Fortunately, in a box of bed-clothing which was sent from Iowa, around the Horn, two candle-molds were packed. They were tin affairs, with a handle to hold them by while filling. Each one made four candles. The lower end was round, tapering, and terminated in a small hole just large enough for a wick. There was a square receptacle at the top where the candle matter was poured in. There were two stout little hickory sticks belonging to each mold. They fitted in a groove right over the center of the holes in which the candles were made. In the middle of the stick, over each hole, was a little groove. One of my earliest jobs was to put the wicks into these candle-molds. I did it by taking a hard string, dropping it from the top through the bottom of each of the holes, and then tying it to the wick and pulling the wick through. On the upper end of each wick there was a loop which fitted into the groove on the two sticks mentioned. When all the wicks were in, we tied the lower ends together. That pulled all the wicks taut and the grooves in the sticks brought the wicks in the center of each candle. We used for making the candles mutton tallow and beeswax, half and half. The beeswax we obtained from wild-bee trees. The mixture was heated and thoroughly mixed, then poured into the molds. They cooled very rapidly. The wicks, where tied together, were then cut off, and the candles drawn out, two at a time.

Well do I remember when kerosene came. Everybody called it and it was sold as "fluid." It was not as clear as modern kerosene, but had a bluish tinge. I suppose refining had not been brought to a fine art at that time. We burned it in dinky little lamps. They did not have a flat wick but two round wicks, and there was nothing to move them up and down by. If they were too high we had to cut them off. If they got too short we would take a long sacking needle and work them up. They were, however, such an improvement over the candles that we felt very much puffed up when we got to burning them. In those days the only plows we had were single plows. To my father it looked like a slow way of getting a thousand acres plowed, so he went in to see a Marysville blacksmith, and they put their heads together, and after working a few days they arranged to hitch three plows side by side. This was probably the first attempt at making gang plows in California. By putting eight mules on this new-fangled plow, the work of two men was dispensed with and the plowing went on more rapidly.

Being a country boy, my amusements were few and chiefly self-made, my sources of information meager. Consequently, everything that I saw or heard made a deep impression upon me. As soon as I was old enough, I began to wander around with an old hard-kicking muzzle-loading shotgun. One of my first duties was to go early in the morning and late in the evening to kill the quail in our vegetable garden. Often I would kill a dozen quail at one shot, and my mother used to ask me to kill something besides quail. Game of all kinds was very numerous. I spent a great deal of time in a woodland of several hundred acres that was on this property, studying animal and bird life, and I learned to love the trees and vines. A live slough on the property, of considerable dimensions,

the water coming in from the river at one point, running around a big island and going out at another point, was full of beaver. This water ran all the year, except a month or two in summer, when the river got low. It was such a large body of water, being in places sixty or seventy feet deep, that it did not become offensive. It was full of chub and perch, which afforded me great sport and added to the larder. I would sit near a beaver dam, with my gun on my knees, with all the patience of an Indian, hoping for a chance shot, but they were very canny. No matter how long I stayed there they never showed up, but when I would start away, I would not get two hundred yards from the blind I was in when I would look back and the beaver dam would be alive with them. They seemed to know that the gun I carried was of very short range.

Illustrating my efforts at amusement, when I was about twelve years old, in plowing corn one day, I plowed up a rifle barrel. It was very heavy. It had a bore in it as large as one's finger. It must have been an elephant gun such as we read about. The lock and stock were gone. It was covered with rust. I carried it to the end of the row and when I went home took it with me. I scoured it for weeks. My mother told me to grease it well with lard and wrap it up for a week or two, which I did, and it removed a very large portion of the rust. I dug the sand out of it with a wire, poured hot water in it, but never could get a drop of water through the barrel. The tube seemed to be hermetically sealed. I conceived the idea of cutting it off and making a cannon of it. It was so hard, however, that neither a file nor a cold chisel would make any impression on it. We did not have saws in those days that would cut metal. At that time, one of my duties every Saturday was to take butter and eggs to a

few selected customers among the merchants, lawyers, etc., in Marysville. On one of my trips I put the gun-barrel in the light wagon that I was using. I was told to have the horse I drove shod that day at a blacksmith shop in Marysville where all of our work was done. The name of the blacksmith was Ellison. After I had delivered my butter and eggs—butter a dollar a pound and eggs nearly as much—I went to the blacksmith shop, unhitched the horse, took him in and told Mr. Ellison I wanted him shod. Then I brought in the rifle barrel and asked him if he would cut it off, that I wanted to make a cannon of it. I could not have approached anyone more fortunately. He was the official cannonader of the town, always firing salutes when they had them. He looked at the barrel, said that it was awfully good steel, turned the shoeing of my horse over to his helper, thrust the gun-barrel into his forge, pulled on the bellows with one hand and poked the fire up with an iron rod, and I can hear that bellows murmur yet. He told me, while he was heating the barrel, that he had a little gun carriage there and he would mount it for me. He had the end of the barrel in his hand, and was poking it around in the fire, when all at once the infernal thing went off. Fortunately, he was not holding the barrel directly towards his body. The bullet cut through his leather apron and his checked shirt and just grazed the skin. We never could find it. It went over on the other side of the shop. When he heard the noise and felt the bullet, he threw up his hands and fell over on his back. The helper and I were scared to death, but Ellison soon regained his composure, jumped up, tore off his apron, and found that he was not badly hurt. And then he got mad. He took the gun barrel and threw it out in the street and abused me a whole lot. I went out of the shop and sat down on an old wagon tongue, and

from hysteria, not mirth, began to laugh. Then the helper began to laugh, and pretty soon Ellison began to laugh, and he came out and said, "That thing can't go off a second time. Bring it back here and I will finish it." I took it in and he put it in the forge until it was red-hot, cut it off to the required length, tempered it by holding it in water, and then mounted it on the carriage that he had. He drilled out the tube, so as to make a more open vent, and then told me to get a pack of firecrackers and every time I wanted to fire it to take a piece of that fuse-like stuff the firecrackers were tied together with, insert it in the vent, and then put in the powder. He further told me that as I lit it if I would turn a box over it, it would make much more noise.

I used to load that thing to the muzzle with blasting powder, which we had on the place to blast oak trees for making fence-posts. It made a frightful noise, and in a very short time my mother made me go half a mile from the house whenever I wanted to fire it. The concussion killed all of her hatching eggs, so that she was not getting any results.

I successfully used the cannon without injury to myself. Another experience with Ellison, however, was not so fortunate. During the Lincoln-McClellan presidential campaign, the Democrats of several counties held a great barbecue at the race-track, three or four miles from our house. There were plenty of old Southern darkies there who certainly knew how to barbecue meat. They dug long trenches, hauled oak logs into them and then burned them to smouldering coals and cooked the meat over them. I never have eaten meat that tasted as good as that which we had that day. There was to be speaking after luncheon, and a lawyer named James M. Coffroth was the orator of the day. He was an old-fashioned spell-binder,

and was the father of the Jim Coffroth who is now running the Tijuana race-track.

My friend Ellison was at the ground with a huge old cannon, and at stated periods he fired his salutes. The cartridges were in red flannel packages weighing five pounds each. They were piled up about twenty-five or thirty feet away. There were two men who would swab out the cannon after each discharge, first with a wet swab, then with a dry one. I would carry over a cartridge to them. They would split the end of the cartridge that went into the cannon. In those days, with the old-fashioned cannon, the man who fired the cannon would have a heavy buckskin glove on and would put his thumb over the vent while the cartridge was being driven home. For some reason, I know not why, if the slightest air got into the vent, there was a premature explosion. After I handed the cartridge to the rammers, I used to straddle the cannon looking towards Ellison who was thumbing and firing. When the cannon was ready to fire, I would get off and go after another cartridge. As luck would have it, the vent had become heated, burned through Ellison's glove and burned his thumb. He flinched a little; there was a premature explosion while I was sitting on the cannon. The two rammers were horribly mutilated, Ellison's face was filled with powder, and it seemed to me that cannon went ten feet into the air. It never moved when discharged regularly, but there was something in the premature discharge that made it jump.

I attribute my present deafness to that performance. For fully a month I could not hear anything. My right ear drum bulged out and the left one shrank inward. There were no specialists in those days, and our good old family doctor kept both ears full of olive oil and cotton. Finally my hearing began to come back, but never was as

distinct as it had been before. The right ear drum finally straightened up, but the left one is still bent inward.

That was a disastrous day for the Democrats. That night there was to have been speaking at Marysville. A platform had been erected in front of the Western Hotel. Jim Coffroth, who spoke at the barbecue, among other spell-binders, was to address the unterrified. Right opposite the stand was a two-story building, the lower part of which was occupied by the Wells Fargo Express Company. The second floor, for some distance from the corner, was the office of John A. McQuaid, cousin of James G. Eastman, attorney at law. He invited quite a number of people to his office. There was a porch opposite the stand, sustained by iron posts. What was called a French window opened onto this porch. He moved all the chairs he had and could borrow from neighboring offices onto this porch. My father, my mother and myself were out there, although I was deaf as a cooper and had my head tied up. Just before the speaking began, the weight on this porch became too much for it, the iron posts slid out, and it dropped like a table-leaf. Nine people were killed outright, among them Mrs. Rooney, who was mother-in-law of Jas. G. Eastman. There was an iron railing around this porch, and the tops of the uprights to the railing were sharp like arrow-heads. One of these penetrated the space under Mrs. Rooney's lower jaw and came out at the top of her nose, and she was otherwise horribly mangled. They simply gave her chloroform enough to put her out of her misery, and then had to saw the iron off to release it from the body.

We were not hurt, but for a few moments were separated. There was a man named Sharp, whom one of these iron posts had struck, and literally scalped him. For a few moments my mother thought it was my father.

Of course this broke up the meeting, and we all went home. When my mother undressed, she found, although she had felt no pain, quite a severe cut on her left hip, and her underclothing was literally soaked with blood. The Republican papers were brutal enough to make fun of this horrible accident.

CHAPTER IV

SPORT WITH GREYHOUNDS. MY FIRST AND LAST POKER GAME

AFTER the premature discharge of the cannon at the barbecue, I was not so enthusiastic about my cannon, and I traded it off to a boy for two greyhounds. Then the sport of my life began. In front of our place was an open plain which extended some thirty-five or forty miles from Marysville to Oroville. The ranches along the river were all fenced. The plain extended easterly, probably from twenty to thirty miles, to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. There were plenty of jack-rabbits on this plain. We could not chase rabbits in summer time as the ground got so hard it would tear the balls of the dogs' feet. They simply would not run. But when the winter rains came and the grass sprouted, the ground was in excellent condition, and I had the sport of kings.

However, I was pretty hard on horse-flesh, in following the hounds, and I got thrashed sometimes, and scolded many times, for the way I would use the animals up, so I concluded to own a horse of my own. That year we had a most excellent vegetable garden. About ten miles from us, on what was called the Honcut, which was a dry stream all summer but a roaring torrent in winter, were many dry farmers who raised nothing but grain. The only water they had was from wells. I conceived the idea of peddling vegetables to them. I broached the subject to my father, told him if I could take old Jake, a family horse, and an express wagon we had, I would go out and

try it and give him one-half of all I took in. He agreed to it and I made many trips into the dry country. At the end of the season, after dividing with my father I had $195. I paid him $100 for a four-year-old buckskin unbroken horse. I selected him because he would not stay put. He would jump over any fence, go off and visit the neighbors' animals, and when he got ready come home. He was a tough nut to break, and I thought he would buck my soul out before I mastered him. I had bought myself a good saddle and bridle, and in a month after I began to ride him we never stopped to open a gate but sailed over the fences in true English style. Very often I would cross the neighbors' ranches and it became a common thing for them to say, "There goes that damn Graves boy!"

I must have inherited a streak of thrift from my Holland-Dutch ancestors, because I even made chasing rabbits pay. There had come to our place a very small pack-mule with a pack-saddle on his back. He had got lost from some pack-train, of which there were numbers in that country at that time. We never found his owner. I used to put the pack-saddle on him, turn him loose, and he would go with us when we were chasing hares. As fast as we would kill one I would draw it, tie the legs together and hang it on the pack-saddle. Sometimes we would get as many as thirty or forty rabbits in one day. By that time the dogs would get tired and refuse to run. I would clean the rabbits nicely, hang them up overnight, and the next day take them into Marysville, to the market, and get 37½ cents apiece for them. I can truly say that, after I was twelve years old, I never lacked for spending money which I earned myself. In winter time I shot ducks for market and in the fall, dove and quail.

As a sequel, however, to my horse purchase, the next

winter was the wettest one I ever saw. I think that the rains we had in December and January were as heavy as the one that enabled Noah to embark in the Ark. My brother was away at school; all the men went to town for excitement. My father and I would crawl out in the rain and milk the cows and feed the animals and clean out the stables, and then sit around the house until it was time to do these jobs over again. I became awfully tired of it and one day I proposed to my father that we play cards. He would not play unless I played poker. He knew that I had been playing a little poker with the men, and I guess he wanted to teach me a lesson. We counted out a hundred beans apiece, and he put up another horse against mine, and it was not very long before he owned my horse. I had been running my hounds against those of a Dr. Rogers, who was quite an old sport. Because my horse could jump he tried to buy him from me, but of course I would not sell him. After my father won him he sold him to Rogers for $250 and kept the money.

I think he knew what he was doing—at least, the lesson bore fruit. I concluded that poker was not a good game for me, and from that day to this, nobody has ever won five cents from me at the game.

After Rogers bought my jumping horse he gave me a five-year-old colt, sired by Lodi, a thoroughbred racer, which could run away from my jumping horse, so I was in part recompensed.

CHAPTER V

MOVING FROM MARYSVILLE TO SAN MATEO COUNTY

WHILE we raised good crops, the partnership arrangement with my uncle did not work out very advantageously to us. At harvest time my uncle's necessities were so great that my father would be put off for his share until the next season. We accumulated a good supply of work animals and milch cows, but not much money.

In January, 1864, my uncle died. My father then leased the ranch from the executor of my uncle's estate, for two years, and during both those years we made good money. Before the expiration of the lease, the executor, without any notice to my father, leased the property to some one else. My father then purchased another ranch, a few miles farther up the Feather River, and we moved there. It was good property, most of it rich bottom land, but dire disaster overtook us. After all the bottom land was plowed, that season, a late flood came and literally swept away all of the top soil as deep as the ground was plowed. We replowed it, planted some corn, and got a moderate crop; but the next year another flood came, and instead of washing the ground, covered it several feet deep with pure white sand. After these floods came the country became very malarial and everybody suffered from chills and fever.

In 1867, despairing of getting well in that climate, we sold the property for what it would bring, and with but little cash but plenty of good horses and some twenty-five milch cows, we emigrated to the northern part of San Mateo County.

I drove those cows from Marysville to Oakland alone. Three of them had calves, which took care of their milk; three others had to be milked twice a day. I would put them up in some stock-yard, get hold of some small boy and tell him if he wanted some milk to bring me a bucket. I would milk my three cows, night and morning, and give the milk away. I arrived at Benicia one evening, put up the cows, and looking around the water-front made arrangements with a steamer to ferry us across the Straits of Carquinez, to Martinez, at twenty-five cents a head. When the cows and my saddle-horse were loaded on that dinky little boat, there was no room left. We landed at Martinez, and I got on the proper road to Oakland, which took me through the Walnut Creek country.

This was the 5th of December, 1867, my fifteenth birthday. Just before night it began to rain very heavily. I had a rubber coat which covered my body and a pair of leggings tied to the back of my saddle that entirely covered my legs. With these on, I kept comparatively dry. I was in a lane, and there was not a house in sight. Just before dark I came to a corral, in which there was a barn with a shed on each side, with mangers in them. A brief inspection disclosed the fact that there was plenty of hay in the barn. I opened the gate and drove my cows in, and while it was light enough I found an old pitchfork and filled the mangers full of hay. There was a well on the place, with a little roof over it, and notwithstanding it was raining, it seemed to me those cows wanted to drink all the water in sight. I stood there for quite a while, drawing water for them, until they were satisfied. On a bench by the well there was a two-gallon tin bucket. It looked pretty clean. I washed it out and milked my cows. I drank all I could hold and threw the balance of the milk away. While putting hay into the mangers I had dis-

covered a canvas wagon-cover hanging from a rafter. I pulled it down, took off my rubbers and boots, got some of the canvas under me and more of it over me, and was soon fast asleep.

Early in the morning I heard voices and raising my head I saw a man and boy outside, looking at the cows. I slipped on my boots, crawled from under the cover, went over to them, and told them how I happened to be there. The man was very pleasant to me, said he did not blame me a bit, but added, "Why didn't you come to the house?" There was a little ravine a short distance beyond the corral, filled with growing willows and alders. The house was about a hundred yards around the bend from this ravine, and of course the willows and alders hid it from me. They took me to the house and I had a good breakfast. It began to rain again. The boy and I went out and milked the three cows and took the milk to the house. The man's name was Cochran. He would not allow me to go on in the rain, so I stayed there that day. Next morning it was bright and clear. He would not charge me anything for my meals, or for sleeping at his house, but did make a small charge for the hay which my animals had used. The boy went a couple of miles with me, to put me onto the right road, there being four or five forks at a certain place. I reached Oakland that night and put my stock in a stockyard. I had used up all my money, but I told the man at the stockyard my story, and told him my people would be along with a couple of wagons certainly by the next day, so he gave me money enough to get a room and my meals. Quite early the next day the wagons pulled in. We ferried across the bay, and that day went on to San Mateo County.

The two greyhounds I owned were with me when I drove the cattle from Marysville to Oakland. They were

sisters, one named Flora and the other Queen. They had been sterilized when pups, and they lived and maintained their speed and ambition to a very old age. Flora was always the commander of the two. When we got on the ferry boat at Benicia they were on a seat running along a rail, and Queen having crowded Flora, the latter snapped at her. She immediately jumped overboard, swam ashore, went back to Marysville; probably went to our place, and not finding us there she went on to the home of Dr. Rogers, above spoken of. Before I left Marysville he had offered me $200 for the dogs, which I would not take. Very promptly he sent me a check for $100 with the message, "Send up Flora and I will give you another hundred," which, however, I did not do.

CHAPTER VI

HOW WE LIVED IN SAN MATEO COUNTY

NO LAND could be purchased at that time in San Mateo County, where we were going. Anticipating the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, there was a boom on there that equaled anything we ever had in Southern California. Land clear down to San Mateo was selling at from $2,000 to $5,000 an acre, in acreage. We leased two hundred acres of good land for $3.00 an acre per annum, on which to raise potatoes. This land had been sold for $3,000 an acre. The results of this boom never materialized favorably. That country did not settle up as it was expected to, and today, the place where we lived in San Mateo County is one vast cemetery.

The principal farming in that region was potato-raising, and we made a very good living at it. In addition to some farming land, Mr. John Parrot, a banker of San Francisco, claimed some twelve hundred acres of land, all fenced, which was mostly excellent pasture. It was in the famous Buri-Buri Ranch, and was in litigation. He let us have it for about the amount of taxes on it, and told us, however, not to plant any of it as he was liable to lose it, which, after two or three years, he did.

While we were living in San Mateo a great deal of driftwood used to come down the coast, also down the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and in heavy storms it would be driven well up on the beach for, say, fifteen miles below the Cliff House. Everybody in our neighborhood went there and got this driftwood for fire-wood.

Having been soaked in salt water, no matter what variety it was, it made most excellent fire-wood. One day in December, 1868, my father told me to ride over to the beach and see if any wood had come in. I went, taking Flora with me. Over a range of hills back of our place was a large ranch known as the San Pedro Ranch, which ran for many miles down towards Half-Moon Bay. Italian gardeners farmed it.

As we were going along, Flora, then over ten years old, spied a large buck deer in a cabbage patch. To my knowledge she had never seen a deer, nor hunted one. Nevertheless, she immediately took after this one. Instinct must have taught her that he was game. She started after him. He ran up a hill, she turned him, and he struck out for the ocean, a short distance away. As soon as he got into the heavy beach sand she had him at her mercy, and when I reached them he was on the ground and she was holding him by the nose. I always carried a rope with me. Fortunately I had one about thirty feet long. I put a noose over the deer's hind legs, then a half-hitch over each front foot, finally got them together and tied them, and then cut his throat with a jack-knife. As soon as he bled to death I disemboweled him, which of course relieved him of considerable weight, and yet for me to get him onto my horse was quite a job. A little way off I found a sand knoll covered with a species of ice-plant, which made it quite firm, and on one side of it the wind had hollowed out a path for quite a distance. With the aid of my horse and the pommel of the saddle, I pulled the deer up onto this mound. Then I got the horse down in the hole, under the mound, and finally wiggled the deer into the saddle, tied his feet underneath, and the horns and one hip to the pommel. I got on behind and rode in that manner five or six miles to my home.

The next day I found that I had more woodticks than any other boy in California. In school next morning I would feel something on my neck, reach up, get one of the infernal things and put him on the floor and put my foot on him. There were dozens of them. Some of them succeeded in burying their heads in my flesh and had to be dug out.

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNING OF MY EDUCATION

UP TO THE TIME we migrated to San Mateo I had received but little schooling. I do not think I had been to school for a full year, but my mother had taught me continuously. She was an educated woman, and she and I even read a couple of books of Cæsar together, using the very same text-book, dictionary and grammar that she had used in a convent in Kentucky. There was in San Francisco, at that time, a school called the Latin School. One of the teachers in it was Mr. Azro L. Mann. He was a Marysville boy with whom we were well acquainted. He told me to come to the Latin School and he would take care of me. I started in there. He used to bring his lunch and so did I, and during the noon hour and recesses he used to cram me very effectually. After I had been attending that school for three months, the Latin School was consolidated with the San Francisco High School. Without any question of my eligibility, I went along with the rest of them to the high school. Of course I was not qualified to enter, but I have noticed that, all my life, I have been shoved into positions for which I was not qualified, and usually have made good.

I worked hard, and, with Mr. Mann's assistance, passed all my examinations and graduated from the high school in 1869 with the first class that was accredited to the University of California. It included some men who attained great distinction afterwards. Among them were Curtis H. Lindley, one of the foremost mining lawyers

on the coast; Robert Y. Hayne (grandson of the Carolina Hayne), who was afterwards on the supreme bench of the state; Tom Barry; Jacob Reinstein, who, when he died, was a regent of the State University; Nathan Newmark; Frank Otis, eminent lawyer of Alameda; Joseph Wall and Joe Cristy, both Professors in the University of California; Josiah Royce, who became a noted philosopher and was, for many years before his death, an honored member of the faculty of Harvard University; Wendell Jackson and a boy named Stillman (a nephew of Mr. Leland Stanford), who served for years as professors at Stanford University, Stillman dying only recently.

I could have gone with them to the University, but my parents did not feel able to send me away from home to school. During the years that I went to the San Francisco High School I rode nearly twenty miles a day on horseback. Not going to the University, I then went to St. Mary's College, which was on the outskirts of San Francisco and only six miles from where we lived. I was the first graduate from St. Mary's, taking my A.B. in 1872. I then went back and taught a Latin and Greek class, for my tuition, and in 1873 was given my A.M. On the fortieth anniversary of my graduation I went up to St. Mary's, which is now located in Oakland, and delivered an address to the graduates, and the college conferred upon me the honorary degree of LL.D.

Every one of my fellow-graduates from the high school is dead with the exception of Frank Otis, who is an attorney at law and lives in Alameda County. The same is true of every college mate that I had at St. Mary's.

In speaking of my not being qualified to enter the high school when I did, I want to make a confession that seems to be almost incredible. I never studied an English grammar in my life. Anything I know about correct speaking

and writing of the English language, I attribute to the knowledge of Latin which I once had. I regret to confess that I have not kept up my Latin and today am sadly deficient in it; but the lessons learned from it are still with me.

CHAPTER VIII

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, PRESIDENT OF ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

I FEEL that I would be remiss in my duty to one of the best friends I ever had, if I did not say something about Reverend Brother Justin, President of St. Mary's College. He belonged to the order of Christian Brothers founded by St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, in 1684. After my own parents, he was the first human being to take a deep interest in me.

I rode in to the College one day, on horseback, tied the horse to a hitching post, rang the bell, and was shown into the parlor by an attendant. I asked if I could see Brother Justin. In a few minutes the door opened and he bustled in. He was a rather short man, not very stout, with piercing blue eyes, close-clipped hair, and a quick winning manner. He was then about forty years old. He came up to me, held out his hand and said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?" I told him I lived six miles from the college and desired to enter it as a day scholar. "Good," he said, "good," and slapped me on the shoulder. He then put me through a little examination as to my qualifications. I told him that I had just graduated from the San Francisco High School and was qualified to go to the State University, but was not financially able to do so. He seemed quite pleased to meet me. I told him I was not a Catholic, and he said, "That does not make a bit of difference. You will receive the same attention here as if you were one."

His manner was so hearty and encouraging that I felt quite relieved and much encouraged. It was arranged that I should enter the college on the following Monday when the fall term began. In all my life I never saw a man with as much energy as Brother Justin. He would have made a name for himself at any calling he adopted, had he not been in a religious order. He was an earnest and convincing speaker. He would have made a wonderful lawyer. My relations with him were always extremely pleasant.

Father Gleason, the resident priest at the college, taught us, in the higher classes, Latin. We used to go down to his room, on the first floor, to recitation. A mischievous boy, named Gwin Maynard (a grandson of Wm. N. Gwin of Vigilante days), as I started down to classroom one day, asked me to ask Father Gleason the meaning of a Latin word. The word was one the translation of which was not fit for polite ears. I innocently asked him. He found it in his dictionary and gave the four parts of the verb, and then turned around to me and said:

"Oh, Graves, I did not think that of you! Before you go home, translate, parse and scan the first twenty lines of that Ode of Horace beginning with the words, 'Qui fit Maecenas ut nemo quam sibi sortem,' etc."

I went out on an enclosed porch adjoining the classroom, took a desk there, with grammar and lexicon, and went to work. About five o'clock here came Brother Justin. He slapped me on the back.

"Well, well, what are you doing here?"

After making him promise me that he would not punish Gwin Maynard, I told him the whole story. I assured him that I did not know the meaning of the word; that I supposed that Gwin could not find it in his dictionary, and knowing that Father Gleason had an immense one,

which we all consulted at times, had asked me to get the meaning of the word. Brother Justin was much concerned, and sympathized with me.

"You were innocent of any wrong," he said. "That's a frightful task. You will be here all night." Then he added: "Wait a minute. I will send you Brother Amelian (another Latin teacher) to help you out."

He told Brother Amelian about it. He was a good-natured German, twenty-six years old, a fine character and, unfortunately, afflicted with consumption. He came to me laughing, poked me in the ribs, but cheered me up. He translated the ode to me as fast as I could write it, and in a short time we finished the job. I folded the document, addressed it to Father Gleason, and slipped it under his door.

The next day, when we went to class, Father Gleason complimented me on what I had done. I felt guilty and remained in the room when the other boys had departed. I then told him that Brother Amelian had helped me out. Evidently Brother Justin had already been to see him and told him the whole story. He then told me that he had acted hastily and hoped I would forgive him. I replied that I felt no resentment and, under the same circumstances, would probably have done as he had. We parted, and always remained, friends. I met him, some years later, at the corner of Temple and Main streets, Los Angeles. I laid aside my work and devoted a couple of days to showing him the beauties of our country.

I was in St. Louis at the time of the Exposition there, I think it was in 1904. Brother Justin had been president of a number of colleges in the United States, one in New Orleans, one in Baltimore, one in New York, and at this time was located in St. Louis. I called at his college but he was out. I did not leave a card as I wanted

to surprise him. They said he would be back at four o'clock. I returned to the college a little after four. It was a warm fall evening. The door into the hall was open. Before I rang the bell I heard Brother Justin's well-known voice. He was in a parlor to the right of the doorway. I stepped into the hall and saw him sitting in a chair with his back to me, talking to a man who was evidently a gardener. I walked up to him and before he knew of my presence laid my hand on his shoulder. He looked up, arose, extended his hand, and I said, "How do you do, Brother Justin?" He said, "Well, well, sir, you have the best of me." "Don't you know me?" I asked. "I cannot recall you," he replied. I then mentioned my name. He put his arm around my waist and said, "Al" (as long as I knew him he always called me Al, an abbreviation of my middle name), "how you have grown!"

He dismissed the gardener and we went down to his apartments on the floor below. There were present Mr. Frank Kierce of San Francisco, a St. Mary's graduate, with whom I was acquainted, and three graduates from various colleges over which Brother Justin had presided. He walked into the room with his arm around me. He introduced me to all of them. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to make you a confession, which you must not take in derogation of the high esteem in which I hold all of you, but this man was my first graduate at St. Mary's College in San Francisco, and I have always loved him more than any graduate I ever had," and I think he meant every word of it.

Two of my sons were at St. Louis with us, and I had Brother Justin at dinner at the hotel twice. Mrs. Graves, as well as the boys, fell in love with him, and she said to him:

"I only wish you were close enough to us so that these boys could have the benefit of your instruction."

After Bishop Conaty came to Los Angeles I became quite well acquainted with him. Knowing that he had been located at Baltimore, one day I said to him:

"Bishop, did you ever know Brother Justin, at the head of the Christian Brothers College in Baltimore?"

"Know him," he replied, with great emphasis, "why, man, he is one of the greatest educators in the United States!"

I told him that I was very glad to hear him say it, that I was Brother Justin's first graduate from St. Mary's College in San Francisco.

"Ah, ha," he said, "now I know where the good in you came from," and I guess he was largely right, because no man of proper understanding could listen to the daily exhortations, not altogether religious in character, which Brother Justin delivered to the whole school, in the general assembly room, without being permanently affected thereby. He preached honesty, integrity, the clean life, earnest endeavor, respect for parents, due regard for the rights of others, and of course, as it was his duty, he inculcated also the doctrines of his religion.

Translating that ode stood me in good stead later on. A young lady (long since dead), a sister of one of my schoolmates, wrote me that, in discussing St. Mary's College with quite an eminent priest, the latter said that the boys of St. Mary's did not know anything. He offered to bet twenty-five dollars that there was not a boy there who could translate the first twenty lines of that very ode which Father Gleason had assigned to me as a task. She accepted the bet. We had recently translated the entire ode in the classroom. She called on me to win her bet. Father Gleason allowed me to make the translation

in his presence, but without his assistance, and wrote his certification at the foot of it that I had translated it in his presence and without his assistance, and that, in his opinion, the translation was correct. I sent it to my young lady friend and she collected her twenty-five dollars.

CHAPTER IX

MY STORY—"SWEENEY—A CAMEL, A BUFFALO AND A COW"

WHEN I attended the San Francisco High School, besides riding twenty miles a day on horseback I had other duties to perform. I have spoken of a thousand-acre tract which we held possession of from Mr. John Parrot of San Francisco. We pastured horses and cattle on it. I continually led horses, and sometimes drove cows, back and forth. This led up to an adventure with a camel which I fully described in a story written for John S. McGroarty's West Coast Magazine some years ago. I will here reproduce it.

Sweeney—A Camel, a Buffalo and a Cow

BY J. A. GRAVES

From 1868 until 1876 my parents were residing in San Mateo County, about eleven miles from San Francisco. During that time I attended the San Francisco High School in that city. I traveled the eleven miles from my home to the city twice a day on horseback. We rented from Mr. John Parrot, a banker, about 1,000 acres of land, upon which grew the most luxurious crop of clover and Alfilaria imaginable. In fact, the pasture was so good that it paid us better to take in stock for pasturage, than to farm the land, especially as considerable of it was quite hilly. We got $5.00 per month for pasturing horses and $3.00 a month for cows. In addition to attending school, I was called upon to take stock back and forth from the city to the ranch.

A man named Sweeney kept a stock-yard at Tenth and Mission streets in San Francisco. He knew everybody of any consequence in the city. He kept me supplied with pedigreed animals, whose owners desired that they be turned out to graze occasionally for their health. Some wandering showman had left on Sweeney's hands a camel and a buffalo. Sweeney conceived the idea that I ought to have these animals. He wanted to be rid of them and he decided upon me as the person who should take them off his hands. Every time I stopped at his place, he extolled the virtues of the camel and the buffalo. He wanted to make me a present of them.

"Think of it," he said, "what boy in America is the proud possessor of a camel and a buffalo? Every boy in the land will be jealous of you. You might even ride the camel. I am sure you would enjoy doing so."

With honeyed words he cajoled me. Finally he made me a present of the beasts against my will. I appreciated the kindness of Sweeney in furnishing stock for our pasture. I even confess that the ownership of these animals aroused a certain pride in my breast. Finally I broached the subject to my father and asked his consent to bring them home. He denounced Sweeney in no uncertain terms as a crafty scoundrel, who was trying to work off a gold brick on me. He denounced the animals as nuisances. He denounced me, as possessing less brains than I was born with, and forbade my having anything to do with either the camel or the buffalo.

"Why, you mutton-head," he said, "if you ever start out on the road with one of those animals, you will scare everything in seven counties to death."

With a sorrowful heart I told Sweeney that my father would not have it.

"But," he replied, "they are your animals. I gave them to you and you must take them away. I cannot feed them any longer."

Life became a burden to me. I began to fall down in my Latin. Some way or other my algebra work fell off, and I became demoralized in all my studies. I did not want to go near Sweeney's, but I had to, because he always had horses or cows to send to the ranch. Sweeney became even kinder to me as a solicitor for pasturing stock. With wealthy patrons he even raised the price a couple of dollars a month. Then he would rub it into me, telling me how good he was to me, and complained that I would not do him the small favor of removing my own animals from his premises.

At last he told me that he would have to throw his pasturage patronage to some other quarter, unless I took the camel and buffalo home with me. Finally, goaded to desperation, on my way home from school one afternoon, I told him to bring on his camel and I would take her home.

I was riding a very spirited, well-bred, nervous five-year-old mare. She stood facing the barn door, which was even with the sidewalk. An attendant went into the corral and started out with the camel through the barn.

I wish I could describe the beast as she appeared to me then. She had just begun to shed off her winter coat. She was ragged and dirty. She carried her head and nose extended on a level with her back. That sneering expression that all camels have, it seemed to me, was strongly emphasized on this camel's face. She came along with that swinging motion common to her race, a picture of humility and despair.

As she came toward the door, I felt my mare sort of crouch down, backward. She snorted with terror, and as

Sweeney went to hand me the rope attached to the camel's halter, she swung around and plunged down Tenth Street.

A man named Morton did nearly all of the draying business in San Francisco in those days. A long string of his drays was returning home out on Howard Street. I could not stop my horse. In her terror she attempted to jump over a moving dray, lit on it, slipped, tripped and fell, carrying me with her. I jumped up and caught her by the bridle. She had strained one of her front shoulders so badly she could hardly put her foot on the ground. I got her back to Sweeney's. He wasn't discouraged.

"I have it," he said. "Ride one of my horses. We will put your mare in a corral with the camel, and when she gets well, she and the camel will be great friends."

I changed my saddle onto a cow pony. My mare was turned into an inner corral, and the camel was put in with her. Notwithstanding her injury, the mare ran and plunged and acted as if demented. In her crippled condition she found she could not jump out or break the fence. She finally quieted down and got into a corner of the corral just as far as possible from the camel, trembling and terror-stricken.

I went home on Sweeney's horse and told my father a weird tale about my horse having slipped on the railroad track and hurting her leg. I think my father was a little suspicious, because he asked me if I had tried to "lead that d—n camel home." Of course I vowed I had not. It was fully ten days before my mare was fit to ride again. True to Sweeney's prediction, she and the camel and the buffalo had become warm friends. One Friday afternoon was fixed as the day upon which I should again attempt to take the camel home. I rode out to Sweeney's, took my saddle and bridle into the corral, put them on my mare, and rode into another corral nearer

"The First Object We Met Was a Milkman"

The Blindfolded Horse of the Policeman. . . . Darted Off at Full Speed and Ran Into the Open Door of a Chinaman's Wash House

the street, leading the ungainly camel. The buffalo performed all sorts of stunts trying to follow us. He was prodded back with a pitchfork, and the gate closed on him. He lunged around the corral, bellowing and throwing up dirt like an enraged bull. Sweeney said the buffalo was so anxious to accompany us, that I ought to take both of them and be done with it. Fortunately, I concluded the camel was sufficient for one day's amusement and declined to accede to his request.

As I started out Mission Street, those of you who have seen a camel in motion can draw a mental picture of the ungainly, shiftless, swaying picture that the beast made. The first object we met was a milkman hurrying rapidly along, driving two smart-looking horses. They either smelled or saw that camel. Then "the band began to play." Resisting every effort of the driver, they swung off to the left at a right-angle. The entire block between Tenth, Eleventh, Mission and Howard streets was vacant, but surrounded by a board fence. Next to Mission Street, the sidewalk and lot had been filled in after the fence was built, so that the fence was only about three feet high. Over the sidewalk and over this fence went the team. One wheel mounted the fence. The tongue was wrenched from the wagon. The horses, dragging the tongue and double-trees, went off in a mad whirl into the vacant lot. The milk cans were tossed out, and milk ran in every direction. The driver of the wagon was not hurt, but my, he was mad!

The camel surveyed the wreck with unruffled serenity. That thing's face had the most innocent, unaffected, idiotic expression ever borne by an animal. Her poor little eyes were almost invisible. Her sarcastic smile never left her. Supercilious contempt for her surroundings was shown by her every action.

I hurried on, and the next occupant of the street we met was a dead wagon from an undertaking establishment. I tried to hide the camel by keeping my horse between her and the wagon. The effort was useless. The horses stopped, sniffed the air, snorted and broke at a perfect right-angle, into the sidewalk and over the fence, just as the milk wagon had done.

This time the team went off with the two front wheels. The black box on the wagon slipped into the street and spilled the coffin onto the sidewalk. Pedestrians began to gather, and I heard them denounce any idiot who would attempt to lead a camel through the street in daylight.

A one-horse street car line ran out Mission Street. Each horse had on it a couple of sleigh bells. The car came along, toward the east. I was going west. I congratulated myself that I was going to pass it safely; but, alas, I was too soon in my prediction. Just before I got alongside of it, that poor old horse spied us. Then, as if electrified, he made one of those famous right-angle bolts, away from my side of the street. The driver hung onto the reins for a time. The horse wrenched the single-tree from the car. Then the driver let go. Over the sidewalk, and over that fence went the horse, with head and tail up, and terror in his heart, he pranced away, looking back over his shoulder at my camel. As our distinguished ex-president would put it, I was having a "bully time."

I moved along a few feet, when I met two firemen in the Chief's wagon. I hugged the sidewalk on the right-hand side of the street, keeping my horse well up opposite the camel, but no use. The "fire hoss" was "on" in an instant. Terror-stricken, he reared up, sprung to the right, making a sharp right-angle turn. Over went the buggy. The firemen were both dumped into the street. The horse cleared the sidewalk, jumped the low board

fence, leaving the wreck of the buggy on top of it, and joined the circus parade of animals from the other wrecks.

All of those horses, dragging portions of wrecked vehicles, would come up on the run, wheel, take another look at the camel, and away they would go, circling around the block in wild disorder. They paid no attention whatever to the impediments attached to them. They seemed to want one more look at the camel.

The next thing we met was a two-horse wagon, loaded with baled hay. I thought surely I would get by this all right, but no use; the team sniffed us. They right-angled with that heavy load, which upset at the curb. They stopped for an instant, when a wheel struck the fence. Something broke loose, and they joined the stampede inside the fence.

Two more milk wagons came past us. They were being driven side by side, the drivers gossiping as they clattered along. Nothing I have already described equaled the mix-up that followed that right-angle bolt that the four animals attached to these wagons made. Horses, wagons and milk cans piled up on the sidewalk in wildest confusion.

Terror on my part added speed to our flight. I hurried my horse into a quick gallop, and the camel stayed with me. We had just crossed Twelfth Street when a mounted policeman came galloping along from towards Tenth Street. He ordered me to halt. But long before he got within striking distance, his horse turned tail and fled. He stopped somewhere, got a sack, blindfolded his horse, and came running up, swinging his club and declaring he would run me in.

"Give me that camel," he cried, "and I will get it off the street."

I handed him the rope with the greatest pleasure im-

aginable. In fact, I hailed his demand for the camel with absolute joy.

But the camel demurred. Did you ever hear a camel wail? Just imagine a peacock's cry, mingled with a coyote's call, crossed with the noise of the worst ear-splitting automobile horn ever invented, and you have it.

When I gave the policeman the rope by which I was leading the camel, I began to move off pretty rapidly toward home. The poor camel knew my horse and did not want to part company with us, so she just stuck out her head and wailed.

The blindfolded horse of the policeman happened to be headed toward the sidewalk. He darted off at full speed and ran into the open door of a Chinaman's washhouse, throwing the policeman off as he entered. The policeman lost his hold on the lead rope and the camel came lumbering along after me. Every animal in the street was in the wildest disorder. The camel soon got up with me. I dismounted, tied her firmly to a post on the sidewalk, and fled out Mission Street as fast as my horse could run.

The papers next morning gave a full and ludicrous account of the proceedings, and stated that the policeman took the camel, much against its will, to "Woodward's Gardens," a noted resort and show place of that period. When I left San Francisco she was still there, and many times afterwards I fed her with peanuts.

I avoided Sweeney's place as one avoids a pestilence. I even quit traveling on Mission Street. I rode in and out on Valencia Street. One morning as I was galloping along at Tenth and Valencia streets, some one hailed me. It was Sweeney.

"Whin are you coming for the buffalo?" he cried.

I made no reply and fled.

But spring was at hand. The grass on the ranch never was better. The supply of stock was running low, so it was necessary to see Sweeney. One day I stopped in on him.

He immediately wanted to know when I was going to remove my other animal. It seems he never learned what had become of the camel. I told him of all the disasters, created almost under his nose, through my efforts to take the camel home, informed him where the camel was and suggested that possibly the management at "Woodward's Gardens" would be glad to have the buffalo. He was pleased with the suggestion. The next time I stopped at his place he was all smiles. The "Woodward Garden" people not only took the buffalo, but paid him quite a little sum for him, enough to recoup him for the board of both animals.

Shortly after this he told me one day that Mr. Con O'Sullivan had a very fine cow that he wanted me to take to the ranch. Con O'Sullivan was a paint merchant, a close friend of the bonanza kings, and had made a great fortune in his business and through investments in the Comstock Mining Companies. He lived in a palace on Bush Street.

One day after school I went up there. I went in at the side entrance, found a female domestic in the yard, and told her I had come for Mr. O'Sullivan's cow. She told me that she knew nothing about it, that the cows were out there, pointing.

O'Sullivan had about half a block occupied by his stables and cow corral. I went out there and found two cows. One of them was a red roan Durham that Sweeney had described to me. I threw a rope onto her and took her home.

It seems that O'Sullivan had a way of prowling

around his place, looking at his stock, every morning before breakfast. Next morning he went out. He missed the roan cow. He began to inquire what had become of her. At last the servant that I had seen told him that a boy had come the day before and taken the cow away. He had evidently forgotten all about telling Sweeney he wanted him to take the cow. The town was placarded. Butcher-town was searched in an endeavor to find her hide. The sheriff's office and the police force devoted days to hunting that cow. This incident shows how the disappearance of an animal of that kind can occur in a thickly inhabited community and no one be the wiser for it.

The cow was not recovered. About a month afterwards, O'Sullivan was passing Sweeney's place and stopping, he said to him:

"Sweeney, old man, it is bad luck I have been having."

"What's the matter?" said Sweeney.

"Somebody has stolen my red roan cow that I bought from you."

Thereupon Sweeney laid back and laughed heartily.

"Why, Con, nobody has stolen your cow."

"Well, at any rate, she's gone, and I can't find her," said O'Sullivan.

Then Sweeney laughed again, and finally told him that the cow was in the San Mateo hills, enjoying herself, and that he had sent me over to get her.

The following Sunday, the entire O'Sullivan family appeared at our place in two carriages—father, mother, half-grown children and babies. Nothing would do but the cow must be driven up. They all embraced her and petted her, and were very much pleased to find that she was in great condition and happily situated. She stayed with us some months. When she went home, do you sup-

pose she walked? Not much! O'Sullivan sent a dray after her, and she rode home in state.

Four years later, when I was attending St. Mary's College and was returning with the boys from some excursion across the Bay, I went home with one of Mr. O'Sullivan's sons for dinner. During the meal I asked the head of the house if he did not at one time own a handsome red roan Durham cow. He spoke with a pretty strong brogue, which I cannot transfer to paper.

"I did that, and I have her yet. She is out in the yard," he replied. "I almost had heart disease one time when I thought some one had stolen her."

He then went on and related the whole story. After he finished I told him I was the boy who had "lifted" the cow. He looked at me a moment and then said, with great earnestness:

"It's well for you that I did not catch you in the act, me not understanding the circumstances, or you wouldn't be here now."

And I guess he meant what he said. After dinner we paid a visit to the cow, who, barring her added years, was just as handsome and well-kept as the day I hurried out the Mission Road.

* * *

I have always had, unbeknown to me at the time, corroboration for about everything I have ever written. Two days after the story of Sweeney's camel came out, a man named Wolff, whom I recognized the moment he walked in, called on me at the bank. I remembered him and he remembered me as a San Francisco high school boy. He was then an architect, living at Pomona, and he told me that he lived not very far from Sweeney's stock yard; that many a time he had gone there and cleaned out

stables during the forenoon for the privilege of riding the camel in the afternoon.

A day or two afterwards, Mr. J. Wiseman McDonald, an attorney of this city, called me up. I had said that it was Mr. Con O'Connor who owned the cow mentioned in the article. Mr. McDonald said: "You are wrong in that. It was Con O'Sullivan, the father of my wife. She remembers all about the camel incident."

In reproducing the article here, I have changed the name from O'Connor to O'Sullivan.

CHAPTER X

SPENT MY VACATIONS AT HARD WORK GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE. BEGAN THE STUDY OF LAW IN SAN FRANCISCO

DURING the time that I was attending both the San Francisco High School and St. Mary's College, while many of my wealthy schoolmates spent their vacations gloriously, with trips to the mountains or to the seashore, or on short ocean voyages, I put in my time helping out the family larder.

When I was seventeen I was a good husky boy and could drive a team and haul freight. Where we lived it was the fashion to hitch up five-horse instead of six-horse teams. We put three horses abreast on the end of the wagon tongue in front of the wheelers. Five horses, so arranged, will pull just as big a load as would six horses, hitched the old way. Some of our neighbors did not have horses enough to move all of their crops. I would take a five-horse team and haul four tons of produce to San Francisco, and get $4.00 per ton for doing the work, or $16.00 per day—good wages for the service rendered. By starting early, I got in one trip a day for weeks at a time.

What an appetite that work gave me! I did not need a movie, or any other form of amusement, at night. My bed, at quite an early hour, was very alluring. I never turned over, from the time I went to sleep until I was ready to get up next morning.

My earnings in this manner helped out considerably. My mother used to say that I helped make the family living from the time I was six years old.

The summer I was nineteen, I went into the San Joaquin Valley for a neighbor of ours, who was farming extensively there, and received $7.50 a day for running a header in a grain field. I worked sixty-three successive days, never stopping for Sundays. Eight hours was not then a fashionable working day. We began at sun-up and quit at sun-down. At the end of the sixty-three days I had to return to college. I will never forget those days. I drew my pay for the entire sixty-three days at one time. The weather was frightfully hot. I had two pairs of overalls and two jumpers, and wore no underclothing. I wore brogans on my feet, without socks. With socks on, barley beards would get into them and they were most uncomfortable. My bare feet soon got tough, and I could have my shoes full of barley beards and chaff, and not feel them. I would wash out a jumper and a pair of overalls two or three times a week, hang them in the sun, and they would be dry in ten minutes. This was the worst job I ever had in my life, but youth, when in perfect health, can stand anything.

As stated in a previous chapter, I took my degree as Master of Arts at St. Mary's in 1873. The graduating exercises were at Platt's Hall in San Francisco and were largely attended. The next day I rigged up two good mowing machines each carrying a five-foot blade, hired a Mexican to run one of them, hooked up four good horses, two to each machine, and went around cutting hay at $1.25 per acre. There was an immense crop in the neighborhood at the time. By working long hours, each machine averaged ten acres a day. In addition to the $1.25 per acre, we and our teams were boarded by our employers.

My father took orders for us, and before a job was finished he would tell us where to move to. He also collected for the work. The hay cutting was finished by July first. After paying the Mexican his wages and paying for some new mowing machine knives, we had $820.00 left. I got $410.00 of it for my share. I never cost my parents one cent from that time on.

On July 8th, 1873, I entered the office of Eastman & Neumann, Attorneys at Law, in San Francisco, as clerk and student. Their office was over Donahue & Kelly's Bank, at the southeast corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets. I rented a room on the top floor of the Stevenson Building, corner of California and Montgomery streets, for a reasonable sum. Living in San Francisco—that is, one's meals—was extremely cheap. I deposited my money with an old notary public, named Philip Mahler, who had an office in a semi-basement under the Donahue & Kelly Bank. He had a large safe, and would dole the money out to me as I needed it.

Two weeks after I went into the office, the firm had a disagreement with their head clerk and they dismissed him. That left the entire work of the office on my shoulders. I was, of course, a green hand. It staggered me at first, but I overcame it, as I learned rapidly, and satisfied my employers. I read law in the office every night until at least eleven o'clock.

My funds were running exceedingly low and I had to purchase some clothing. I had made a little money out of collections which the firm turned over to me. Nothing had been said about my remuneration. When I had been with the firm five months, Mr. Eastman one day gave me a check for one thousand dollars on a near-by bank and told me to bring in the money in twenty-dollar gold-pieces.

I did so, and stacked it up on his desk. He was drawing a complaint at the time. He looked up and said:

"How long have you been here?"

I told him, "Five months."

"Have you had any money from us in that time?"

I told him, "No."

There was a newspaper lying in front of him, on his desk. He picked up some of the twenty-dollar gold-pieces and dropped them onto the paper, counting as he did so. He stopped at $200.

"Take that," he said, "and hereafter your pay will be $60.00 a month, and you see that you get it."

I thanked him and gathered up the money. My heart was going like a trip-hammer. I have made a few dollars since, sometimes in large sums, but that $200.00 looked bigger to me than any sum I have ever seen since. The next day was Sunday, and I took that money home with me to show to my mother, and I gave her forty dollars of it. The remainder I needed.

The days and weeks, and even the months, sped by rapidly. I was acquiring knowledge, not only of law but of men, every minute of the day. I was getting practice which the books cannot teach one. Among Mr. Paul Neumann's clients (he was the other member of the firm of Eastman & Neumann) were some of the wealthiest business houses, mostly wholesale, then in San Francisco. I had to go to their private offices frequently. One thing made a deep impression on me. In nearly every office I went into, on one of the walls thereof was a framed lithograph picture of a large prosperous-looking man of Jewish persuasion, with heavy flowing side-whiskers, a big cigar in his mouth, large diamond in his shirt-front, rings on his fingers, his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and a very pleased expression on his face. Printed beneath

the picture, in large letters, were these words: "I sold and repented." On the opposite wall would be another lithograph, the same size and frame, of the most distressed-looking Hebrew one ever saw. He was close-shaven and his head was sunk between his shoulders, his hands tightly clenched together, and, take it all in all, he had the most woe-begone expression imaginable. Beneath the picture was printed, in letters of the same size, "I didn't sell."

I have frequently sold and repented. My good old friend, Mr. I. W. Hellman, told me one time, after I had related this story to him, that the reason I had accumulated something was because I "sold and repented." As he put it, "the man who wants the last drop in the bucket usually gets left." I have always believed that if one sells and makes a reasonable profit, even if what he sells goes still higher, one should not complain, but buy something else and take a profit on it when the opportunity offers.

CHAPTER XI

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAR BETWEEN 1870-1880

IN THE DECADE from 1870 to 1880, San Francisco had a very able Bar, one that would compare with that of any city in America. The gold rush brought educated young men to California, lawyers, physicians, engineers and scholars, and California developed all of them. Some of the lawyers mined for a short time and then took up the practice of their profession, and the leaders of the bar drifted to San Francisco.

In 1873, when I entered Eastman & Neumann's office, McAllister & Bergin were the acknowledged leaders of the San Francisco Bar. However, as far as grandeur of character, legal learning and ability, and general standing were concerned, Samuel M. Wilson was the peer of any lawyer there. In mentioning the great lawyers of the day, John B. Felton, who also had great literary and oratorical ability, must not be overlooked. Then there were General Joseph P. Hoge, Wm. H. Patterson, Creed Haymond, Alexander Campbell, I. N. Thorne, Nathaniel Bennett, W. C. Burnett, Walter Van Dyke (who spent many of the latter years of his life in Los Angeles), Harry I. Thornton, Thomas R. Bishop, John Garber, John H. Boalt, Col. W. H. L. Barnes, the Dwinelle brothers, John W. and Samuel H., Solomon Sharp, Reuben H. Lloyd, Wm. S. Wood, Clarence R. Greathouse, whose firm was Greathouse, Blanding & Tevis—all of whom were able men, well deserving a prominent place in the niche of fame with the great lawyers of America.

The first time I met Mr. Wm. H. Herrin, lately de-

ceased, who soon became one of San Francisco's foremost attorneys, was in the office of Clarence Greathouse. He was a law student and clerk there, and had just come to San Francisco from Oregon. John M. Coghlan, a former congressman, was at that time located in San Francisco, and had an excellent standing and reputation. So also did N. Greene Curtis, whose home was in Sacramento, but who also practiced in the Bay City.

Sidney F. Smith was a lawyer of high standing, as was also Hon. W. W. Morrow (still living), who for many years was judge of the United States Circuit Court and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the San Francisco District; likewise his partner and father-in-law, Judge Latimer.

In calling the roll of the San Francisco attorneys of that era, I have no intention of omitting Solomon Hydenfeldt, Judge J. D. Thornton, John F. Swift, E. B. Mastick, Oliver P. Evans, Senator Eugene Casserly, Henry E. Highton, James M. Shafter, A. A. Cohen, W. W. Foote, Eugene Duprey, Wymans & Belknap, Pringle & Pringle, Jarboe & Harrison, Elisha Cook, Leander Quint, Judge Delos Lake, Benjamin F. Brooks, Joseph Phelan and Sid Baldwin, both of whom were in Patterson's office. Then there was Geo. W. Tyler, brilliant, but in character and standing not to be included in the foregoing lists.

There were many able judges there, including E. D. Wheeler, E. B. McKinistry, Wm. T. Wallace, Judge Morrison, Samuel Bell McKee, Judge Ogden Hoffman of the U. S. District Court. A firm of wide reputation and excellent standing was Naphthaly, Friedenrich & Ackerman. Their business was largely commercial.

The most beloved of all the lawyers there was dear old Paul Neumann, of Eastman & Neumann. He was so constituted that he took life and the law as a joke, and

made the most of it along those lines. His maxim was, "Never do anything today which you can put off until tomorrow." Then, when tomorrow came, he would endeavor to put it off for a month.

The following story will illustrate his diplomacy in getting favors from opposing counsel. He had appeared and demurred for a defendant in a case. The demurrer was overruled. The attorney for the plaintiff had given him three different extensions of twenty days each, sixty days in all, and the time was getting short. Whenever Paul wanted a man to do him a favor, instead of going to the man, he sent for him to come over to his office, that he wanted to see him on some particular business. On this occasion he sent for the attorney for the plaintiff, who came over. Paul plead for more time. The attorney said:

"Paul, I would like to accommodate you, but my client wants this matter settled, and I simply cannot give you any more time. Now, you must answer."

They parted good-naturedly. Paul immediately drew an order giving him twenty days more within which to answer. He told me to go up to Judge McKee's court room, he being judge of the third district. His court room was on the top floor of the Mercantile Library Building, on Post Street, between Montgomery and Kearny. Paul cautioned me that if there was any proceeding on, I should not bother the judge but sit still until he was unoccupied, and then present him the stipulation, telling him that he, Mr. Neumann, was very anxious for him to sign it.

When I reached the court room there was an action in ejectment on trial. Hall McAllister, Ben Brooks and W. H. Patterson represented the plaintiff; Sam Wilson and two or three other able attorneys the defendants. It

was quite a valuable piece of property, down on Brannen Street. The defendant relied for title to a portion of the property solely on the statute of limitations, and considerable evidence had been introduced as to occupation at an early date. Just as I came into the court room they called a witness to the stand who said his name was Mike Kelly. Asked his occupation, he said he was a hostler at McCord & Malone's Livery Stable, which was not far from the court room, and he looked the part. He was asked when he came to California, and he said in 1850. Asked what he had done in the meantime, he said he had been a hostler ever since he came to California. In response to further questions, he testified that in 1851 or 1852, I forget which, he was working in a livery stable on Brannen Street. There was a map on the wall, and the particular land in question was shown to him. He recognized the streets, recognized the property, and they asked him when a fence was built there. He answered, giving the day of the month, in 1852. Asked how he fixed the date, he said he had a memorandum book in his pocket which fixed it. He was called upon to produce it. It was a ragged-looking old book, about the size of an ordinary bank deposit book, showing age and wear and tear. After considerable wrangling, he was allowed to refer to the memorandum that fixed his date. He turned to a certain page, and then testified that he had the first thoroughbred female terrier that ever came to San Francisco, and that on the day that he had testified that the fence was built he had mated her with a male terrier dog of high pedigree; that as he took his animal to where the other dog was housed, the posts had been erected and they were nailing on the boards; that he knew the man doing the work and stopped and talked with him; that the man had admired his dog and he, Kelly, had asked the man who he

was building the fence for, and he gave him the name, which he remembered.

The defense here turned the witness over to the plaintiff's attorney. In my experience, I have seen few cross-examinations that were of any value. Mr. Hall McAllister took Mike in hand, and, I am sure, did not help his case any. He traced Mike's career through various livery stables in San Francisco, and then, evidently to show that he was a worthless fellow, asked him what he had done with his earnings. Objection was made to the question, but Judge McKee finally allowed it in, and Mike answered, with a brogue:

"Oh, I saved it, and the priest told me to buy real estate."

McAllister asked him if he still had it. He replied that he owned block so and so, up on Kearny Street, and he mentioned three or four other properties, which would put him in almost the millionaire class. McAllister finally dropped him and Mike started from the witness stand. Judge McKee, who had been taking notes of the testimony (he always talked with his teeth closed), after Mike left the stand, looked up and said:

"Hold on, Mike."

Mike stopped in the aisle. The judge finished making a note and then, looking up at Mike, said:

"Mike, did the bitch have pups?"

Mike replied, "She did. Siven of 'em."

After the laugh that followed subsided, the court adjourned. I presented my order to Judge McKee and he signed it.

Paul Neumann came nearer taking life as a joke than any other man I ever met. He seemed to have no idea of financial responsibility. He had no objections to being dunned, would jolly the collectors and put them off in as

many languages as were spoken in San Francisco, according to their respective nationalities, he being a great linguist. One day I heard him tell a collector:

"Oh, Billy, come in a week from Friday and I will pay that bill."

"Well, Paul," Billy said, "you told me that two weeks ago."

"Did I?" he replied. "Then come three weeks from Friday."

Then, reaching for his hat and cane, he put his arm around Billy's shoulders and said:

"Now, Billy, if you have a quarter in your clothes, we will go and take a drink."

One rainy Saturday he wrote a note to Mr. David Cahn, who was then in charge of the London & Paris Bank, several blocks from us, and told me he hated to send me out, but there was a note that must be delivered, and asked me to wait for a reply. I asked for Mr. Cahn and they showed me to his private office. There were several of the bank officials with him. I handed him the note. He read it to himself, then burst out laughing and read it aloud to his companions. I could not help hearing the contents. The note ran about as follows:

> "Dear Davie:
>
> Enclosed find my note for $500. Please send me the money by the bearer. I expect in a short time to be able to pay you all I owe you."

They all laughed heartily. I have no idea what he owed the bank at the time, but Mr. Cahn sent for the money, gave it to me in gold, had me receipt for it at the bottom of Neumann's note, and I returned to the office through one of the heaviest rains in my experience. When I got there, dripping, and shaking the water off of myself and my umbrella, I handed the money to Paul, who again

apologized for sending me out and handed me twenty dollars.

"This is not on salary. This is for sending you out on a day like this," he said.

Taking his hat, coat and umbrella, he said:

"Now I am going to the Verein (a fashionable German club) and play a little poker."

He had a most estimable wife. Her mother was pure Castilian and her father was a German physician, and she was one of the most beautiful women in San Francisco. They had several small children.

Returning home quite late one night, hoping to get to bed without Mrs. Neumann hearing him, and having no light, he stumbled over a chair. She awoke in fright and said:

"Is that you, Paul?"

He replied, "My dear madam, whom else would you expect at this time of night?"

On another occasion he had come in pretty late and she called to him sleepily:

"What time is it, Paul?"

"A quarter of twelve," he answered.

Just then the clock boomed out three heavy strokes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Neumann, "that's a nice quarter of twelve."

"My dear," he replied, "since when was it that three was not a quarter of twelve?"

Paul subsequently was appointed Attorney General for the Sandwich Islands, through the influence of Mr. Claus Spreckels. He remained there and made quite a large amount of money, which, however, he did not keep. On one occasion Mr. J. M. Griffith, my father-in-law, and Mrs. Griffith were going to Honolulu. Paul had been in San Francisco and was returning on the same steamer.

They got acquainted, and he asked them if they knew a young lawyer in Los Angeles named Graves. They told him that I was their son-in-law. Of course he was delighted, and during the rest of the voyage and during their stay in the islands, nothing was too good for Mr. and Mrs. Griffith. He showered them with attentions.

He had a peculiarly bright brain, and with application would have made a very profound lawyer.

The lawyers I have mentioned as the leaders of the San Francisco Bar would have done credit to the Bar in any city in America. Every last one of them, except Judge Morrow, if I am not mistaken, has passed to his eternal reward. Let us hope it was just and ample.

In October, 1910, I delivered, in Los Angeles, an address before the State Bar Association of California, entitled, "Reminiscences of the San Francisco Bar." In it I distinctly stated that I confined my remarks to the men whom I personally knew. It was printed in full in the West Coast Magazine, in April, 1911. Every lawyer in San Francisco and Los Angeles was presented with a copy of it, and it was very highly commended. In the address, in speaking of conditions in San Francisco in 1873, I said:

"No city of its size in the world had an abler bar than San Francisco in 1873. She had just come into her commercial supremacy. The wholesale trade of the entire coast was hers. The boom inaugurated by the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, a few years before, had not yet subsided. The bonanza kings, Flood, O'Brien, Mackey and Fair, were spending their wealth in that city with a prodigality confined to the newly rich. They reared palaces on Nob Hill for their personal use. They erected commercial palaces on the leading business streets. They inaugurated new industries to find an outlet for their wealth. Gambling in mining stocks, as then

conducted through the San Francisco Stock Exchange, drew money from every commercial center of the universe. The brokers made money easily. They spent it freely. They simply reveled in their easy earnings. The big four, Stanford, Crocker, Huntington and Hopkins, followed by innumerable satellites of lesser magnitude, vied with the bonanza kings in lavish expenditures. They, too, adorned Nob Hill with palatial residences. The picture galleries of the world were searched and despoiled to gratify their taste in art. Knights of the pick and shovel of a short time before were millionaires and shining lights of club and social life. Ralston and his companions were building the Palace Hotel. Ralston maintained a home at Belmont, San Mateo County, 25 miles away. He drove to San Francisco daily, with relays of double teams, and all animals owned by him were able to go out on the road and trot a 2:20 gait. The city hall, the construction of which was attended with much municipal scandal, was in course of erection.

"Beautiful edifices, with gilded domes and lacquered walls, were reared in which to worship God. Almost in their shadows, palaces of sin flourished. On the one hand was Christianity, on the other the heathenism of an extensive Chinese colony; here religion, there atheism; here piety, there irreverence; here virtue, there vice; here assembled the followers of the meek and lowly Son of God; there gathered the scoffers at all things Divine. Wealthy men in high life set at naught the laws of God and man, and wallowed in debauchery. The tongues of scandal wrecked homes, blasted reputations, separated families and scarred the lives of innocent children. Common-law wives were more numerous that penitents at the cross. It became a regular thing for the will of a wealthy man to recite that the testator had but one wife, and that

if any woman should prove to the contrary she should have but one dollar for her portion.

"Notwithstanding their palatial city homes, captains of industry who had reaped fortunes in prosperous enterprises, built expensive country homes within a radius of from 30 to 50 miles of the city. Money was in active circulation. Labor was freely employed at good wages. It was "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined," everywhere. Financial caution was thrown to the winds in the wild whirlwind of speculation. The failure of the Bank of California in 1875, the death of Ralston, the collapse of fortunes, the sweeping aside of vast accumulations, brought temporary disaster to the business world. A new order of things evolved from the wreck. The financial ship righted itself, and a bigger, better, more substantial city grew out of the soberer, sounder financial conditions which followed, only to be destroyed in the great catastrophe of 1906.

"Out of all this mad whirl, the bar flourished. The building up of the city until it had attained the position I have described, afforded business of a legal nature, which attracted to San Francisco the best-equipped minds of the country. Notwithstanding the fact that the picture I have drawn of conditions in San Francisco at that time is a true one, there were hosts of noble men and women residing there. The wildly profligate ones were the exceptions."

San Francisco was at that time very prosperous. The wealth of the Comstock lode, including millions and millions of dollars derived from stock speculations on the San Francisco stock exchange, had been poured into her lap. The foundations of the old Palace Hotel were just being laid. The excavations made for it formed a most stupendous hole, and in the bottom of it they made a solid

concrete mat which, if I remember rightly, was sixteen feet thick. Very often, very early in the morning, I used to see W. T. Ralston come down Market Street on horseback, at a furious pace. He would dismount, turn his horse over to a colored man who was standing there waiting for him, and then from that time until the Bank of California opened, he was much in evidence in the work there.

Kearny and Montgomery streets were the leading retail streets and were quite well built up with four and five-story buildings, none of which had elevators. All the courts, and there were many of them, appeared to me to be located upon the top floor of some building recently constructed, and many were the weary trips that I had to make to them. The wholesale business was from Sansome down to the water-front. The brokers who operated on the San Francisco exchange made a great deal of money and spent it freely. Times were good and prosperity universal.

CHAPTER XII

EXPERIENCES IN EASTMAN & NEUMANN'S OFFICE. COLLECTION OF $5,000 FEE IN CHINATOWN AT NIGHT TIME. TRAPPING A PETTY THIEF. REMOVAL TO LOS ANGELES IN 1875

MY DUTIES in Eastman & Neumann's office were multifarious. I kept the books, made collections for the firm, paid all bills against the office, and divided the remainder between my employers. I kept the registry of actions and the daily diary. When I would remind Mr. Neumann of something he had to do that day, he would rail at the diary, and jocularly say he wished I would burn it up. Being dilatory in his habits, he was always behind in his work. Mr. Eastman was just the opposite. He was always on time and kept his work well in hand. I also had to serve upon opposing counsel copies of pleadings, notices of motions, and briefs. Frequently I would visit the courts on the days when demurrers were argued. I would get all of Neumann's demurrers passed for as long a period as possible. Failing in doing so, I would submit the demurrers without argument, and they would be overruled from the bench. Then Paul would keep me busy getting stipulations extending his time to plead.

One incident that occurred while I was with Eastman & Neumann in San Francisco, is worth relating. Mr. Eastman had been employed to defend a Chinaman who had been indicted at Stockton for murder. He had received a $2,500 fee, and held the agreement of some Chinese merchants to pay him $5,000 additional should

the Chinaman be acquitted. Eastman went to Stockton, and spent a couple of weeks trying the case. His client was acquitted, and he then came back to San Francisco. The Chinaman who was to pay the money was in the office. Mr. Eastman called me in, and the Chinaman gave me his card. He was located on Sacramento Street, five or six blocks west of our office, almost in the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown. Eastman explained to me that I was to go to that address that evening, at eight o'clock, and the Chinaman would pay me the $5,000.

At eight o'clock I was promptly on hand. The Chinaman had the $5,000 in silver, in trade dollars. It was in five sacks, each weighing seventy-six pounds. But he was a good sport. He gave a sack of dollars to as many different men, and told me to go ahead, and he followed them. We went to the office. I had them stack the money up in a corner and, of course, I never left there that night. I kept up a roaring fire, put on my overcoat, and occasionally dozed. It seemed to me that neither Eastman nor Neumann would ever get around the next morning. They came in about ten o'clock, but as people began to come into the office before that, I took my overcoat and covered up the money with it. The first thing Eastman said to me was:

"Buzz, did you get that $5,000?"

I did not say a word, but beckoned to him, walked into the front room, lifted up my overcoat, and showed him the money. I then informed him that I had stayed up with it all night. He got some one to take the money to the bank and dismissed me for the day with a twenty-dollar gold-piece. I went straight to my room and had a good sleep.

Another incident which happened in the office is worthy of mention. After I had been with Eastman &

Neumann a few months, leading text-books began to disappear from the office. A book would be wanted and could not be found in its accustomed place. A few days afterwards, another would be gone. I began to feel very uncomfortable about it. I did not know whether the firm had any suspicion that I might be disposing of them, or not. I knew Chief of Police Stone very well. I went to see him about it and told him what was happening. I suspected a broken-down lawyer, named Armstrong, whom Eastman had known in the east and whom he had been helping. After telling my story to Stone, he said:

"I think you are on the right track. Keep watch of him, and if anything unusual occurs, notify the office."

As stated before, I studied law at night, in the office, frequently until 11 o'clock. Occasionally this man Armstrong would come to the office, say, along about seven or eight o'clock. We had three rooms. Mr. Neumann occupied the corner room, facing on California and Montgomery streets. Then came the reception room, where I held forth, and east of it was quite a large room, which had the library in it and where Mr. Eastman had a working desk. There was a door out of each room into the hall of the building. After talking awhile, Armstrong would always say he wanted to look at some authority, go into Eastman's room, light the light there, stay there a while, and then come back through my office. A day or two after I had seen Chief of Police Stone, he came up again, as he had formerly done. Making excuses as to an authority, he went into Eastman's office, lit the gas, stayed a short time, then came back into the reception room, and finally went out through the main entrance. After he had gone I went into Mr. Eastman's office and found that the spring lock on the door had been fastened back by a little catch, which held it in place, so that anybody could walk

in from the hallway. The thing was immediately clear to me. Armstrong would watch from the street until I had put out the light and gone to my room, then would go up to the office, select such books as he wanted, and spring the lock as he went out. Upon this discovery, without changing the lock I left the lights burning in the office and hurried up to Chief Stone. I told him what I had found and he detailed an officer to come to the office with me. The officer hid behind a wardrobe, not far from the door, and after a time I put out my lights and left the office. Within fifteen minutes in walked Armstrong, lit the gas, selected two books and was preparing to leave, when the officer arrested him.

It was a pitiable case. He broke down and told Eastman he had sold the books to one Choinski, who dealt in new and second-hand law-books. He went with an officer and Eastman to the store, selected every book which he had sold, and they were returned to the office. They were all plainly marked with Eastman's name, or Mr. Neumann's, or the firm name. Eastman did not prosecute him, but left him in jail until he could communicate with his folks back in Ohio, whom Eastman knew well and who were quite well-to-do. They sent sufficient money to take him back east, the charge which had been made against him was dismissed, he left California, and I imagine never returned. But this little piece of detective work relieved me of a very unpleasant feeling.

I had so much to do in the office that I had little time for the drudgery of copying. There were hordes of copyists, always seeking work, which they did at starvation wages. These poor wretches did the bulk of the copying for most of the lawyers in the city. Stenography had not yet come into general use. The firm did a good business, made fairly good money. Eastman had a great reputa-

tion as a brilliant criminal lawyer and political orator, and his services were in demand in all of the state political campaigns. He was well acquainted with all the foremost men of the time.

In the spring of 1875 Eastman formed a partnership with Judge Anson Brunson of Los Angeles. He left San Francisco for that city, with his family, about the middle of May of that year.

I agreed to go with the new firm at a salary of seventy-five dollars per month. I loved Mr. Neumann, as everybody did, so I spoke to him about it, asking him if he thought it a good move for me. He put his hands on my shoulders, looked me squarely in the eyes, and said:

"Buzz" (a nickname that I had borne from childhood), "my dear boy, you know how I love you. If you stay with me, we can always make enough money to buy theater tickets and pay our club dues with, and it will be a cold day when I cannot borrow enough money for the two of us to live on. My advice to you is for you to go with Jim (meaning Eastman). Los Angeles is a new community, and is about to see the greatest development and advancement of any place on the Pacific Coast."

I thanked him for his advice. I stayed in San Francisco for a couple of weeks after Mr. Eastman left, finishing up various matters in my charge, collecting accounts due the firm, and closing up the affairs of the old partnership. On June 3rd, 1875, I was going to the steamer, its mooring place being not far from my room. I had sent my trunk down the day before. I was carrying quite a heavy hand-bag and overcoat. I met Mr. Louis Sloss, President of the Alaska Commercial Company, a most admirable man and one of the warmest friends I ever had. He greeted me, and wanted to know where I was going. I told him and he said:

"What am I going to do? You are the only person in that office that I can get anything done by."

I told him that if he would bawl out the office occasionally, he would be able to get along with them. He took hold of one handle of my bag and insisted on helping me carry it, and accompanied me to the steamer landing. We went on the boat. Once there, he asked me how I was fixed for money. While I only had a small amount of silver in my pocket, I told him I had plenty for my needs. He thrust his hand in his pocket and pulled out several twenty-dollar gold-pieces, saying:

"You had better take these. You may need them."

I thanked him, but declined the money. The whistle blew. When I shook hands with him he asked me to take off my hat, then he put his hands on my head and gave me his blessing in Hebrew. There were tears in my eyes as he went down the gang-plank.

Mr. Sloss had property interests in Southern California, and I attended to all his legal business here while he retained them. We remained good friends as long as he lived, and he was always proud of such success as I attained.

Brunson & Eastman knew I would arrive on the steamer, reaching Los Angeles on the 5th of June. We anchored near where the present breakwater is, and went on a lighter to Wilmington, where I took the train for Los Angeles. No one met me at the depot. An Irish hackman took possession of me. I asked him where was a good place to stop. He replied, with a broad brogue:

"Go to the Commercial Restaurant in the Downey Block. You can get a room there. All the bloods, Mr. Abe Haas, Mr. Fred Drakenfeld, Mr. W. J. Brodrick, all do be stopping there."

I told him to take me to it, and he did so. I had, as

ABE HAAS

my entire liquid capital, eight silver dollars. He tapped me for two of them. Then I had six. I engaged a room, paying five dollars down on it. Then I had one dollar. It was then twelve o'clock. I went down to the dining-room for lunch. I sat down at a small table for two people. The room gradually filled up. I was a blonde with a proper San Francisco complexion and long flowing side-whiskers. Those who came in eyed me, as people will a stranger. Finally a man about my age, of pleasing appearance, entered. The only unoccupied seat in the room, at that time, was the one at my table. He hesitated a moment, put his hand on the back of the chair, and in a pleasant voice said:

"May I sit here?"

I told him I would be delighted to have him do so. In those days it was no trick for me to get acquainted with anybody or anything, even a lamp-post on a dark night. I saw he was of Jewish persuasion, and I said to myself that it was funny that the last man I parted with in San Francisco was a Jew, and the first man I was meeting in Los Angeles was of the same race.

We fell into conversation. I told him who I was, that I had come to Los Angeles to go into the employ of Brunson & Eastman. He said Brunson was a great lawyer, but he did not know Eastman, who had just come here. For some reason, the name "Abe Haas" rang in my ears. Presently I asked him if he knew Mr. Abe Haas. He looked at me, and said:

"I am Abe Haas."

I told him why I had asked, and he said he had never pretended to be a blood, but did pride himself on being a business man, and that he was a member of the firm of Hellman, Haas & Co., wholesale grocers. We got along swimmingly. I paid fifty cents for my lunch, which left me the same amount in my pocket.

As we walked out Mr. Haas asked me to meet him there at six o'clock and have dinner with him and he would introduce me to a good set of young fellows. When we reached the street he showed me Temple Block, where Brunson & Eastman had their offices. He told me that they occupied the eastern half of the third floor of the building. We parted, I starting for the office. On the way I met an old schoolmate, who was down and out, and I gave him my last half-dollar. Then I was broke.

I went up to the third floor of the Temple Block, found the name of Brunson & Eastman on a door at the head of the stairs, found the door unlocked, and walked in. There was no one there. The library, well arranged, was in a long room at the south end of the offices. There were several other rooms well furnished, and the desk which I had used in San Francisco and which Eastman had sent down by steamer, sat just to the left of the door. It had two compartments, one on each side above the table of the desk, and pigeon-holes below. The register of actions was in the same place I always kept it in San Francisco. It was a new book, recently opened, and I saw at a glance that they were doing business. In two weeks they had brought several actions and were appearing for as many defendants in other suits. I looked into the diary, found that several demurrers were set for the following Monday and two cases set for trial in the following week. This looked like prosperity to me.

Shortly a man came in, who said his name was Harmon, that he was a court reporter and had been helping out the firm until I arrived. He told me that Judge Brunson had gone to Santa Monica, with Col. John P. Jones and Col. R. S. Baker, to look into the disputed boundary line of the San Vicente Rancho, which they owned, and that Eastman had gone to El Monte, a vil-

lage several miles east of Los Angeles, to attend, for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, the preliminary examination of a contractor working for the road, who had shot and killed a man (the committing magistrate discharged the defendant on the preliminary hearing, it being clearly shown that he acted in self-defense). Harmon told me to make myself at home, as he had to go to court and report a case on trial there.

Later, a huge old man, evidently a farmer, came in. He closed the door and said:

"Where is Brunson?"

I told him and he came back with:

"Confound that man! I have been trying for years to get him to collect a note of $900 from Sam Prager, a merchant here."

I asked him if he had the note.

"No," he replied, "I lost the note, but I have a copy of it. Whenever I loan a man money I make a copy of the note."

He took out a pocketbook he was carrying and gave the note to me. I saw that it was long past due. I was not then admitted to the bar, but we had had a case of that kind in San Francisco, and I remembered that we tendered the maker of the note a bond of twice the amount, to save him harmless from the production of the original instrument, and then sued upon the copy. I asked him if he could give a bond.

"In any amount you want," he replied.

"You go out and get two bondsmen and bring them up here," I told him.

He went out, and I took a bond from a blank case, and when Bullis (the name of my party) got back I had the bond ready. He introduced me to Mr. Louis Polaski and Mr. L. C. Goodwin who, he said, would sign the

bond. They were wealthy men and kept a clothing store as Polaski & Goodwin. Bullis signed the bond as principal and Polaski and Goodwin as sureties. We all went down to the next floor where the sureties justified before J. J. Warner (who came to Los Angeles in 1831), a notary public. I then said to Bullis, "Show me Prager."

We went onto the street and to Prager's store in the Ducommun Block at Main and Commercial streets (which is still standing). Here he kept a gents' furnishing goods store. We went in, and Bullis said, pointing:

"That's him, sitting behind that desk."

I went up to him and said:

"Mr. Prager, I have come here with Mr. Bullis to collect that $900 note which you owe him."

He smiled, and replied:

"Produce your note and I will pay it."

"You know," I said to him, "that the note is lost."

"That is your misfortune, not my fault," he replied.

Then I told him that, under such circumstances, I tendered him a bond, as the law provided, signed by Louis Polaski and L. C. Goodwin, to save him harmless from the payment of the original note. He said he didn't know anything about bonds. Then I came back at him in his own words:

"That is your misfortune, not my fault," and I added, "if you do not pay me this money in fifteen minutes I am going to sue you, and attach you, before the sun goes down."

He glared at me and asked:

"Who the hell are you, anyway?"

I told him my name was Graves and that I was working for Brunson & Eastman.

"Judge Brunson would not treat me that way," he said.

I told him I did not care for that, but if he did not pay I would attach him. Just then, Mr. Andrew Glassell, one of the leading lawyers of Los Angeles, came into the store to buy a straw hat. While the clerk was waiting on him, Prager took the bond to him and they had a conversation about it, all of which I did not hear. After Mr. Glassell had read the bond I heard him say to Prager, "This is a good bond, and this man is within his rights." Then Prager whispered something to him, and Mr. Glassell came over to me and said:

"Young man, what's the hurry about this?"

I told him that there had not been much hurry about it, as the note had been overdue for eighteen months, and I reiterated that I would attach Prager if he did not pay. Mr. Glassell turned to Prager and said:

"Sam, you had better pay the note."

"All right," said Prager, "vait a minute."

He put on his hat, went across the street to the Farmers & Merchants Bank, and came back with $900 in gold in a sack. He paid me the interest out of his cash drawer. I had Bullis receipt for the money at the foot of the bond and gave it to Prager. He shook hands with me and said:

"Ven I see somepody with something to collect, I send him to you." (And he always did, and we were friends until his death.)

When we reached the street I handed the sack with the money in it to Bullis. He was ready to hug me. He put his hand in the sack and pulled out five twenty-dollar gold-pieces, which he gave to me, saying:

"Whenever I have any law business you are going to do it," and he kept his word.

I started back to the office. The Polaski & Goodwin store was on the opposite corner of Main and Commer-

cial. Goodwin was out on the sidewalk as I passed. He hailed me with:

"Did you get your money?"

"You bet I did," I replied, and pulling out my five twenties I added, "and here is my fee."

He slapped me on the back, saying:

"Bully for you."

From that day, until the day of his death, he was one of my warmest friends. He was responsible for the business of the Farmers & Merchants Bank coming to me, which, in time, led up to my presidency of the bank. My firm acted as attorneys in settling the estate of Mr. Goodwin, and never charged one dollar for its services. I was one of the executors of Mrs. Goodwin's will, and we were also attorneys for her estate.

About five o'clock Brunson and Eastman came into the office together. They were overjoyed at seeing me, and apologized for not meeting me. I told them that was all right as long as they were both busy. Laying my $100 on the desk I said:

"I, too, have been busy. There is $100 I have earned for you."

They wanted to know how I earned it, and I thought they would laugh their heads off when I told them. Then Brunson said, speaking to Eastman:

"Jim, let's give that hundred dollars to Buzz. I think he deserves it."

"All right," said Eastman, "I guess he needs it. I never saw him when he wasn't broke."

He did not know how close he was hewing to the line. Broke at one o'clock, $100 in my pocket at five o'clock and four fast friends made—Abe Haas, Sam Prager, L. C. Goodwin and J. J. Bullis. I thought it a fair after-

noon's work, and I am glad to say that from that day to the present moment, I have never lacked for money.

In September, three months after the Prager episode, the firm sued, for J. J. Bullis, Sam Prager and Vicente Rosas, on a $500 note which had been lost at the same time as the $900 note. Rosas had had some farm dealings with Bullis, and claimed that the note had been extinguished. However, the court held otherwise, and rendered judgment against both Prager and Rosas for the principal, interest, costs and attorney's fees. An appeal was taken and the judgment was affirmed.

CHAPTER XIII

LOS ANGELES IN 1875. TEMPLE & WORKMAN BANK FAILURE. RAILROAD HISTORY OF THE COUNTY, INCLUDING ELECTRIC LINES. INTERVIEW BETWEEN HUNTINGTON AND HELLMAN

BEFORE detailing my experiences, on coming to Los Angeles, it is well enough to take a look at the surroundings.

Los Angeles then had an estimated population of 7,000 people, and estimates are usually too large. I think one-half of them were native Californians, and it seemed to me they lived on horseback almost night and day.

There were three banks: the Farmers & Merchants (still in existence), the Los Angeles County Bank and the Temple & Workman Bank. The Temple & Workman Bank failed in September, 1875; opened for a time on money borrowed from E. J. Baldwin, and closed permanently in June, 1876. The name of the County Bank was afterwards changed to the Bank of America, and liquidated by Mr. John E. Plater, who was its then owner.

The principal hotel was the Pico House, three stories high, with a bathroom on each of the upper floors. Next was the St. Charles, which set a better table than the Pico House, although the building was inferior. The United States Hotel, on the corner of Commercial and Main streets, was what was called the two-bit house.

There was not a paved street in the town, and gas only in a very small portion of the business section. A small portion of the town was sewered, and that without

any outlet, the sewage being dumped into the Briswalter orchard, near the corner of Tenth and Main streets and used as fertilizer. It was a noisome proposition when the evening breezes blew from that direction.

There was one street-car line, beginning at the Pico House on Main, running down Main to Spring, down Spring to Sixth, and out Sixth to Figueroa Street, where the car-barns were located on the present site of the Gates Hotel. Subsequently, the line was extended from the Pico House to the Southern Pacific Depot at what was called River Station.

The census of 1830 showed that there were forty people here who were not native Californians. They were made up of Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians.

The reason the population of Southern California at that time was scarce was because of its inaccessibility. To reach Los Angeles in those days there were several tedious modes of travel:

First. By stage, through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, to Yuma, and then through a veritable desert, until San Bernardino was reached, and on into Los Angeles.

Second. By stage from Stockton, over the Tehachapi Mountains.

Third. By stage from San Jose, by the coast route, over two mountain ranges.

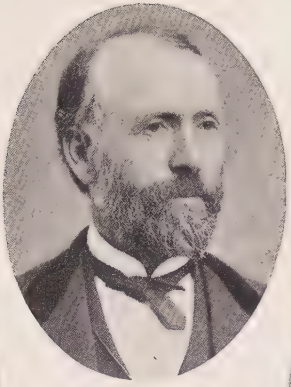
Fourth. By steamer from San Francisco, in a dinky little boat, which took the best part of two days and two nights to make the trip to Wilmington.

The only railroad leading to the outside world was that from Los Angeles to Wilmington, where it connected with steamer traffic. This road was built about 1870, by the city and county jointly, each of them issuing bonds to pay for it. After the Central Pacific was finished to San

Francisco, Collis P. Huntington, his partner, Hopkins, Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker, usually called the Big Four, conceived the idea of building a road from San Francisco to New Orleans. They organized the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. They bought out the Texas & Pacific, or Tom Scott road, securing its franchises and its immense government land grants. That road had surveyed a line from Mojave across the desert directly to Yuma. After acquiring this road, Huntington and his associates started to build down the San Joaquin Valley, and intended to run, after crossing the Tehachapi, from Mojave to Yuma.

This, of course, did not suit the people of Los Angeles, and its leading citizens, ex-Governor John G. Downey, Phineas Banning and other prominent men, approached the Southern Pacific people to get them to come into Los Angeles County. As an inducement, an act of the legislature was passed which allowed the city and county of Los Angeles to donate to the railroad the little line from Los Angeles to Wilmington (now worth millions of dollars). The county voted a $300,000 bond issue, and the city donated the company seventy-five acres of land for machine shops. The location of this land was not suitable for the purpose, and the railroad company subsequently reconveyed the land to the city, and it is now included in Lincoln Park and an auto parking station, adjacent to it.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which had been organized by Huntington and his three associates, had to go to Congress to get an act allowing them to change the route from Mojave to Los Angeles, so as not to lose their land grants. When this was accomplished, they immediately began to build their present line of railroad from Los Angeles to the south portal of the San Fernando tunnel, and when I came here, in 1875, they were

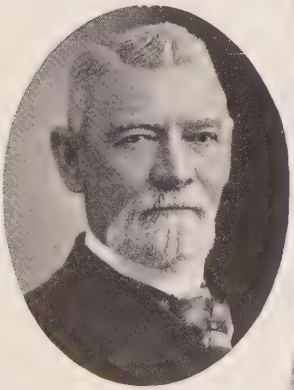


JOHN J. DOWNEY

CHARLES DUCOMMUN

DR. JOHN S. GRIFFIN

O. W. CHILDS



WM. H. WORKMAN

JAMES F. BURNS

J. M. GRIFFITH

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

constructing the tunnel and also doing heavy work over the Tehachapi Mountains. They had also started their line east from Los Angeles to New Orleans, and had constructed it to the village of Spadra, this side of Pomona.

1875 was an extremely hard year for Los Angeles. As stated before, the Temple & Workman Bank failed in September, when the Bank of California closed in San Francisco. A short time after that, black confluent smallpox broke out, and lingered lovingly with us for about twenty-three months. It was stated that one-half the native population died and one-third of the American population. One could not go out on the street, at any time of the day or night, without a hearse rushing by with a smallpox corpse in it.

In addition to that, the winter of 1875-6 was extremely dry, and cattle and sheep perished by the thousands.

The first through passenger train on the Southern Pacific from San Francisco came to us in September, 1876, and the event was duly celebrated by a banquet and speechmaking. Immediately, people began to come to Los Angeles. The Southern Pacific, through its Eastern connecting lines, was able to sell through tickets from eastern points to our city and, notwithstanding all the drawbacks that Los Angeles suffered from 1875 to 1880, the census of 1880 showed the population to be 13,000.

Then the Southern Pacific finished its line to New Orleans, and the Santa Fe came in from Chicago, resulting in the great boom of 1884-1886, which collapsed in 1887 bringing misery and loss to thousands; and in 1890 the census showed our population to be 54,000. By 1900 it had increased to 101,000; in 1910, to 315,000; in 1920, to 565,000; and now, by every rule of calculation, it is said that our population is 1,250,000.

We must always remember that the Southern Pacific was the pioneer. Probably, if that road had not been

built when it was, the Santa Fe would not have been built when it was built. Both of them have done wonders for this country, and every property-owner here should always remember it.

Owing to conditions resulting from the panic of 1873, the Southern Pacific could not raise one dollar on bonds with which to build the road from San Francisco to New Orleans. It sent Mr. Michael Reese, a wealthy capitalist and large property owner of San Francisco, to Germany. He there floated a bond issue sufficient to build the road.

After he had completed his mission, he walked eight miles to a cemetery in which his father and mother were buried. To save a pfennig, a small German coin, which the gate-keeper at the cemetery would have charged him if he had entered through the gate, he went down the line a couple of hundred yards, attempted to climb over the wall of the cemetery, fell off and broke his neck.

He owned the Alamitos Rancho, of 29,000 acres, in Los Angeles County. It was sold by his estate to Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mr. John Bixby and Mr. Jotham Bixby, for the sum of $141,000.

In this connection, let us also look at the evolution of the street-car system in Los Angeles. After I came here, another one-horse line was built that had its northern terminus right in front of the Temple Block on Main Street. It ran down Main to Washington, from Washington to Figueroa, from Figueroa to Agricultural Park. After the Southern Pacific built the Arcade Depot, this line ran a branch down to the depot. In time the ownership of these railroads changed hands and a cable system was substituted for them. While the cable system was being built, General M. H. Sherman and Mr. E. P. Clark came in here from Arizona and built an electric

line to Pasadena. They also built to Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Venice. These roads, of course, materially assisted the places with which they connected Los Angeles.

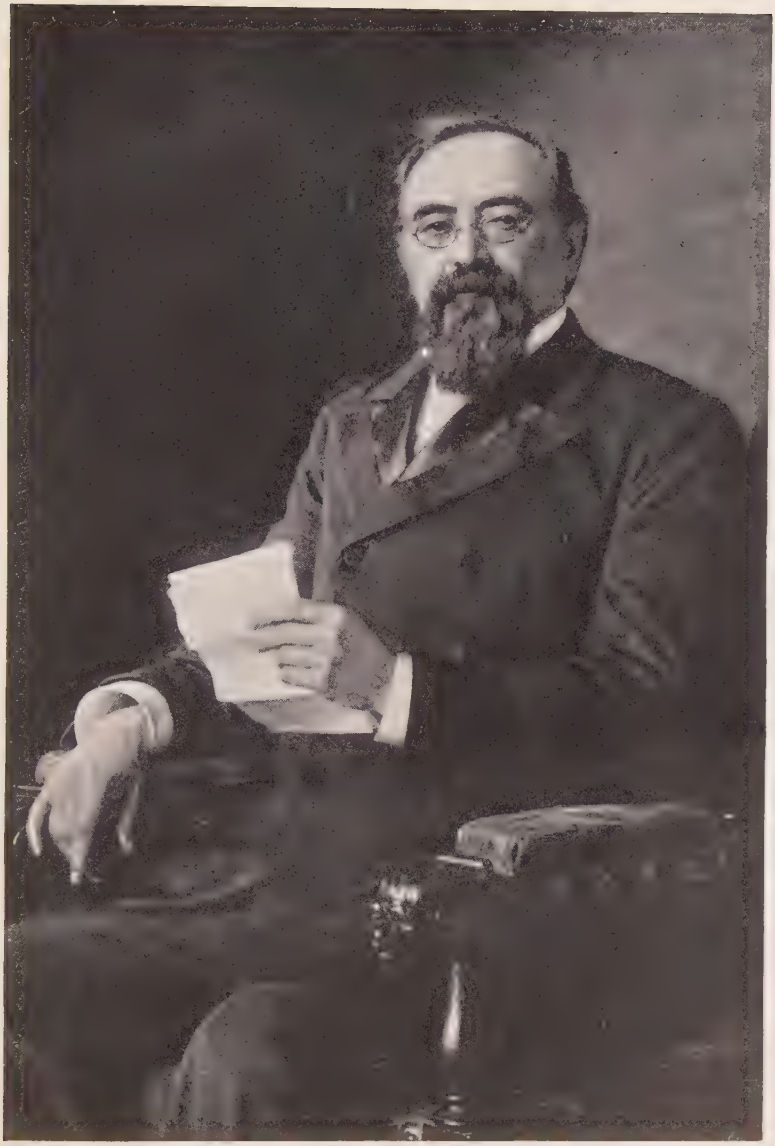
About 1891, the late Mr. H. E. Huntington and Mr. I. W. Hellman and associates (among the latter being Messrs. A. Borel and C. De Guigne), acquired the rights of the cable company and immediately converted the lines into electric roads. They also incorporated the Pacific Electric Railway Company, and immediately began construction to Santa Ana, Glendale and Redondo. Mr. Hellman floated a ten-million-dollar bond issue in San Francisco for the purposes of the Pacific Electric. It did not last long. The program laid out by Mr. Huntington was so extensive that Messrs. Hellman, Borel and De Guigne concluded they could not go farther. They begged Mr. Huntington to buy them out. He refused. Mr. Hellman said he would sell to some one else. Mr. Huntington told him to do so. They then sold their interests to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and subsequently the Southern Pacific took over the Pacific Electric lines, relinquishing its interest in the Los Angeles Railway lines. Since then, Mr. Huntington has owned the latter and the Southern Pacific has owned the Pacific Electric lines.

The Southern Pacific subsequently bought out Sherman & Clark, that is, their lines running to Pasadena and to the beach cities, and also, through the Pacific Electric, bought out what was known as the Hook line, which ran from Los Angeles to San Pedro. I, myself, paid the money on this transaction, the consideration being in excess of $1,500,000.

In the hands of the Pacific Electric and of the Los Angeles Railway, extensions and improvements have been

made upon both lines, until they have been brought up to a magnificent standard of perfection. Some plotting politicians, scenting the loot of municipal ownership, are now endeavoring to work up public sentiment for the City of Los Angeles to buy out the Los Angeles Railway lines. This would be a most unfortunate mistake. Mr. Huntington, in a hearing before the Railroad Commission, showed that his lines have not paid him and that he had had a large deficit each year, which he has cheerfully met. The proper thing to do is to give Mr. Huntington's lines a passenger rate that will pay them for their investment. Los Angeles is greatly indebted to him for what he has done for it. However, everybody knows that municipal ownership of street railways has been disastrous for every community that has ever engaged therein. The same band of politicians who are urging the city to acquire the Los Angeles Railway lines will also be the loudest shouters for reduced fares, when present fares are not paying the overhead expenses of the road, to say nothing of interest on the investment. Everything has been advanced, wages of employes, taxes, prices of material, and it does not stand to reason that the general public can expect to ride on the street-cars for the same rate that they did twenty years ago. The people who use the street-car lines should pay for that privilege, and the cost of it should not be thrown back upon taxpayers, as it will if the lines are ever municipally owned.

After Messrs. Hellman, Borel and De Guigne sold their stock in the Los Angeles Railway and the Pacific Electric Railway to the Southern Pacific, reports were circulated that they had sold Mr. Huntington out, that is, that they had sold their stocks without giving him a chance to buy them. One day Mr. Hellman was in Los Angeles, and in my office. Mr. Huntington came in. They greeted each other cordially. Then Mr. Hellman said: "Sit



I. W. HELLMAN

down, I want to talk to you." Thinking it was something private, I started out of the room, but Mr. Hellman called me back, saying, "Graves, sit here. I want you to hear this." The following conversation then occurred between the two men.

Hellman: "Mr. Huntington, I regret very much that your subordinates are reporting that I sold you out. You know that it is not true."

Huntington: "I have not heard of such reports."

Hellman: "Well, everybody else has. Your attorney, Mr. W. E. Dunn, has been particularly active in circulating these reports, and that was the reason that I would not allow him in my office the last time you and he called on me in San Francisco. You will remember that you took some documents which I had prepared to Dunn to pass upon, he being out in the lobby of the bank."

Huntington: "That is correct. I could not understand your animosity toward him."

Hellman: "Well, you know now, and I consider reports circulated by your agents as circulated by you."

Huntington: "I never circulated such reports and I will see that my subordinates do not in the future."

Hellman: "Now, while we are here, I want, in the presence of Mr. Graves, to ask you a few questions."

Huntington: "All right."

Hellman: "When we went into this deal, did not you fix the amount that it would cost us?"

Huntington: "Yes."

Hellman: "When we had spent that much money, did not I then sell ten million dollars' worth of Pacific Electric Railway bonds for the use of the project?"

Huntington: "Yes, that is correct."

Hellman: "When that money was gone, did not you begin to call on us individually, you putting up your share and calling on us for additional money?"

Huntington: "Yes. I could not build railroads without money. And if I had told you what it was going to cost, when we began the work, you never would have joined me."

Hellman: "Did not I come to Los Angeles and remonstrate with you, telling you that I was not going to break myself on this project; that De Guigne and Borel had borrowed all the money they could, and were worrying over the matter considerably?"

Huntington: "Yes, you made that complaint to me."

Hellman: "And did I not beg you to buy our stock, and you laughed at me?"

Huntington: "Yes, I thought you were worrying without reason."

Hellman: "You refused to buy our stock. Then, did I not tell you that I was going to get out, and if you did not buy it I was going to sell it?"

Huntington: "Yes, and I told you to go ahead and sell it. I had no idea that you could find anyone on earth who would step into your shoes."

Hellman: "Then you acknowledge here, before Mr. Graves, that I gave you every opportunity to buy it?"

Huntington: "That is correct. But I wanted you as a partner because you were capable of raising money."

After a little more conversation Mr. Huntington rose to go, and Hellman, still seated, said:

"Now, what are we to be, friends or enemies?"

Mr. Huntington extended his hand, saying, "Friends."

They shook hands. Just then Mr. Hellman was called out, and Huntington said to me, "Graves, I did not think the old man had that much spunk in him."

I remember the scene and everything that occurred just as if it had happened yesterday. After that conversation I do not think any further slanders of Mr. Hellman, Borel and De Guigne were circulated.

CHAPTER XIV

PEN PICTURE OF LOS ANGELES IN 1875. BULL-HEADS CAUGHT IN LAKE AT LAGUNA RANCH, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM IN COOKING. MY DOG, FLORA

I WILL here draw, simply from memory, a pen picture of the business portion of Los Angeles, and of the business interests here, on June 5th, 1875.

The old Temple Block, lately destroyed to make room for the new city hall, was the hub around which everything centered. As before stated, the Pico House was then the leading hotel. The St. Charles, on Main Street, several doors north of Commercial, was a fair rival of it. Opposite the St. Charles was the Lafayette, subsequently known as the St. Elmo. The United States Hotel, at Main and Requena streets, then catered to the same class of business which it does today.

I have before mentioned the three banks which were here at that time. While the Temple & Workman Bank was temporarily closed, E. F. Spence, M. S. Patrick and William Lacy (the father of the men who now conduct the Lacy Manufacturing Company), with some local capitalists, organized the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles. While in the employ of Brunson & Eastman, I drew its articles of incorporation, prepared its by-laws and attended the first meeting of its board of directors. It was rather singular that my firm, Graves & Chapman, in 1881, when this bank was turned into the First National Bank of Los Angeles, drew the articles of incorporation of that bank.

The Commercial Bank bought a lot on the east side of Main Street, nearly opposite Temple Street, where the Bank of Italy has recently constructed a new branch building. The Commercial Bank immediately built a two-story building, amply sufficient for its wants, but subsequently it enlarged it by taking in additional ground on the south.

The combined capital and deposits of all the banks here, in 1875, were ridiculously small when compared with the present-day figures. As an illustration of the amount of business done here, Charles J. Shepherd received and dispatched all the telegrams for the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Tom McCaffray, for many years afterwards with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, delivered the messages received. Mr. William Pridham (than whom no better man has ever lived) and Joe Binford did all the inside work of the Wells Fargo & Company's express office, while John Osborne, with a one-horse express wagon, did all of the company's deliveries, including letters, many of which in those days were sent by express.

From the Pico House, near the Plaza, on the east side of Main Street, to the St. Charles Hotel, there was virtually no business building, except possibly a fruit stand and a barber shop. Where the Baker Block now stands was a magnificent old-time one-story dwelling-house, with court-yards and fountains, the former home of Don Abel Stearns, and then occupied by Col. R. S. Baker and wife. She was the widow of Don Abel Stearns.

Adjoining the St. Charles on the north, the Grand Central Hotel was in course of construction. Between the St. Charles and the Ducommun Block (which is still standing), at the northeast corner of Main and Commercial Streets, were some old adobe buildings. On the west side of Main Street, in a three-story building (still stand-

ing, opposite the Pico House), on the ground floor thereof, was Chevallier's drug store, the most popular store of its kind in Los Angeles at that time. South of that building was an Italian grocery store. Farther down the street was Macy & Butler's livery stable, quite a pretentious affair, then more adobes, until the St. Elmo Hotel was reached.

There were two breweries in the city, the New York Brewery, located at Third and Main streets and built by Mr. Chris Henne, and for years operated by Mr. Louis Schwarz; and the Philadelphia Brewery, located on Aliso Street, where the immense sycamore tree stood for so many years. Both of them made excellent beer. Adjoining the New York Brewery on the south, a man named George Lehman, but generally known as "Greek George," had built a sort of amusement garden with a couple of round pavilions in it. Here people used to go and drink beer from the brewery. Lehman was also known as "Round-house George," from these pavilions. He became involved, during the hard times in the decade from 1870 to 1880, and lost all of his holdings, comprising much property besides that I have just described, under foreclosure proceedings, and died in abject poverty.

The retail merchandise business was in a few hands. Just south of the Farmers & Merchants Bank building, in a one-story brick building, Eugene Meyer & Company conducted the City of Paris, the fashionable dry goods store of the city. Next to this store was the Billy Buffum's drinking saloon, then Theodore Wollweber's drug store. Then came the Downey Block, in the rear of which, just south of Wollweber, where the federal building now stands, was the Commercial Restaurant, with an entrance leading to Main Street. Next to it was a stationery store, shortly afterwards and for many years con-

ducted by Mr. Phil Hirschfeld. Levy & Coblentz had a wholesale liquor store, next to the stationery store, with a side bar at which liquors were retailed.

Jacoby Brothers came next with a clothing store, then there was a barber shop, then Nordlinger's jewelry store, then Charley Bush's, Lyon & Smith's carpet store, Charley Bean's real estate and insurance office, with Pete Thompson's, afterwards Pierson's, saloon, on the northeast corner of Temple and Main streets, completed the occupancy of the ground floor of the Downey Block. The upstairs housed physicians, lawyers and architects. South of Temple, on the west side of Spring Street, were adobe buildings flush with the sidewalk. In one of these Justice Trafford held forth, and The Star, edited by Ben Truman, was published.

The Express was a little further down Spring Street, and was edited by James J. Ayres. The post-office was in the Jones Block, on Spring Street, opposite the old court house. Still south of this property was another adobe building, where the city clerk had his office and the city council met. Adjoining was the city and county jail, at the corner of Spring and Franklin streets, all adobe buildings, flush with the sidewalk, and in the yard of which many official hangings occurred. Still south on Spring Street were more adobe buildings.

Coming back to Temple Block, the Temple & Workman Bank occupied its northwest corner. In the Main Street corner A. Portugal had a clothing store. He sold out and went to Arizona, and Jacoby Brothers moved into that corner. South of this was Joe Williams' Reception Saloon, which extended from Main to Spring Street, as also did the store next to it, occupied by Mr. S. Hellman (the father of Mr. Maurice S. Hellman, of the Security Trust & Savings Bank), as a stationery store. For

many years, Williams conducted a fruit, vegetable and general grocery store on the main street leading from Cahuenga Pass to Lankershim. He died on May 5th, 1927, at the age of eighty-five years.

Next to the Reception Saloon came Junger's drug store, and next to it, Slotterbeck's gunsmith store. George Pridham conducted a cigar store south of Slotterbeck's, and on the southeast corner of Main and Court streets was the Wells Fargo express office. Next to it, still in the Temple Block, was Jake Philippi's beer saloon, and at the northeast corner of Spring and Court streets, I. Cohn had a cigar store. Then came Tom Rowan's real estate office and Daniel Desmond's hat store and a barber shop, which brings us to the Spring Street entrance of Sam Hellman's stationery store.

The court house stood on Main, running through to Spring, with Market Street on one side and Court on the other. Later, the Bullard Block was built on its site, and was only recently destroyed to make room for the new city hall.

The Lanfrancos, mother and daughters, one of whom married Walter S. Maxwell and has recently died, another of whom married Walter S. Moore, and another, Brentano, the bookseller of New York, owned the entire frontage on Court Street, from Spring to Main, which extended back half-way to First Street. On this property was a large frame pavilion, with an entrance on Court Street, in which balls, church fairs and other gatherings were held. One the night of July 4th, 1875, I was at a ball given there, and danced with all the belles and many of the matrons of the city.

On Main Street, at the southeast corner of Commercial, Polaski & Goodwin conducted a dry goods store. L. C. Goodwin, of this firm, came here in 1849, after the

Mexican War. In 1853, he went into business with Polaski. In 1857, he sold out, went to Memphis and was engaged in buying and selling cotton. When the Civil War broke out he was long on cotton but short on patriotism. The federal troops burned his cotton. He entered the Confederate cavalry service, served through the war, and in 1865 returned to Los Angeles and again entered business with Polaski, at the same place in which they started in 1853.

East of Polaski & Goodwin, on Commercial Street, Mr. Charles Prager had a dry goods store, and next to him Samuel Meyer a crockery store, and still east of him, W. J. Brodrick was engaged in the fire insurance business. Sam Prager, as before stated, had a gents' furnishing goods store at the northeast corner of Commercial and Main Streets, and in the same building Charles Ducommun had a hardware store. He was the father of the Ducommun brothers, of the Ducommun Corporation, still in business in Los Angeles.

The Lanfrancos owned a two-story building, with an extensive frontage, on the east side of Main Street, nearly opposite Temple Street, and just south of the building which the Commercial Bank erected. The family lived on the upper floor. There, Mrs. Lanfranco died, in January, 1876, of the smallpox. Dr. Wise, dead some years ago, was her physician, and it was reported that he would not enter her room until he was first paid five thousand dollars in gold. Beneath, in the corner of the Lanfranco Building, Mr. A. C. Chauvin had a grocery store, next to the Commercial Bank Building, and adjoining him on the south, Dr. A. Heizeman conducted a fashionable drug store. Workman Brothers (one of whom, Mr. William Workman, was the father of Mr. Boyle Workman, recently president of the city council of

Los Angeles), had a well-stocked harness and saddlery shop. Dotter & Bradley came next, with a well-equipped furniture store, the forerunner of the present Los Angeles Furniture Company.

At the corner of Main and Requena Streets, over Joe Brison's beer saloon, Dillon & Kenealy had a very excellent dry goods store. Where the Harper & Reynolds hardware store is now located, Sanguinetti & Rivera conducted the largest retail grocery store in Los Angeles.

Further down Main Street, in a two-story brick building, Matfield and Germain also had a grocery store, and nearly opposite them, Seymour & Johnson conducted a similar store, called The Grange. Still south of The Grange was Louis Lichtenberger's wagon-making shop, and next to him a man sold eastern-made Gates buggies and carriages. At the northeast corner of First and Main Streets, Tommie Rowan had a bakery, inherited from his father.

The wholesale district was on Los Angeles Street. Hellman, Haas & Company and Newmark & Company were the wholesale grocers. The former was on the northeast corner of Los Angeles and Commercial streets, the latter opposite, in the Stearns Block. Kalisher & Wurtemberg, dealers in hides, were in an adobe building at the southeast corner of Los Angeles and Aliso streets. Years afterwards, a new three-story building was erected there by Haas, Baruch & Company, successors to Hellman, Haas & Company, who occupied the same for many years.

Lips & Craigue, wholesale liquor dealers, were also in the Stearns Block, north of Newmark, and between the liquor store and Arcadia Street, some commission houses, including one conducted by Ralph Ellis, former Sheriff of Napa County, were located.

In a one-story brick building, on the west side of Los Angeles, south of Newmark & Company, Samuel C. Foy for many years conducted a harness shop and between him and Commercial Street was M. W. Childs' hardware, tin and stove-ware store. At the northwest and southwest corners of Commercial and Los Angeles streets Frenchmen conducted wine stores. Page & Gravel's wagon-making shop was on Los Angeles Street south of Commercial.

Several members of the Cohn and Norton families, besides Mendel Meyer and E. Laventhal, had clothing stores in various parts of the business section. Barrows & Furrey conducted a hardware and tinware store, for many years, on Spring Street, north of the building where the city council met. All of the clothing merchants carried shoes and I remember of but two strictly shoe houses in the city, one owned by Joe Mesmer, in the United States Hotel building, and one by W. J. McDonald in the same building but farther south.

Where the Nadeau Hotel now stands, William Buckley had a stage office and barns for his animals. He ran a stage line over the coast route to San Jose. South of him, Louis Roeder had a blacksmith and wagon shop. Joseph Mullally burned all of the bricks used in the community, and Jake Witzler laid most of them up into buildings.

The leading allopathic physicians were Dr. J. S. Griffin, Dr. Richard Den, Dr. Joseph Kurtz, Dr. Richardson, Dr. K. D. Wise, Dr. H. S. Orme, Drs. Stanway & Ross, and Dr. Dalton. Dr. Kirkpatrick and Dr. Shorb were the homeopathic practitioners. Dr. J. S. Crawford, with his offices in the Downey Block, where the Federal building now stands, and Dr. French, whose office was in the Lanfranco Block, over Workman's harness shop, were

the dentists. V. Ponet and a man named Nietzke were the leading undertakers.

Los Angeles then had a large and able Bar, including Mr. Andrew Glassell, Justice E. M. Ross, Colonel Cameron E. Thom, John D. Bicknell, Stephen M. White, Messrs. Geo. W. and Henry M. Smith (brothers), Mr. Henry T. Gage, Col. James G. Howard, Mr. A. B. Chapman, Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny, Will D. Gould, James H. Blanchard, Judge A. W. Hutton, Judge R. M. Widney, Judge Albert M. Stephens, Judge S. C. Hubbel, Col. A. J. King and the firm of Brunson & Eastman. Geo. S. Patton and Jonathan R. Scott (both lately deceased) were law clerks and students in the office of Glassell, Chapman & Smith. Judge Y. Sepulveda was district judge, and Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny was county judge.

The surveyors were George Hansen, William Moore, W. P. Reynolds, Ruxton & Rumble, John E. Jackson, Henry Hancock and E. T. Wright.

Dr. Den was a very prim old bachelor who always rode a jet-black horse. It is related of him that while a witness in Hill vs. Den, a celebrated case in the district court at Santa Barbara, he virtually accused an attorney in a previous transaction of having sold him out. The attorney examining him then asked him:

"Did you discharge him?"

He answered, "Discharge him? I never discharge a professional man. I dispensed with his services."

It is rather strange that, of all the attorneys then in Los Angeles, and I think I have not given a full list of them here, four only are alive, besides myself, viz.: Judge R. M. Widney, Justice E. M. Ross, Judge A. W. Hutton and Judge Albert M. Stephens. They are all from seven to thirteen years older than I am.

In 1875, the streets, not being paved, were seas of vile-smelling mud in winter time, and were full of suffocating dust in summer time, notwithstanding constant sprinkling. The city possessed one old hand-worked fire engine, manned by a volunteer fire department.

The Baker Block was the first modern building erected in Los Angeles after I arrived here. It was constructed in 1878. It was badly located for business and it would have been better for its owners had it never been constructed, as it never was a paying proposition. By the time it was finished, business had already started to move south of Temple Block. The first passenger elevator was installed in the Nadeau Hotel in 1881.

When the Baker Block was finished, in 1878, Col. Robert S. Baker asked me if I would not take charge of it. I gladly consented, and I moved my office from the Strelitz Building, on Spring Street, to the Baker Block, and remained in that building until I left the practice of law on January 1st, 1904.

The first tenants on the ground floor of the Baker Block were as follows: South of the entrance were the B. F. Coulter Dry Goods Store, occupying two stores; the Kan-Koo, a Japanese art store, conducted by Mr. S. K. Benchley (who afterwards retired and became an orange grower at Fullerton, and who is now deceased); then came Eugene Germain, who dealt in garden seeds and was an extensive shipper of fresh produce to Arizona and New Mexico. In the first store north of the entrance, Brownstein & Louis began the business which has developed into the very extensive business now conducted by them at Figueroa and Eighth streets. Adjoining them, D. V. B. Henerie, a wholesale liquor dealer of San Francisco, opened a first-class wholesale liquor house, which was in charge of Mr. C. C. Lips, formerly of Lips & Craigue in the same business in the Stearns Block.

For quite a time, the Wells Fargo express office was located in the store at the extreme northern end of the building. After that moved out it was taken by Northcraft & Clark, dealers in stoves, tinware and general hardware. Showing changed conditions in Los Angeles, I do not believe there could be purchased today in the city five wood or coal-burning stoves suitable for a household kitchen. Gas stoves have supplanted these stoves. Should the natural gas, with which the city is largely supplied, suddenly cease to flow, artificial gas could not be manufactured fast enough to supply all homes, and as many dwelling-houses today are not constructed with facilities for using coal and wood-burning stoves, even if they could be obtained, people would have to cook in their back yards over open fires.

Speaking of the Henerie store, there was employed in it a cheerful little fellow named Billy Rockwell (long since dead), who came as near being in a continual state of semi-intoxication as a human being could and live. He sent to Massachusetts for a barrel of hard crab-apple cider for Col. R. S. Baker. I do not believe that any legitimate liquor was ever made that had the knock-out quality of that cider. I have at my home a few bottles of brandy made by B. D. Wilson of San Gabriel more than seventy years ago, of the fruit of the cactus or tunas. It is so strong that when it reaches your tongue you feel it in your foot, like an electric shock, and at the same time, it is so smooth that it does not burn. It has a most delicious flavor and is an excellent article to burn for black coffee or upon a plum pudding. By way of comparison, I do not think that cactus brandy has the edge on Billy Rockwell's crab-apple cider.

Mr. F. D. Ludovicci, a connoisseur of art, literature and liquor, pronounced the tuna brandy as the best brandy he had ever tasted in any country in the world.

After the Henerie store was closed out, it was occupied by Col. J. C. Duncan as a silverware and jewelry store. Col. Duncan had had quite a spectacular and checkered career in San Francisco.

I am going to relate another incident in connection with my friend Billy Rockwell. I fear that merely putting it onto paper will relegate me to life membership in the Ananias Club. Billy had been telling me about the excellent fishing for bullhead, a species of cat-fish, in a lake on the Laguna Ranch, belonging to Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker, and lying four or five miles east of Los Angeles. This lake was quite extensive and was fed from living springs in the bottom of it, and the water was always fresh and pure. As pumping of underground water, for irrigation purposes, increased, the lake finally dried up. Yielding to Billy's importunities, one day I went with him after bullhead. We could have caught a boat-load of them. They were rather repulsive-looking fish, but the flesh was hard and firm and very palatable.

I took half a dozen of them home, cleaned them myself, and before putting them in the ice-box, I showed them to our cook, Bridget Cummings (a sister of James Cummings, who was, for many years, superintendent of streets of Los Angeles), a most admirable woman, and told her that next morning (which was Friday) she should take a frying-pan, put some butter in it, get it quite hot, and put the fish into it. Next morning, just as I had completed my toilet and was ready to go down-stairs, we were alarmed at wild shrieks from the floor below. I hastened down-stairs, found Bridget in the front part of the house, in tears, crossing herself, and in a state of panic. I asked her what the trouble was. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Graves, when I put those fish in the hot pan, they croaked!"

They had been drawn, their gills were out, and how they could croak I do not know. I did not hear them, I do not vouch for the story, but we always found Bridget a truthful girl. I hurried to the kitchen. The fish were still on the fire and beyond the croaking period. I turned them over, and, in fact, had to complete cooking them, as Bridget would not touch the frying-pan. When they were done, I put them on a platter. They were served for breakfast, and were delicious. Bridget declared they were bewitched by the devil. Sometime afterwards, I jocularly told her I was going fishing for some more bull-heads. She said:

"When you start, will you please give me two days' vacation?"

At that time I had an extremely smart hunting dog, of the setter breed. Her name was Flora. (It would appear that that was a family name for dogs with me. You will remember that my old greyhound, of my boyhood days, was named Flora.) Flora and Bridget were great friends. There was a porch on two sides of our kitchen. Next to the kitchen, on the east, was a small laundry with some stationary tubs, with a door opening onto the porch. There was also a screen door there, so that the wooden door could be left open in warm weather.

In those days, we burned oak wood, thoroughly dried, properly split, and put into our wood-shed at $5.50 or $6.00 a cord. (The same wood, today, costs $21.00 per cord.) One day Bridget went out to the wood-shed, which was very near the entrance to the kitchen, for an armful of wood. As usual, Flora ran to her as quick as she came out of the house, and Bridget was talking to her while she picked up the wood. When she got to the door of the laundry, she was much astonished to see Flora beside her with a stick of wood in her mouth. In a very

short time she had Flora trained to keep the wood-box full. She would prop open the screen door to the laundry and tell Flora to fill the wood-box. She would not only bring in the wood, a stick at a time, and put it in the wood-box, but would take her paw and straighten it around in the box. The screen door had a spring lock which could be sprung back. Just to try out the dog, one day I took a piece of leather, about two inches long and an inch wide, and tacked it onto the bottom of the screen door, sprung back the spring lock and taking the leather in my fingers pulled the door open several times, with Flora watching me. I had not been gone ten minutes before she took the leather in her mouth, opened the door a little way, put her paw behind it, and then walked into the kitchen.

I think Flora came as near understanding the human language as any animal that ever existed. She was a wonderful retriever, and I used her in hunting doves, quail and ducks. She raised me a beautiful puppy, a male, that was just as bright as she was. After that I gave her to Mr. John H. Bixby, one of the co-owners of the Alamitos Ranch, who then lived in the old adobe house standing on the hill, overlooking an immense valley to the east, in which house his son, Fred H. Bixby, and family, now reside.

Five years after I gave Flora to Mr. Bixby, my friend, Mr. L. C. Goodwin, and I drove down there one day, at Mr. Bixby's invitation, for a duck-shoot. There was a courtyard to the house, and the kitchen opened onto it. I was in another doorway, some distance from the kitchen, and I saw Flora standing there, looking in through the screen door and wagging her tail. I called her name. She knew my voice and started to me with every appearance of happiness. When she had come halfway I said, "Down, charge!" She stopped as if she had

been shot, whining and trembling. Throwing up my hand and snapping my fingers, I released her. She started to me again, and just before she got to me I said, "Heel!" She obeyed instantly, and I do not suppose she had heard either of those commands in the five years she had been at Bixby's, as he had had her helping herd sheep nearly all of that time. When I released her again, she simply jumped all over me. At the time, she was nursing some little pups. After I went to bed that night I heard her whining and scratching at my bedroom door. How she knew I was there I cannot understand. I got up, lighted the lamp and let her into the room. She curled up on a rug near my bed, with a contented sigh, and I think immediately went to sleep. I left the door partly open, thinking she would probably want to return to her pups before morning. Whether she did or not, I do not know, but she was lying on the rug when I woke next morning.

After breakfast we went down to the duck marsh, and of course Flora went with me. Sitting in a blind, made of willows and weeds, awaiting the flight of ducks, Flora got as close to me as she could, shoving her nose under my arm and whining affectionately. We had a great shoot that morning and she retrieved as beautifully as she ever did.

When we left for home, towards night, and had gone about two miles from the Bixby house, Flora appeared, running along by the side of the buggy. We had to turn around, drive back to the ranch, and, amid great lamentations on her part, she was tied up so she could not follow us.

Bad luck attended me with her offspring. We were out for the summer at our Alhambra place, where we now live permanently. I had two men on the ranch and on the Fourth of July I told them they could go in town for the

celebration. My wife and the children preferred to stay quietly at home. Towards evening, as they had not returned, I went out to milk the cows. We were milking two cows and there were a couple of yearlings in the little pasture with them. I drove the cows and yearlings into the corral, and had started to milk one of them, when my dog crawled under the fence into the corral and began to chase one of the yearlings. In vain I called to him to desist. In hunting he would obey all of my commands, but this was sport, not hunting. Of course the milch cows were so disturbed that I could not proceed with the milking. Finally, in desperation, I picked up a little stick, not over five inches long, and, scolding Don, I threw it at him. Unfortunately, it was a trimming from a lime tree, and on it was a thorn about half an inch long. That thorn entered the dog's right eye. He immediately stopped, howled with pain, and I removed the thorn. I looked at the eye and thought it was all right, but by the next morning it had wilted away. The eye, after that, seemed to turn partly inside out and was a red mass, and when he would sit down and look at me, with his head cocked to one side, I simply could not stand it, and I had to give him away.

Another incident as to Flora: When our daughter Alice (now Mrs. H. F. Stewart) was three or four years old, she would pilfer walnuts from the pantry and carry them out to the back porch in her apron. She would sit down, with Flora beside her, and the dog would crack the nuts with her teeth, dropping them in the child's lap, and they would devour the kernels.

CHAPTER XV

PRICES OF LOS ANGELES REAL ESTATE IN 1875 RETURN OF C. E. THOM AFTER THE CIVIL WAR. BUSINESS IMPROVEMENTS

IN 1875, the highest-priced real estate in Los Angeles was on both sides of Main Street, from the St. Charles Hotel to the Temple Block. Shortly after 1875, William Buckley bought the site of the Nadeau Hotel, 120 feet at the corner of First, by 165 feet deep, for $8,000. When he sold it to Remi Nadeau, in 1880, for $20,000, people thought the world was coming to an end. When Mr. E. F. Spence bought the site of the Wilcox Block, 120 feet, at the southwest corner of Second and Spring, by 165 feet deep, from Hammel & Denker, for Captain A. H. Wilcox, for the sum of $18,000, people nudged each other and intimated, if they did not give expression to the thought, that Mr. Spence had collected a very high commission from Hammel & Denker for making the sale, which, of course, was not true.

In 1879, I bought for I. N. Van Nuys from Judge Sepulveda the corner lot at the southwest corner of Seventh and Spring streets, 60 by 165 feet deep, where the I. N. Van Nuys Building stands, for $500. Mr. Van Nuys owned the adjoining sixty feet and had his dwelling-house on it, or he probably would not have bought it. Today that lot, if unimproved, would probably bring $750,000.

Mrs. Arcadia B. de Baker owned twelve acres of land at Fourth and Main streets. It extended back across Los

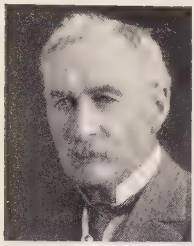
Angeles Street, which was not opened for a considerable distance. I subdivided this property for her in 1884, opened Fourth Street and Los Angeles Street through it. I succeeded in selling the Main Street frontage to my personal friends, Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, Mr. Eugene Germain, Mr. James B. Lankershim and others, at $100 a foot. The entire twelve acres brought but ninety some thousand dollars.

When one thinks of these matters he can scarcely realize how prices have advanced to their present figures all over Los Angeles. It is merely a question of population. Had the population of the city remained at 7,000 people, values would still be where they were in 1875.

In that year, Mr. I. W. Hellman was just finishing his dwelling-house at Fourth and Main streets, where the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, since 1905, has been located. On the northwest corner of Fourth and Main, Col. James G. Howard, a practicing attorney here, had a very comfortable two-story house, and north of him Gov. Downey lived in a very substantial brick dwelling. O. W. Childs had already built a very beautiful home, on a large lot owned by him at Tenth and Main streets.

Capt. Cameron E. Thom had a beautiful home at what is now Third and Main streets. He was a Virginian. When the war broke out he went back to his native state, enlisted in the Confederate army and served until the end of the rebellion.

He returned to Los Angeles, coming by steamer. At that time, my father-in-law, Mr. J. M. Griffith, was in the transportation business between Los Angeles and Wilmington. He chanced to be at Wilmington when Capt. Thom came onto the wharf from the lighter. Mr. Griffith, who was a native of Maryland, and a Republican and staunch Unionist, had known him well before he went



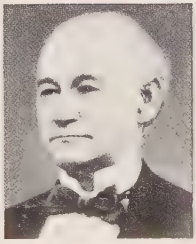
WM. MULHOLLAND

JACOB KUHRTS

D. A. HAMBURGER

S. NORDLINGER

JOTHAM BIXBY



H. K. S. O'MELVENY

LYMAN STEWART

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

East. He rushed up to Capt. Thom, seized his hand, and said:

"Well, you dirty old rebel! You are back here now, and if you behave yourself we will not hang you."

He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out as much gold as he had there, which happened to be $300. He put it in Capt. Thom's hands and said:

"Go and get your hair cut, and get some clean clothes, and look decent."

Capt. Thom told me that while the reception was vigorous, he knew it was well-intended and meant for gentle raillery, and that at no time in his life did he ever see any money that looked as large to him as the gold-pieces which Mr. Griffith gave him.

On returning to Los Angeles, Capt. Thom resumed the practice of the law and followed it for many years. He died in 1915, having nearly reached his ninetieth birthday. His mind was singularly clear up to the very last.

Mr. A. Glassell, whom I met in Sam Prager's store the first day that I arrived here, had a very comfortable home where Main and Second Street now are. Second Street, at that time, had not been opened.

On the west side of Broadway, then Fort Street, commencing at Second Street, Judge O'Melveny, Mr. J. M. Griffith, Mr. Eugene Meyer and Mr. Harris Newmark all had erected, in the order named, commodious dwellings. Judge O'Melveny's lot was 120 by 165 feet. Mr. Griffith's lot was 120 by 320 feet to Hill Street. Mr. Newmark's and Mr. Meyer's lots were each sixty feet front by 320 feet deep. Some good dwellings had been erected on Figueroa Street pretty well out, including that of Mr. J. S. Slauson, Mr. Anson Brunson and Mr. Frank Ganahl.

Many one-story adobe buildings, flush with the sidewalk, pretty well scattered over town, were occupied as dwelling-houses. One-story frame cottages made the remainder of the dwelling-houses.

Soon after 1875 business began to move to the south and west, and the movement has been continuous ever since. Take the hotel business, for instance. In 1881 the Nadeau was built at First and Spring. Later on the Hollenbeck at Second and Spring. Then the Angelus, at Fourth and Spring, then the Westminster at Fourth and Main. Then the Van Nuys Hotel, at Fourth and Main, opposite the Westminster. Still later came the Alexandria, then the Ambassador, and lastly the final triumph in hotel building in Los Angeles, the Biltmore, at Fifth and Olive streets. This, of course, does not include the hundreds of other really good first-class hotels scattered throughout the city.

There was the same movement in business blocks. John E. Bryson built the Bryson Block at the northeast corner of Second and Spring streets. E. T. Stimson built two buildings, on opposite corners, at Third and Spring streets, and opposite one of them the Henne and Lankershim Buildings were erected. At second and Spring the Wilcox Estate erected the Wilcox Block. Other buildings less pretentious were built in between these corner buildings. Year by year, gradually the business district moved south and west.

The first big break occurred when the First National Bank moved from its Main Street location to the Wilcox Block at Second and Spring. The owners of properties north of Fourth Street were to some extent responsible for this situation. Many of the buildings erected on Main and Spring streets, north of Fourth, were of the poorest possible quality. The owners were able to exact enormous

rents and made no improvements. More enterprising owners farther south built better buildings, were more accommodating to tenants, and they got the business. Whenever a business moved out of the area north of Fourth Street, some poorer business had to occupy the premises which were thus deserted.

The Los Angeles National Bank was located, from the time of its organization until its amalgamation with the First National, at the northwest corner of First and Spring streets. The Merchants National Bank started in the Nadeau Hotel. It afterwards moved to Fourth and Spring streets and from there to its present quarters at Sixth and Spring. The Security Trust & Savings Bank, organized as the Security Savings Bank, had its first office on Main Street, a few doors below the Farmers & Merchants Bank. It later moved to Second and Spring, then, when the Merchants National occupied their new quarters at Sixth and Spring, it moved into the H. W. Hellman Building at Fourth and Spring, and subsequently into the Security Building. The Farmers & Merchants National Bank remained five years too long at Main and Commercial, and removed to its present location, at Fourth and Main, in 1905.

Since the branch bank idea has come into vogue, many very handsome structures, which would do credit to any city, have been erected for their use. There are something over two hundred and fifty branch banks, at the present writing, throughout Los Angeles city.

Prudent Beaudry, an energetic citizen of French-Canadian stock, did much for the development of the hill section of Los Angeles, both north and south of Temple Street. He was several times Mayor of the city. He made a good record as such.

In the late '70's and early '80's, many new faces and new names were added to the Los Angeles business circle. The B. F. Coulter Company came here in the '70's and first located at Temple and Spring streets in the Downey Block. When the Baker Block was completed, it moved into that building and remained a number of years, but in time it joined the hegira of business men to the south and west.

In the Spring of 1881, A. Hamburger & Sons opened a store in a three-story building on the west side of Spring Street, between Market and First streets, and opposite the Lanfranco Building. After a few years they occupied all of the Phillips Block, a four or five-story building erected on the northwest corner of Spring and Franklin streets. Here they prospered. Quite a number of years ago, with far-seeing sagacity, they purchased the southwest corner of Eighth and Broadway, and built a magnificent building there. Many people predicted, when they made that move, that the house was committing commercial suicide, but the result showed the wisdom of its managers. It conducted for years the largest department store in Los Angeles, and finally it was sold to the May Company, who have enlarged the business and are prospering.

In time, the two original wholesale grocery houses of Hellman, Haas & Company, later Haas, Baruch & Company, and Newmark & Company, were added to by several competitors. Schroder & Johnson established the forerunner of the Union Hardware & Metal Company. The California Hardware Company also came into existence, as did the Lacy Manufacturing Company, the Llewellyn Iron Works and the Ducommun Corporation. The forerunner of the Baker Iron Works was the firm of Bower & Baker, located at Second and Main streets.

With increased population came increased business enterprises. From 1880, on, the movement has been upward and onward.

In 1882, Mr. H. Jevne came here from Chicago and opened an up-to-date retail grocery store in the Strelitz Building, on the east side of Spring Street, nearly opposite Franklin. He was a fine character, an excellent business man, and met with immediate success. He gained a very prominent position in the social and commercial world. He remained in business until his death, early in May, 1927, at the age of 78 years, highly respected and universally mourned.

CHAPTER XVI

TURNVEREIN HALL. INGERSOLL'S LECTURE AT THE CHILDS' OPERA HOUSE. LOS ANGELES CHURCHES. LOS ANGELES BAR ASSOCIATION

IN 1875, there was only one place in the city at all suitable for an assembly hall. That was Turnverein Hall, on the west side of Spring Street about midway between Second and Third. It was a huge old frame building. Mr. J. B. Lankershim purchased it, after 1880, and removed it to Third Street, west of Broadway and immediately west of the lot now occupied by the Byrne Building. He transformed it into an apartment house which rented very freely during the boom days of 1884 and succeeding years.

Ole Bull more than once electrified fashionable audiences in the old Turnverein Hall. Madame Fabri and other equally distinguished artists performed there. There was a stage at the western end of the building. In 1884, Mr. O. W. Childs gave us our first theater and named it the Childs' Opera House. It was located on the east side of Main Street, a little below First Street, and had a capacity of about 1,800 people. After that was built, all the leading artists and theatrical companies of the country visited Los Angeles when in California.

I heard Col. Robert G. Ingersoll deliver one of his noted lectures there. He came onto the stage unannounced, walked to the footlights, with a pleasant smile on his face, and began, and the first words he uttered were:

RESIDENCE OF J. A. GRAVES. PHOTO TAKEN IN 1888, JUST AFTER THE HOUSE WAS SOLD

"After all, how little we know."

Some disturber in the audience arose and began to abuse him, and was promptly taken care of by attendants and put out of the building. Ingersoll stood as immovable as a statue, during the disturbance, and when it had quieted down he again began with:

"After all, how little we know."

Another disturber, a little closer to the stage, jumped up, and of course he did not proceed. This party was hustled out of the building. Again he began:

"After all, how little we know."

A third party arose and the same performance was gone over with. When the house had quieted down, he looked it over, with a pleasant smile on his face, and said:

"If there are any other gentlemen with anything to say, I wish they would all arise at once, as we would save time."

There being no response, and the audience thereby placed in a good humor, he again began:

"After all, how little we know," and for three-quarters of an hour I listened to such a verbal treat as I had never heard in my life. His presence was dignified, his voice resonant and sonorous, his diction perfect and his eloquence unsurpassable. No matter how much anyone might disagree with the sentiments he uttered, one had to give him due meed for his accomplishments as a most brilliant orator.

The next theater of any moment was the Burbank. It was built by Dr. Burbank, after he sold his ranch at the lower end of the San Fernando Valley, known as the Providencia. This theater was rendered quite famous by Oliver Morosco, who was the lessee of it for many years and produced many of his best plays there. Since those days, theaters have multiplied innumerably. Most of the

modern ones have been built especially for movie entertainments, but our theaters will compare favorably with those of any city in America.

The churches were quite well represented here in 1875. Of course the oldest church was "Our Lady of the Angels," opposite the Plaza on the west side of Main Street, near the corner of what is now Sunset Boulevard. The Catholic Cathedral, St. Vibiana, was in course of construction. The first services were held there on the 7th day of April, 1876, Palm Sunday. I attended service in the cathedral on Christmas Day, 1876, with Miss Sue Glassell, a daughter of Mr. Andrew Glassell, the attorney. Bishop Mora delivered an address in Spanish. Of course I did not understand it, but I thought it was one of the most eloquent discourses, as far as the flow of language was concerned, that I ever listened to. After him a young Irish priest also delivered a sermon, and the burden of his song was:

"The way to resist timptation is to avide it," and he played upon that theme, it seemed to me, for hours. What he lacked in experience he made up in enthusiasm.

On the front of the cathedral were the letters "D.O. M.," meaning Dominus Omnium Magister, God, the ruler of all things. Mr. Louis Mesmer, who owned the United States Hotel, had a great deal to do with the erection of the cathedral. He had leased the hotel to a very combative Pennsylvania Dutchman named Jake Metzger. They were always in a row. If it was not about the rent it was about repairs, which Metzger thought ought to be made, so that there was not the best of feeling between them. I was taking a walk one evening, after office hours, and passing up Main Street, on the west side, just opposite the cathedral, when Metzger came out of a dwelling-house where he had been to call on a sick friend. I knew

him very well and we walked along together. Just as we were opposite the cathedral, a nice-looking, gray-haired old lady, evidently a stranger here, stopped us and said:

"Gentlemen, can you tell me what those letters, D.O. M., on that building, mean?"

Before I could answer, Metzger said:

"Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, I can tell you. That means 'Damn Old Mesmer.'"

St. Athanasius Episcopal Church occupied a brick building at the northwest corner of Temple and New High streets, on lands now embraced within the site of the present county court house. When the court house was built, the land was sold to the county and a new church built on Olive Street, on premises now occupied by the Biltmore Hotel. When the hotel acquired the land a new church was built on the west side of Figueroa Street a little south of Sixth Street.

The Presbyterians had a very good church building at the southeast corner of Broadway and Second streets, and a few doors south of it was the Jewish Synagogue, a good substantial brick building.

The Methodists had quite a large church on Fort street, now Broadway, just south of Third Street. It was being built when I came here in 1875. There was also a Congregational Church at the northeast corner of Third and Hill streets. The Trinity M. E. Church, South, also had a church building, the location of which I cannot now place, as did also the Church of Christ.

The Los Angeles High School, at that time, stood on the lot on which the present court house is built, at Temple and Broadway. There was also a public school at Second and Spring. This lot was sold during the '80's to Mr. L. J. Rose, of San Gabriel, and if I remember rightly, the money derived from that sale was used in purchasing the

large lot running from Spring Street to Fort Street, now Broadway (where the Arcade Building now stands), and the building erected thereon by the Board of Education was known as the Spring Street School.

The Los Angeles Bar Association, still in existence, was organized December 3rd, 1878, with twenty-two charter members. All of them are dead except Justice E. M. Ross, Judge A. W. Hutton, Mr. R. F. Del Valle and myself. Mr. Andrew Glassell was elected president of it, A. W. Hutton secretary, and myself treasurer, for the first year of its existence.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PASSING OF THE DOMINANT RACE

THE HISTORY of Los Angeles County, from the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, following the termination of the war between Mexico and the United States, until, say, 1880, could well be designated the history of "the passing of the dominant race."

A census taken of Los Angeles in 1830, enumerates but forty people who were not of the Mexican or Spanish race. When the war above mentioned terminated, the native Californians were the leading landed proprietors of the county and, in fact, of all of California. Several million acres of the best land in this county were included in grants made either by the King of Spain, or the Governors of Mexico or the Governors of California, authorized by decree of the departmental assembly, to Spanish subjects. All land not embraced within these grants became the property of the United States Government and title thereto has been acquired under the homestead or preemption laws, or through the location of government scrip thereon, or through a grant made by the government to the Texas & Pacific Railroad Company to which the Southern Pacific Railroad Company succeeded. Practically all the land of any value, which the government owned in Los Angeles County, has been disposed of.

The United States Government recognized the titles of the holders of Mexican Grants, and in 1852 Congress passed an act providing for the presentation by these owners to a court of claims for confirmation of the grants. One of these courts sat in Los Angeles. The owners of

these grants were given their day in court to prove the grant, show occupation and boundaries. The descriptions in the original grants were usually vague and depended largely upon natural boundaries. If the court of claims confirmed the grant, an appeal was invariably taken by the government to the supreme court of the United States. Upon affirmation of the judgment of the court of claims, the United States Surveyor General made a survey by metes and bounds of the property involved, and thereafter a patent was issued by the Federal government, signed by the president of the United States.

The title to lands resulting from such a patent is absolutely good. Many assaults have been made on these patented titles, but without success. The supreme court of the United States has laid down and adhered to the rule that nothing but fraud between the claimant and the government officials would justify the setting aside of such a patent.

The native Californians who owned these granted lands led a pastoral life. They lived in a patriarchal manner, sometimes several generations occupying the same family homestead. They had their retainers and followers, many of them full or half-blooded Indians. At the time that Dana made his trip, detailed in "Two Years Before the Mast," and for long afterwards, these people disposed of their hides and tallow to the owners of vessels which beat up and down the coast for cargo. They received largely merchandise of various character and quality, for their products. Sometimes a little money changed hands. They led a happy, care-free life. They loved the fiesta and the fandango. They indulged in cock-fighting, horse-racing, and too often they gambled heavily, and many of them drank to excess. They were careless of money, spent it freely when they had it, and did not hesi-

tate to borrow when they did not have it. The wives of these old grandees were noble, home-loving women, loyal to their families and devoted to their religious duties. They tenderly cared for both the physical and spiritual welfare of their children. They pointed out to them the straight and narrow path. They fed and nursed and clothed the Indians, by whom they were surrounded. They restrained the passions and prejudices of their husbands, brothers and sons, who, too often, were goaded to desperation by the hypocrisy and deception practiced on them by the Americans who were rapidly settling up this country, and who were not over-scrupulous as to the means used in order to attain ends desired. To the beneficial influence of these noble women, such prosperity as came to their households was due. Such were the women of the Del Valle, the Bandini, the Dominguez, the Yorba, the Sanchez, the Garcia, the Tapia, the Lugo, the Machado, the Orena and the Avila families, and, in fact, of all the families of the original native Californian residents of Los Angeles County.

Some of the grantees named in the grants above mentioned disposed of them prior to presentation to the court of claims. In such cases, confirmation was sought and obtained in the name of such grantee, usually an American citizen.

With the establishment of a state government, taxes, something hitherto unknown to the native Californian, were imposed. Also came competition in business with the Americans. The natives were not equal to the emergencies which constantly confronted them. Frequently their immense holdings were sold for a meager tax. To redeem their lands from such a sale and its accumulated costs, and to obtain money to meet ever-increasing new demands of changed conditions, a mortgage, at a villain-

ous rate of interest, on an undivided interest in their grant lands, followed, or the owner would deed to some American an undivided interest in his holdings. In time, mortgages thus given were foreclosed and title to an undivided interest would pass thereby. Then the new owner, holding either through mortgage foreclosure, or through grant of an undivided interest, desiring his lands segregated, would bring an action of partition. This always involved additional expense to the original holders. When the partition suit was brought, frequently the original owner would be dead, and all his heirs would be made parties to the action. When all the parties to the action were before the court, after service of summons and answers made, in which answers each of the defendants set up his respective rights in the property, a commissioner would be appointed by the court to ascertain the rights of the respective parties.

In Los Angeles County, James G. Lander, a prominent attorney here, was, for many years, the commissioner in these cases. He wrote as legible a hand as I ever saw. Hundreds of his reports are in the records of these cases in the county clerk's office. He would begin with the name of the original grantee. If dead, he would trace his heirs, direct and collateral. If transfers of undivided interests had been made, the extent of the interest, and to whom made, was specified. He would conclude by finding who was entitled to the property and in what proportions they held it, and to what encumbrance, if any, each portion was subject. Upon the coming in of the commissioner's report, referees would be appointed. They would view the premises and appraise them, have a surveyor set off by metes and bounds that portion of the property, quantity and quality considered, to which each party to the suit was entitled. When the referees made their final report

to the court, a hearing was had, and in time a final decree of partition was entered, giving each party his land in severalty instead of his former undivided interest. The costs of the entire proceeding were apportioned to the various owners and made a lien upon their respective holdings. Some of the owners, to discharge these costs and raise money for homes and improvements, would mortgage the lands set aside to them, too often thereby opening the door to other foreclosures and finally to loss of the mortgaged holdings.

The native Californians simply could not make headway against or in competition with American progress. One by one they faded away. Many of them died in poverty. Their children became day-laborers. Occasionally one of the younger generation received an education and assumed a position of importance and respectability in the community, but the majority of them did not. It is the sad story of the downfall of a happy, peaceful people, passing off the earth in less than two generations.

Of all the Mexican or Spanish grants in Los Angeles County, I know of but one, the San Pedro Ranch, popularly known as the Dominguez Ranch, which is all, or nearly all, still owned by the descendants of the original grantees. Quite a number of the Sepulveda family, also, still own very valuable holdings in the Rancho Los Palos Verdes where the city of San Pedro is situated.

No sadder picture could be drawn than that of the legal despoliation, by the Americans, of the original grantees of these immense land holdings.

CHAPTER XVIII

SPANISH AND MEXICAN LAND GRANTS IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY. SAN FERNANDO RANCH LITIGATION. WILL OF JOSE BARTOLOME TAPIA. GRANT LITIGATION

I WILL endeavor to explain in detail the principal land grants in Los Angeles County, and for that purpose will begin at the top of the map, near the Kern County boundary line. The first grant encountered is La Liebre, a ranch of 48,820 acres, confirmed to J. M. Flores and patented June 10, 1879. A very large portion of it lies in Kern County. It has always been a most wonderful stock ranch. The ranch is now owned by the El Tejon Ranch Company, of which Gen. M. H. Sherman is president.

Coming south on the Ridge Route, lying off to the right at a considerable distance from the present road over the Ridge Route, and in very rough territory, is the Rancho Temescal, much of which is also embraced in Ventura County. This ranch comprised 13,339 acres, was confirmed to Refugio de la Cuesta, and was patented September 13, 1871. There is a Cuesta grade, just beyond San Luis Obispo, the summit of which is 1,500 feet elevation. It would be gratifying to know whether there was a Cuesta Ranch in that neighborhood, or whether the grade was named after some one of that name who was probably related to Refugio de la Cuesta.

The next grant encountered is the San Francisco, of 48,000 acres, also lying partly in Ventura County, which was confirmed to Jacoba Feliz and patented on February 12, 1875. At the date of the patent it was owned by Mr. Henry M. Newhall of San Francisco, and is still the

property of his heirs. The towns of Newhall and Saugus are located on this property.

Crossing the mountains through which the San Fernando Tunnel runs, we reach the Rancho Ex-Mission de San Fernando, which has quite a history. It was sold during the war with Mexico by Governor Pio Pico, acting under a decree of the departmental assembly, to Eulogio de Celis, a native of Spain, then living in Los Angeles, for the modest sum of $14,000. Some time after the war, Celis sold to Pico an undivided one-half of the property. In 1874, Pico sold his undivided one-half of the property to the San Fernando Farm Homestead Association, the principal promoters of which were Mr. Isaac Lankershim and his son-in-law, Mr. I. N. Van Nuys, for $114,000.

The San Fernando Farm Homestead Association brought suit to partition the rancho and there was set aside to it the south one-half of the rancho, containing some 69,000 acres. In 1875, Eulogio de Celis, executor of his father's will, sold the north one-half of the property to Mr. George K. Porter of San Francisco, Mr. B. F. Porter of Monterey County, and Mr. Charles Maclay, then living in Los Angeles, for $115,000. These figures were then considered high. Compared with present prices of the same lands, it would seem that some one had touched this property with Aladdin's lamp!

I will relate an incident in connection with a portion of the north half of the San Fernando Ranch, which made my wedding day, the 23rd day of October, 1879, one of the most miserable I ever spent.

In 1878, some 16,000 acres of the north half of the ranch had been sold in a foreclosure proceeding in the case of de Celis vs. Maclay, brought in the district court of Los Angeles County, seventeenth judicial district, for something like $37,000. Mr. Geo. K. Porter was inter-

ested in it and was entitled to redeem from said sale. He informed me that he was going to do so. I had the day on my diary and was watching the matter. For a week prior to October 20th I had been confined to my room with a severe cold, and Mr. J. S. Chapman, who had shortly before come here from the northern part of California, was looking after my office for me. On the 20th, having this Porter matter in my mind, although I was still far from well, I got up and went to my office. Nothing had been heard from Mr. George K. Porter, who was a member of the wholesale boot and shoe house of Porter, Oppenheimer & Schlessinger, of San Francisco. I wired him that the time for redemption would expire October 23rd. On the morning of the 21st I received a wire from him asking me to wire him the amount necessary to redeem. Mr. Chapman went to the sheriff's office and, with the under-sheriff, figured the amount that would be called for on the 23rd for redemption purposes. I wired these figures to Porter and the next day received another wire from him saying that he was sending by Wells Fargo & Company's express a draft of the Bank of California on the Farmers & Merchants Bank, for the money.

Knowing the time that the morning train would arrive, I was at the express office, awaiting the letter containing the draft, when my friend, Mr. Pridham, the agent of the company, seeing me there, wanted to know if he could do anything for me. I told him I was awaiting an express letter by the morning train. He replied:

"You will not get it today. There is a freight train off the track in one of the long tunnels in the Tehachapi Mountains, and the passenger train cannot possibly get in here before night."

Going back to the office, I told Mr. Chapman the situation and he was in an immediate panic. However, I

wired the state of affairs to Porter and about three o'clock received an answer from him saying that the Farmers & Merchants Bank, under instructions from the Bank of California, would advance me the money. Chapman and I hurried to the bank, got the money, took it to the sheriff's office, tendered it, and demanded the certificate of redemption. The under-sheriff, speaking to Mr. Chapman, said:

"I am awfully sorry, Chapman, but we made a mistake in figuring the amount the other day. It was contained in two different amounts, in the certificate of sale, and it will take $1,800 more than the figures I gave you."

I never saw a man as near collapsing as my good friend, J. S. Chapman, did. I told him not to get panic-stricken, as I always had a little money, but to stay where he was, and I hurried over to the Commercial Bank, where I was doing business. I was just in time, as they had run everything into the vault and were about to lock it up. I drew my check, got the $1,800, hurried back with it, we effected the redemption, received from the sheriff the proper certificate, and recorded it in the recorder's office, a little before five o'clock. Chapman shook hands with me, and speaking with the usual drawl which he had, said:

"You go off and get married! I am going home and go to bed and sleep for forty-eight hours. I haven't slept a wink for two nights, worrying over this thing."

The San Fernando Ranch went through much litigation, both the north and the south half. I was in all of it, as an attorney. In 1890, some 1,200 squatters attempted to make filings on various portions of the ranch, violently took possession of it, drove off the stock of the Los Angeles Farming & Milling Company, took possession of haystacks and carried on ruthlessly. My firm

were the attorneys for the owners of both the north and the south half.

Mr. Porter was an explosive individual and was perfectly willing to protect his rights, if necessary, by force. I advised him that he had a perfect right to do so. As fast as a squatter would arrive on his lands, he would have a force of his employes there, with wagons. They would gather up everything the squatters had brought, haul it off the ranch and leave it in the county road. One squatter was more belligerent than the others, and on the advice of Mr. James McLachlan (still living), who was then district attorney, Porter swore out a warrant against him and caused his arrest for malicious mischief. He was discharged by a justice of the peace of San Fernando, and he immediately sued Porter for $10,000 damages. We tried the case before a jury and Judge W. P. Wade instructed the jury to return a verdict for the defendant. The plaintiff appealed, but the judgment was affirmed.

Mr. Van Nuys, who represented the Los Angeles Farming & Milling Company, would not countenance any violence on the part of his employes. The company had twelve stations on the south half of the ranch with 300 employes, and they had been so insulted and bullyragged by the squatters, that they would have welcomed a chance to use force upon them. But Mr. Van Nuys said the law owed him and must afford him protection, so we brought various actions against the squatters. One of them, the Los Angeles Farming & Milling Company vs. Thompson and others, went to trial. We obtained a verdict for the plaintiff in that action. It was appealed and the supreme court of the state affirmed the judgment. The defendants appealed to the supreme court of the United States, which also affirmed the judgment of the supreme court of California.

I. N. Van Nuys

John Milner

L. C. Goodwin

Jose Mascarel

Jacob Baruch

Kaspare Cohn

Wm. R. Rowland

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

This ended the matter. We got out injunctions of so stringent a nature that the squatters could not stay on the land, after the suits were brought; in fact, they did not want to. There was an organized band of them, and they forced us to bring all this litigation in the hopes that the doctrine would be settled that the lands were open to private settlement. There was much involved, and we necessarily went to great pains in preparing our cases for trial. We even went so far as to have the exterior lines of the ranch re-run by a competent surveyor. There was no material difference between this surveyor's work, and that of the surveyor who made the survey for the patent.

One peculiar thing struck us during the trial. All the surveys began near the Cahuenga Pass, and ran northerly, clear around the ranch, back to the starting point. There were many trees marked as stations of the survey. Every mark still left on a tree was on the south side rather than the north side. There was also a great conflict about Station 39 in the Calabasas Hills, the extreme southwesterly boundary of the Rancho San Fernando. The patent called for a live oak tree, but the courses and distances led to a white oak tree, usually called a post oak, and there was apparently no mark upon it.

One Saturday during the trial, I went to lunch at a celebrated restaurant kept by Jerry Illich. I was upstairs, and in the same room was Romulo Pico, a son of Andreas Pico who was formerly one of the owners of the San Fernando Ranch. He called over to me and asked me how we were coming along with the San Fernando trial. I told him, all right. He then said that he helped survey the ranch for the patent, when he was fifteen years old. This was interesting. I asked him why it was that every tree, which was a station of the survey, was marked on the south side instead of the north side, when they had approached it from the north side. He answered:

"When we had run the exterior boundaries, Surveyor Hancock turned around and rechecked them, going the other way, and as we came to each tree which had been selected as a monument, we then removed the bark and cut into the tree, 'S. F. Sta.,' giving the number."

I asked him if he could locate Station 39, the extreme southwesterly boundary of the rancho. He said:

"Sure. It was a large post oak tree. I have been there hunting, many times since."

Remember that the field notes called for a live oak tree. The next day was Sunday, but I immediately made an arrangement with him to visit the ground with me. When we got into the neighborhood of Station 39, he went straight to it. A foreman of one of the ranches was with us. He had an ax in his express wagon. Going to the south side of the tree there was evidence, very slight, however, that the bark had been disturbed. We cut into the bark, removed a piece about 18 inches square, and there was the mark on the tree, "S. F. Sta. 39," and the reverse of it showed plainly on the piece of bark that we took off the tree.

I carried this bark into court the next morning, and it settled for all time the true monument of Station 39. In the forty years that elapsed from the time of the survey for the patent and the survey made for us at the time of this suit, the scar occasioned by the removal of the bark from the post oak at Station 39, in order to mark the number of the station on the trunk of the tree, had been entirely overgrown by new bark in such a manner that it took the closest inspection to discover that any bark had ever been removed. This most unjust litigation forced upon the Los Angeles Farming & Milling Company cost the company, in court costs, witness and attorney's fees, not less than $50,000.

On the western boundary of the San Fernando and bounded on three sides by it, is a small ranch, El Escorpion, originally granted to an Indian named Odon and confirmed to the Indian Urbano, et al. It contained 1,109 acres and patent was issued to it in 1873. This property was subsequently acquired by Mr. Miguel Leonis, a wealthy sheep raiser.

Situated entirely within the limits of the San Fernando, and near its southern boundary and about equally distant from its eastern and western boundaries, is the Rancho El Encino, of 4,460 acres, confirmed to V. De La Osa, and patented January 8, 1875. The reason for this property being a patented grant lying within the boundaries of the San Fernando Ranch, is that it was granted prior to the grant of the San Fernando. The Encino, in time, was owned by the Garnier Brothers and afterwards by Juan Bernard.

Also situated entirely within the boundaries of the north half of the Rancho San Fernando, was the celebrated Mission of San Fernando church property, patented to the Roman Catholic Church, and containing in all, but in several pieces, seventy-six acres of land. This, at one time, was one of the most prosperous missions in the State of California; had more cattle, horses and sheep than any of the other missions.

Some distance to the west of the San Fernando lies the Las Virgines, of some 26,000 acres, lying partly in Ventura County, which was confirmed to Maria Antonia Machado and patented September 5th, 1853.

This ranch was at one time subject to considerable litigation, but the title was finally satisfactorily straightened out.

Also in the same neighborhood was the Rancho El Conejo, which was confirmed to J. de la Noriega, for 48,571 acres, and was patented June 8th, 1873.

Much of this ranch also lies in the county of Ventura.

South of the San Francisco and west of the San Fernando came the Rancho Simi, a very small portion of which lies in Los Angeles County. That portion of the rancho in Los Angeles County is exceedingly rough, taking in the summit of the Santa Susana Mountains. The Chatsworth tunnel of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company runs under the Simi at about midway, north and south, of the rancho. It contains 113,609 acres, was confirmed and patented to J. de la Noriega on January 29, 1865. He was also the patentee of the adjoining ranch already spoken of, the El Conejo. Of course the larger portion of the Simi lies in Ventura County.

East of the San Fernando, at what might be called the lower mouth of the valley, lies the Rancho Providencia, of 4,438 acres. It was confirmed to D. W. Alexander and others and was, for many years, owned by Dr. Burbank. When he sold it to a syndicate which organized the Providencia Land & Water Company, he built the Burbank Theater, on South Main Street, in Los Angeles. It was always a very excellent rancho, has been subdivided and re-subdivided, and now contains a large population.

Adjoining it on the south and east, and extending into the mountains, was the Los Feliz, confirmed and patented to Maria Ygnacio Verdugo, and containing 6,647 acres. It was afterwards owned by Thomas Bell of San Francisco. On April 18, 1879, I, acting for Bell, sold it to Griffith Jenkins Griffith, who, years afterwards, presented the hill land of the rancho, and some bottom land, to the City of Los Angeles as a public park.

The land comprising the original City of Los Angeles was also a Mexican grant, and it and the Feliz Ranch were co-terminus for quite a distance.

North of the Los Feliz and east of Providencia and of the San Fernando, and extending to the Arroyo Seco on the east and the Sierra Madre Mountains on the north (with one exception only) is the Rancho San Rafael, containing 36,480 acres, confirmed to Julio Verdugo, et al., and patented January 28, 1882.

The very prosperous city of Glendale and many other country settlements are upon the San Rafael.

The Rancho La Canada, of 5,000 acres, was confirmed to Jonathan R. Scott, and patented August 1, 1866. It lies in elongated form next to the Sierra Madre Mountains and the Rancho Los Feliz, and embraces a considerable portion of Flintridge, which is now undergoing very high-class development.

West of the Canada, and east of the northeast corner of the San Fernando, lies the Rancho Tujunga, which was confirmed to Don David Alexander, contained 16,600 acres of land, and was patented October 7, 1874.

It will be more convenient to take up some of the other grants lying south of the San Fernando at this time and come back to the patented ranchos lying north of the City of Los Angeles later on. Crossing the Santa Monica Mountains from the San Fernando Rancho, the first grant encountered is the Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica, which, for some miles, has a co-terminus boundary with the San Fernando. It was confirmed to R. Sepulveda, contained 30,250 acres of land, and was patented July 28, 1881. This rancho had quite a frontage on the Pacific Ocean, and north of a straight line, which would be the northern boundary of that portion of the rancho which extended to the Pacific Ocean, was the Rancho Boca de Santa Monica, confirmed to Ysidro Reyes, et al., containing 6,656 acres of land and patented July 21, 1882. Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Venice are situated upon

these two ranchos. In June, 1875, there was not a house anywhere on the beach. By fall of that year a few frame shanties had been built on the townsite of Santa Monica, and from that time on, its growth has been quite steady.

The Topango Malibu Sequit was originally granted to Jose Bartolome Tapia in the year 1804, but the document granting the same to him was lost, and Leon V. Pruhomme succeeded to his title, petitioned for confirmation and obtained it. It contained 13,350 acres of land and was patented August 29, 1873. Don Mateo Keller finally succeeded to the title to the ranch and it was patented to him. In 1872, he made an agreement to sell the land to one Carrie S. Lewis, a resident of Cleveland, Ohio. On February 26, 1874, Mrs. Lewis having defaulted in her payments, Anson Brunson brought an action for Don Mateo Keller, against Carrie S. Lewis and her husband, G. F. Lewis, to quiet title to the premises. Judgment was rendered in accordance with the prayer of the complaint, in the lower court. An appeal was taken and the judgment was modified by the supreme court to the extent that the Lewises were given a short time within which to pay the balance, and the judgment provided that should they not pay, a decree should be entered cancelling their rights.

I am of the opinion that the action which Brunson brought had been the form of action used in California up to that time in cases of this kind, but the judgment of the supreme court, in Keller vs. Lewis, established a new procedure in accordance therewith.

A rather singular thing was the introduction in evidence in the trial of the above mentioned case, of a copy of the will of Jose Bartolome Tapia, from which I will quote, as it is a fair sample of the wills made in those days.

He first commended his soul to God, and asked that his body be interred wherever the Revered Fathers of the Mission San Gabriel designated. He then specified very particularly what he owed, and first said:

"I declare that I owe to the Mission of San Diego three hundred dollars, and if Father Fernando says it is more, it is what the Father may say.

"I declare that I owe to Father Jose Maria Salbidea eighty dollars, and three pounds of sugar, and I know not the price, and this is all I owe to the Mission Bureaus and other neighbors of mine.

"I declare that Ensign Joaquin Maritorena owes me one hundred and eighty dollars.

"I declare that Corporal Antonio Maria Ortega agreed to pay me what his deceased father owed me.

"I declare that Ensign Delgado owes me eighteen dollars in cash—it is $12.

"I declare Orlando Pena owes me four dollars.

"I declare that Private Marcos Oballe owes me three dollars—cash.

"I declare that Private Ramon Padilla owes me three dollars.

"I declare that Sergeant Matias owes me one dollar.

"I declare Sabaleta owes me fifteen dollars.

"I declare Alencio Valdez owes me twelve dollars.

"I declare Ygnacio Rendon owes me ten dollars.

"I declare Ramon Buelua owes me ten dollars."

He then went on to specify the livestock he had and enumerated every possible thing that could be in his house, and in this enumeration is the following:

"Seven boxes with their keys, one writing-case furnished, one Holy Christ, thirteen Saints, two liquor cases complete, one traveling trunk," etc.

The enumeration concluded, he further said:

"I declare that Gabriel Sorelo owes me twenty-six dollars in money, which I paid Father Sarilla for him the year 1808.

"I declare that Jose Antonio Carrillo owes me a lot of lumber, which appears from his signature.

"I declare that Antonio Priones owes me a tame saddle mare mule and one tame he saddle mule, and I already found the he mule.

"I declare that he owes me five dollars for a pair of leggings.

"I declare that he owes me a cow and calf which he agreed to give me for Antonio Ygnacio Abila the year 1823.

"I declare that among my accounts of the Bureau of San Diego there are fifty dollars that Torosio Feliz gave me for the said cattle, which remained of the deceased Rocha."

He then directed Corporal Jose Tiburcio Tapia, his legitimate son, and his legitimate wife, Maria Francisca Mauricia Villalovo, to immediately divide all the property among those who are entitled to it. After various exhortations to his son and to his wife, he revoked all other wills and executed this will on April 15th, 1824.

By a postscript he added:

"I declare that it has been my will that there remain to my wife, for her maintenance, the vineyard with the little planting ground, and it is from where it is fenced to the ditch of the deceased Mariano Verdugo; to carry on the vineyard let her have the still, the kettle, two yoke of oxen, two pipes and three barrels. All the saints are for my old woman, the mill and the house. And the ranch and all the cattle belong to said wife."

This will shows the simple honesty of these old native Californians. It is too bad that they fell easy victims to the American settlers.

Mr. H. W. Keller succeeded to the title of his father to the Rancho Topango Malibu, his sisters receiving other properties, in the City of Los Angeles, in lieu of their interest therein. Keller sold it for upwards of three hundred thousand dollars, to Frederick K. Rindge, whose family still own it. It is now supposed to be worth many millions of dollars.

Bounded on the west and north by the Rancho San Vicente y Santa Monica, on the east by the Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas, and on the south by the Ranchos La Ballona and Rincon de los Bueyes, was the Rancho San Jose de Buenos Aires, which was confirmed and patented to B. D. Wilson, contained 4,338 acres, and patent was issued December 4, 1875. It has become an exceedingly valuable piece of property.

Immediately east of the last mentioned property was the Rancho Rodeo de las Aguas, which means "a gathering of the waters." Where the townsite of Sherman is situated, on this rancho, in 1875, was a very marshy piece of land, where a number of springs of pure water bubbled up from beneath the surface, forming most excellent pools, where mallards and canvas-backs loved to resort. With the development of water for adjacent lands these springs, of course, in time subsided, leaving the land open for occupation. This rancho subsequently was almost entirely owned by Messrs. Hammel & Denker, hotel keepers of Los Angeles, and quite large property holders in that city. The rancho was confirmed and patented to Manuel R. Valdez, contained 4,419.31 acres, and patent was issued January 27, 1871.

Lying east of the Rodeo de las Aguas was the Rancho La Brea, confirmed and patented to A. J. Rocha, containing 4,439 acres. Patent was issued January 15, 1873.

Mr. Henry Hancock, an old-time surveyor of Los

Angeles, succeeded to the title to this property, which still remains in his heirs. It has been one of the most valuable oil-producing properties in California and many wells on it are still being pumped. The famous Brea Pits, from which prehistoric skeletons have been taken in great numbers, are included in the limits of this rancho. Portions of the rancho have already been subdivided and have brought fabulous prices for residence purposes.

Between this rancho and the city limits of Los Angeles was a considerable amount of U. S. Government land, the title to which has been acquired under the preemption or homestead laws, and which is now thickly populated.

South of the Rodeo de las Aguas was the Rancho Rincon de los Bueyes, meaning "the corner of the cattle," containing 3,127 acres, confirmed and patented to Francisco Higuera. Patent to it was issued August 27, 1872.

Directly east of the above was the Rancho Las Cienegas, containing 4,439 acres, confirmed and patented to Juan Abila and others on June 15th, 1871. In 1875 this rancho was almost entirely a swamp, but has been so drained as to become exceedingly valuable for residence purposes. More United States Government land fell between it and the City of Los Angeles, all of which is now built upon.

In one morning's shoot on the Cienega, H. M. Mitchell (at one time sheriff of the county) and myself killed eighty-seven jack-snipe. I am free to confess that Mitchell killed many more of them than I did. Up to that time I had not gotten onto their curves. Judge F. W. Henshaw, for many years a justice of the supreme court of the state, one day showed me how. As a rule, a jack-snipe, when flushed, does not fly far. When he goes to alight, he simply closes his wings and drops to the ground. If a hunter will wait until that time comes, he will kill

seven out of ten of them. After being shown that peculiarity of the bird, I had considerable success with them.

West of the Rancho Los Bueyes was the Rancho La Ballona, confirmed to Antonio Machado, containing 13,919 acres, and patented December 18, 1873. This ranch also contained much marsh land and, together with the Cienega, afforded the early residents of Los Angeles most excellent duck, snipe and goose shooting.

Immediately east of the Ballona came the Rancho Cienega O Paso de la Tijera, meaning the cienega, or "the pass of the scissors," so named because there was a valley on it with a pass at the top, and another valley beyond, which easily, in imagination, could be likened to the handles and the blades of a pair of scissors when the same were opened. This property passed to the ownership of E. J. Baldwin, and the Baldwin Hills have become a very rich producing oil field. U. S. Government land surrounded this rancho on the south and east.

South of the Ballona came the Rancho Sausal Redondo, containing 22,468 acres, confirmed and patented to Antonio Ignacio Abila on March 22nd, 1875, and setting into this ranch, near its northeast corner, was the Rancho Agua de la Centinella, granted and patented to Bernardino Abila, containing 2,219 acres, patent having been issued August 29, 1872.

This ranch and the Sausal Redondo, in 1875, were owned by Mr. Dan Freeman. The Sausal Redondo had almost ten miles of frontage on the Pacific Ocean. The town of Ballona was situated in it. It had an average width of five miles and there was quite a large amount of United States Government land lying to the east of it, title of all of which has been acquired in various manners and is now individually owned by various people and cor-

porations. The south line of the Sausal Redondo runs right up to the town of Redondo Beach. The town of El Segundo, where the Standard Oil Company has a refinery and much tankage is on the Sausal Redondo.

In 1875, ranging in the Baldwin Hills and on the Sausal Redondo, were seven wild antelopes, the remnant of a great herd that once inhabited this portion of Los Angeles County. In the next few years they were all killed off.

South and east of the Sausal Redondo, and extending over to the San Gabriel River which empties into the Harbor of San Pedro, and with a frontage of possibly two miles on the ocean, where the town of Redondo Beach is situated, lies the Rancho San Pedro, commonly known as the Dominguez Rancho. It was confirmed and patented to Manuel Dominguez, contained 43,179 acres of land, and patent to it was issued December 18, 1858.

Manuel Dominguez was one of the sterling men of the old regime. He held most of this property intact, and it is still owned by his heirs. It has proven to be one of the richest oil territories in the State of California.

Southwesterly of the San Pedro, and bounded on three sides by the Pacific Ocean, was the Rancho Los Palos Verdes, confirmed and patented to Jose L. Sepulveda, for 31,629 acres, on June 23, 1880. The town of San Pedro, the government lighthouse at White's Point, and the government military fortifications, where guns of immense calibre and carrying power are mounted, are also on this property. This was a most excellent stock ranch. The western portion of it can never be very popular for beach settlements, for the reason that strong winds prevail there all summer long and the coast is not suitable for bathing purposes. The entire beach is composed of sharp black rocks and immediately outside of it are heavy kelp beds, which detract very largely from its value.

On the extreme southwest is a place which has always been called Portuguese Bend, noted for its fishing, and especially for its abalones.

Near the northeast corner of the San Pedro Ranch, and bounded on the east by the Rancho San Antonio and on the west by United States Government lands, lies the Rancho La Tajauta, confirmed and patented to Enrique Abila, et al., containing 3,559 acres, and patented January 8, 1871. It was a splendid piece of land.

Northeast of it, and running up to the southeast boundary of the lands within the original boundaries of the City of Los Angeles, lies the Rancho San Antonio. It was confirmed and patented to Antonio Maria Lugo on July 20th, 1866, and contained 29,513 acres of land.

Still northeast of the San Antonio, came the Rancho La Merced, containing 2,363.75 acres, confirmed to F. P. F. Temple and Juan Mateo Sanchez, and patented February 13, 1872.

North of it was the Rancho Potrero Grande, containing 4,631 acres, confirmed and patented to Juan Mateo Sanchez, patent issued July 19, 1855; and east of it was the Rancho de Felipe Lugo, containing 4,042 acres, and confirmed and patented to Morillo and Romero, patent issued June 5, 1871.

Juan Mateo Sanchez owned the La Merced, now one of the richest oil fields in California, the Potrero Grande, and the Potrero de Felipe Lugo. When the banking house of Temple & Workman failed, in 1875, its owners borrowed $225,000 from E. J. Baldwin, of San Francisco, with interest at 1¼% per month, compounded monthly. Included in the mortgage were 40,000 acres of the Puente Rancho, owned by William Workman, the Temple Block at the junction of Temple, Spring and Main streets, a valuable piece of property on Spring Street,

in Los Angeles, where the city hall is now being built, and a half interest in the Rancho Las Cienegas hereinbefore described. To accommodate his friend, F. P. F. Temple, of Temple & Workman, Juan Mateo Sanchez included his three properties, the Merced, the Potrero Grande and the Felipe Lugo, in the mortgage. Workman committed suicide, Temple had a stroke of paralysis, lingered for a time, and died. Baldwin did nothing with his mortgage until the time was approaching when it would be barred by the statute of limitations. He then assigned it to Camillo Martin, a banker of San Francisco, who was not an American citizen. Suit was brought in the United States District Court in San Francisco, to foreclose the mortgage, and all of these magnificent properties went to satisfy the debt, which was largely increased by compound interest, and taxes paid by Baldwin, and expenses of the suit. H. A. Unruh, the executor of Baldwin's estate, sold 40,000 acres of the Puente Rancho, in subdivisions, to various parties, for the sum of $6,000,000. Baldwin sold, during his lifetime, the Rancho Potrero de Felipe Lugo and the Rancho Potrero Grande, at very excellent figures.

The Merced was rough hill land and could not be sold. It was only fit for sheep pasture. But subsequently, what is called the Montebello Oil Fields were developed there, and Baldwin's two daughters have received immense fortunes in oil royalties from the property. As their lands are held by large companies who drill only one well to five acres, they will probably receive royalties from the land as long as they live.

Coming towards the coast, and immediately east of the San Antonio and the Merced, is the Rancho Paso de Bartolo. This was confirmed and patented to the following persons and in the following amounts:

To Bernardino Guirado, 875 acres, patent issued September 27, 1867;

To Joaquin Sepulveda, 217 acres, patent issued March 17, 1881;

To Pio Pico, 8,891 acres, patent issued August 5, 1881.

This property was the last holding of Pio Pico in Los Angeles County. When Brunson, Eastman & Graves dissolved, the firm held the note of Pio Pico for $250, for services rendered. I took the note in settlement. Not being able to collect it of Pico, I sued upon it, and attached his interest in the Paso de Bartolo, which was generally known as the Ranchito. I sold it under execution, after judgment obtained, and two days before the time I should have received a deed, Mr. A. Glassell, who was the attorney for Pico, paid me the amount necessary to redeem the land from that sale.

The Paso de Bartolo was one of the most productive pieces of property in Los Angeles County. In the old days, it was devoted almost entirely to growing of corn. It is not generally known that in 1875, and for years afterwards, Los Angeles County produced more corn than the balance of the State of California.

Southwest of the Paso de Bartolo came the Rancho Santa Gertrudes. It was confirmed to McFarland & Downey, early bankers here, who had purchased the same from the original grantee of the Mexican government, and was patented for 17,602 acres on August 19, 1870. It was also a splendid piece of farming land, and at a quite early date, considerable portions of it were subdivided by McFarland & Downey, and settled upon by good sturdy farmers. It was sold at that time at a ridiculously low price, in many instances not over $20 per acre.

South of the Santa Gertrudes and east of the Rancho

San Pedro, and extending to the Pacific Ocean, embracing all of what was formerly known as Terminal Island and a very considerable portion of Long Beach, was the Rancho Los Cerritos, confirmed and patented to Juan Temple for 27,054 acres on December 7th, 1878. This ranch, at quite an early date, was acquired by Jonathan and Llewellyn Bixby, who used it for sheep raising purposes in connection with other lands which they owned. They also subdivided the northern portion of it and sold it off to actual settlers.

East of the Rancho Los Cerritos comes the Rancho Los Alamitos, which was confirmed and patented to Don Abel Stearns, who had acquired it from the original Mexican grantee, for 28,027 acres, patent issued August 29, 1874. It was subsequently acquired by Michael Reese, whom I have spoken of before as the man who floated the bonds for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to build its road from San Francisco to New Orleans, and it was acquired from his estate by I. W. Hellman, Jotham Bixby and John H. Bixby, a cousin of Jotham.

It included the very extensive oil field known as Signal Hill. The three owners of this ranch formed the Alamitos Land Company and conveyed to it lands now embracing a very large portion of Long Beach, including Signal Hill. They received immense returns from sales of lots in Long Beach. They subdivided all of Signal Hill except about a hundred acres, embracing the east face thereof, which was too steep for subdivision, and sold off the lots on Signal Hill for from $100 to $250 apiece. Many of these lots have produced hundreds of thousands of dollars in oil, since. The Alamitos Land Company used to complain to itself, that the east face of the hill was too steep to be disposed of in subdivisions. They subsequently leased it to the Shell Oil Company,

and the amount of royalties received by the heirs of the three original owners, from that hundred acres, is simply marvelous.

While I was still practicing law I partitioned this property between the three owners. The partition was by agreement. L. C. Goodwin, Oscar Macy and a clergyman in Pasadena, named Robert Strong, were appointed by the three owners. They appraised the property, mapped it in subdivisions, and the owners agreed upon a partition and deeded to each other. Each owner received 7,200 acres of the Alamitos, and I think none of them have sold any particular portion of it.

I sold for Mr. Hellman, acting as his attorney in fact, and making all the deeds, some 33 acres, where Seal Beach is situated, for about ten thousand dollars more than twice as much as he paid for his original interest in the entire rancho. I know of no piece of ranch property in Los Angeles County that yielded a bigger return to the owners than the Alamitos.

Lying north of the Alamitos and east of the Cerritos and south of Santa Gertrudes, came the Rancho Los Coyotes, confirmed and patented to Andres Pico, et al., for 48,806 acres, on March 9th, 1873. A large portion of this ranch was also acquired by the Bixbys and was used by them in connection with their other properties for sheep-raising purposes. Many acres of this ranch were owned by the Stearns Ranch Co.

Lying east of the Alamitos, with a considerable frontage on the Pacific Ocean, came the Rancho La Bolsa Chica and the Rancho Las Bolsas. The Bolsa Chica was patented to Joaquin Ruiz, for 8,107 acres, on May 7, 1874. The very popular Bolsa Chica Gun Club is situated upon this rancho. Some of the Club's acreage is now valuable oil-producing territory. The Rancho Las Bol-

sas was confirmed and patented as follows: an undivided one-half thereof to Ramon Yorba, Domingo Yorba, Soledad Yorba de Abila, Juan Abila, Dominga Yorba de Aguilar, wife of Chavez Aguilar, and Julian Chavez, for 33,460 acres, on June 19th, 1874. The other undivided one-half was confirmed and patented on August 27, 1877, to Maria Cleopa Nieto, wife of Jose Justo Morillo. Petition for confirmation recited that the claim was founded on a Spanish grant to Don Manuel Nieto, made in the year 1784 by the then Governor of California, Don Pedro Fajes, and also on a grant to Catarina Ruiz, widow of Don Antonio Nieto, made by Don Jose Figueroa, Governor, for the Mexican Government, on May 22nd, 1834.

A portion of the Rancho Las Bolsas lies in Orange County. Both of these ranchos were very valuable properties. Just after I came to Los Angeles, a band of squatters attempted to settle upon them and also upon the San Joaquin Rancho, now in Orange County, but then in Los Angeles County. The firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves, as attorneys for the Stearns Rancho Company, brought actions in ejectment, secured very drastic injunctions, and finally won out in all of the suits.

Away back in the early history of Los Angeles County, Don Abel Stearns made a trust deed to Alfred Robinson and others, to a great deal of land, including acreage in the Los Coyotes, La Bolsa Chica and Las Bolsas, and other ranchos now in Orange County, and afterwards the Stearns Rancho Company acquired all the lands in that trust.

The Anaheim Union Water Company, which supplied water to the Anaheim settlement, which was a German settlement made in 1857, at various times brought suits against many people, involving water rights. The Stearns

Rancho Company was a party to one of these suits and our firm appeared for it. I do not remember just how that suit terminated. Years afterwards, when Mr. J. S. Chapman and I were associated together, the Anaheim Union Water Company brought another suit regarding water rights, and made the Stearns Rancho Company a party. Mr. Alfred Robinson and Mr. E. B. Polhemus, who represented the Ranch Company, came to see our firm regarding our appearing for them. Mr. Chapman had not had any experience in the matter, I happened to be out, and he told them to come back at one o'clock and we would tell them what we could do for them. I knew something about this litigation, so I asked Mr. Chapman what he thought we ought to charge them. He replied, in his slow way of speaking, "I suppose we could help try it in the lower court for $250." I did not say anything. He was very diffident about fees, shrank from fixing them, and he made it convenient to be up at the court house at one o'clock. I knew both Robinson and Polhemus. I discussed the matter with them, and then proposed that we would appear for them in the action for a retainer of $2,500, and, upon the conclusion of the trial in the superior court or a dismissal of the action, we were to receive $2,500 more. They asked me to put that in a letter, which I did, taking a copy of it in an old-fashioned letter-press book. They gave me a draft on San Francisco for $2,500, and when Mr. Chapman came back I handed him a check for $1,250. He wanted to know what it was for. I told him, and all he said was, "Great God!" Not long afterwards the suit was dismissed and Mr. Robinson promptly sent us another check for $2,500.

Years later, after Mr. Chapman and I had dissolved, another suit was brought by the Anaheim Union Water Company, but none of our former clients were involved

in it. The water company employed Mr. Chapman, who struggled with that suit for years, and after they had paid him $4,000 in fees he begged them to allow him to give them back the $4,000 and let him withdraw from the case, which, however, they refused to do. I am afraid he did at least $20,000 worth of work for them, and I do not know what he got out of it.

East of the Las Bolsas, fronting upon the ocean, and extending northeasterly many miles towards the mountains, was the Rancho Santiago de Santa Ana, confirmed and patented to Bernardino Yorba, et al., and containing 62,516 acres.

North of the Los Bolsas was the Rancho San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana, containing 35,970 acres, confirmed and patented to Juan Pacifico Ontiveras on May 5th, 1877.

Much of this land and of the La Habra, next spoken of, fell to the Stearns Rancho Company. At the northwest corner of the San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana, and south of the Puente, was the Rancho La Habra, confirmed to Andreas Pico for 6,698 acres, and patented December 4, 1872. Much of this property is now very valuable oil-producing territory.

Immediately north of the San Juan Cajon, and east of a portion of the La Puente, is the Rancho Rincon de la Brea, confirmed and patented to Juan Ybarra, containing 4,452 acres, patent issued November 14, 1864. This is out of the oil belt and is pasturage land. To the east of it was considerable United States Government land, the title to which has been acquired in various manners.

East of the San Juan Cajon came the Rancho Canon de Santa Ana, patented to Bernardino and Juan Yorba for 4,449 acres. Jotham W. Bixby acquired quite a large acreage in the northeast corner of it, from one Davila.

That portion of it was entirely a stock ranch. The community known as Orange is upon this rancho.

Southeast of the northern part of the Santiago de Santa Ana came the Rancho Lomas de Santiago, containing 47,226 acres, and patented to Teodocio Yorba on February 1st, 1868. James Irvine purchased it from the original grantee of the Mexican Government.

Lying between the Lomas de Santiago and the ocean, came the Rancho San Joaquin, confirmed and patented to Jose Sepulveda, for 48,808 acres, on September 16th, 1867, and which was also acquired by James Irvine. The larger portion of both of these properties is still owned by the son of James Irvine.

Fronting on the ocean, and southeast of the San Joaquin, is the Rancho Niguel, confirmed and patented to Juan Abila, et al., for 13,316 acres, patent issued April 5th, 1873.

Northwest and southwest of the Lomas de Santiago came the Rancho Canada de los Alisos, which was confirmed to J. Serrano for 10,668 acres and patented June 29, 1871.

Lying well away from the ocean and bounded on two sides by the Mission Viejo or La Paz, was the Rancho Trabuco, which was confirmed and patented to Juan Foster for 22,184 acres, on August 6, 1866.

The Mission Viejo, or La Paz, containing 46,432 acres, was confirmed and patented to Juan Foster on August 6th, 1866, he having acquired the title from Augustin Oliveras, the original grantee of the rancho.

The Rancho Boca de la Playa lies between the Mission Viejo or La Paz and the ocean. It was confirmed to E. Vejar for 6,607 acres and patented March 1st, 1879.

I have now discussed all of the Spanish Grants beginning with the Rancho La Liebre, and after getting to the

San Vicente y Santa Monica, following the coast, and then going from the coast up to Los Angeles and taking in all of the grants then in Los Angeles County, many of which are now in Orange County, to the south and east limits of the present Orange County, I will complete the discussion of these grants to the north and east of those we have already considered. The first of these is the Rancho La Puente, which lies east of the Potrero Grande and of the San Francisquito which we will discuss later. It was confirmed and patented to Workman & Rowland, who succeeded to the title of the original grantees of the Mexican Government, for 48,790 acres, on April 9th, 1867.

Bordering on the La Puente on the northeast, came the little Rancho of Los Nogales, confirmed and patented to Maria Jesus de Garcia for 1,006 acres on June 20th, 1882.

Then came the Rancho San Jose, confirmed and patented to Henry Dalton, Pancho Palomirez and Juan Vejar, for 22,340 acres, on January 20, 1875, and adjoining it came the San Jose Addition, confirmed and patented to the same people, for 4,430 acres, on December 4, 1875. The prosperous community of Pomona and many other towns in that section are located on one or the other of these ranchos.

West of the San Jose came the Rancho Azusa, patented to Henry Dalton, for 4,431 acres, in May, 1876, he having succeeded to the title of the Mexican grantee of said land; and immediately west of the Azusa came the Azusa de Duarte, confirmed to A. Duarte, for 6,595 acres, and patented January 6, 1878. This takes in all the grants in that section up to the San Bernardino County line.

South of the Azusa was the Rancho San Francisquito,

also patented to Henry Dalton, for 8,898 acres, on May 30th, 1867, and north of it, and running up to the mountains, was the Rancho Santa Anita, also patented to Henry Dalton as the assignee of the original Mexican grantee, for 13,310 acres, on August 9th, 1866.

On a portion of the Santa Anita was E. J. Baldwin's celebrated orange orchards, vineyards and stock breeding establishment.

West of the Santa Anita, and running to the Arroyo Seco, came the Rancho San Pascual, patented to Manuel Garfias for 13,603 acres, on April 5th, 1863. This is now the site of prosperous Pasadena.

Cornering on the southeast corner of the San Pascual was another rancho called the San Pascual, but generally known among the native Californians as the San Pascualito, or little San Pascual. It contained 2,000 varas square, and was patented to Juan Gallardo in 1881. I obtained the patent to this property. My home place of fifty acres, where I have lived for almost forty years, is a little south and east of the center of this 2,000 vara tract, which contained 1,001 acres of land. A covered reservoir which I own at the foot of the hill, where Los Robles Avenue comes from Pasadena, would be about the northwest corner of this grant.

The Island of Santa Catalina, while in the Pacific Ocean, is geographically situated within Los Angeles County. Its grantee was Jose Maria Covarrubias, the father of Nick Covarrubias, several times Sheriff of Santa Barbara County and, at one time, United States Marshal of this district. It contained 45,220 acres and was patented April 10, 1867, to James Lick, who had purchased it from Covarrubias. Covarrubias was also the grantee of the Rancho Castaic, which lies in Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties.

The foregoing ranchos described in detail herein comprise all of the grants embraced in Los Angeles County as the county existed in 1875 and before Orange County was carved out of its southeast corner.

What occurred in Los Angeles County as to grants, from the King of Spain, or from the Governors of Mexico, or from the Governors of California, acting under decrees of the departmental assembly, occurred all over the State of California. Wherever there was good pasture and water, you will find these grants. Much government land fell in between some of them, the title to which has been acquired in various manners under the laws regulating the disposition of United States Government lands. One can readily understand what a prolific source of litigation was the settlement of the title, and the partitioning of these various grants among their numerous owners.

CHAPTER XIX

STOCKGROWERS' CUSTOMS. CHANGE FROM A PASTORAL TO A FARMING COMMUNITY FAMOUS PROPERTIES IN SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

IN THE old days, each grant owner knew the boundaries of his land. All the owners were reasonably careful not to trespass upon their neighbors. Stock, of course, would wander from one range to another. In the spring, each locality would hold a rodeo, gather up all the stock in sight, separate the same according to brands, and each owner would take his stock, found at the rodeo, to his own premises. Today, no one knows where the boundaries of the several grants are. It is even possible that community settlements are of such a nature that improvements, including both dwelling-houses and places of business, may cross the dividing line and be situated in two contiguous grants.

The entire history of California might be called one of evolution. In the old days, before the Americans came, the country was pastoral, the native Californians having sheep, cattle, and in many instances, too, many horses. The gold rush, in Northern California, after the discovery of gold by Marshall at Colima, on one of General Sutter's grants, did not materially interfere with pastoral conditions. Some people became farmers to, in part, supply food materials to the community, and the pack animals, and those used to haul, by teams, freight to the mining regions.

With the passing of placer mining, and the acquirement by Americans of some of these grants, the stock

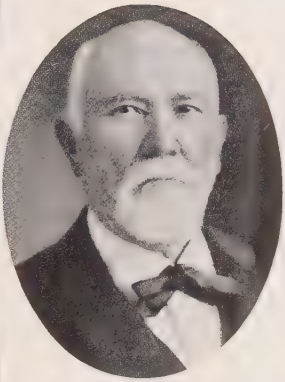
business was enlarged. More sheep were introduced into the country, and the raising of range cattle, to some extent, fell off. Wool was in demand the world over, and could be readily sold. The population of the state was not large enough to call for a great cattle production, and the Americans were loath to raise cattle solely for their hides, as the native Californians did for many years. In time, the great valleys of the state were intensively farmed to wheat and barley. From 1860 on, for many years, California was the granary of the world. Great fleets of vessels, laden with wheat, went out of the Golden Gate, destined for the Orient, and for European countries. The well-filled and bright grains of barley, raised in our interior valleys, where there is virtually no fog, were in great demand by European brewers, and also breweries situated in the Atlantic States.

In time, however, the demand for wheat lessened as the production of it was increased in foreign countries. By this time, our people, ever alert and progressive, found that the lands first devoted to wheat and other grains were well suited for the growth of vines and deciduous fruits. In Southern California, the orange had been introduced by the Mission Fathers. With the coming of the Americans to this portion of the state, the acreage in oranges was largely increased, and in Los Angeles, Riverside, Orange, San Bernardino and portions of Ventura County, the orange, and subsequently the lemon, have become, and remain, staple productions.

California soon had a great reputation for its excellent wines and brandies. The grapes introduced by the Mission Fathers were what was called the Mission grape, and were very popular for many years. I once heard Mr. B. Dreyfus, one of the large vineyard owners of Anaheim, say that our people would go a long time before they

ANDREW GLASWELL

GEO. HANSEN



A. B. CHAPMAN

DOMINGO AMESTOY

CAMERON E. THOM

WM. H. PERRY

DON MATEO KELLER

PIONEERS OF LOS ANGELES

found another grape which would make five varieties of wine and an excellent brandy. To my mind, there is no better eating grape than the Mission, when it is thoroughly ripe. In time, improved foreign varieties of grapes were introduced on a large scale. For many years it was supposed that Southern California could not make a claret to compare with those of Sonoma and Napa Counties, but latterly this was proven to be erroneous. I have claret, made by two different wineries in Los Angeles County, put into my cellar in pre-Volstead days, of which I did not think much at the time I bought them. However, after holding them some ten years, I now find them as good as any claret that I ever tasted.

Southern California especially excelled in sweet wines. The old Angelica, Muscatel and Port, of this section, are as good as any that can be found anywhere. Mr. L. J. Rose, at his celebrated place, "Sunny Slope," in the San Gabriel Valley, had excellent success with two white wines, one called "Burger," and the other "Blaue Elbin." Both L. J. Rose and E. J. Baldwin also made a most excellent brandy. Just when this industry was at the peak of its importance, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was passed, and while it is by no means enforced under the Volstead Act, it has certainly crippled an industry that brought great wealth and an excellent reputation to the Golden State.

I will relate a little incident regarding Baldwin's brandy. When the Pacific Electric Railway line was built out Huntington Drive, I donated the right of way through my property, in front of my house, so that we now have lands on each side of the tracks. I kept my cows, at that time, in an oak grove on the north side of the tracks. A Chinaman, named Ah Yu, milked them. H. A. Unruh, Baldwin's agent, for whom I had done

some favor, told me one day that he was going to send a a 25-gallon barrel of brandy. After the Pacific Electric cars began to run, he gave the barrel to a conductor on a freight train, and asked him to put it off at my place. He did so, leaving it on the right of way of the road. One day Ah Yu said to me: "Mr. Graves, one barrel out on railroad track. Been there week. I think got your name on." I went over to investigate, and seeing that it came from Baldwin's, I knew immediately what it was, and if you think I was long rolling it home, you are mistaken. I would like to know how long that barrel would have stayed there, in these days. Unfortunately, I had no expectation that the Eighteenth Amendment would ever be passed, and I was generous with the brandy, which was of most excellent quality, and I regret to say I have none of it left.

The deciduous fruit industry has grown to enormous proportions, and the mountain sections of Northern California, which were the scenes of early hydraulic mining, are now celebrated, not only for the excellence, but for the astonishing output in car-loads, of deciduous fruits. During the spring and summer months, this class of freight taxes our overland railroads to the limit of their capacity. Even such perishable fruits as strawberries are shipped from California to Eastern markets, under refrigeration.

Here in Southern California, first the grapefruit, and next avocados, have assumed very considerable commercial importance. For the first time, a few months ago, avocados were shipped East in car-load lots.

Slowly at first, but more rapidly later, the English walnut was introduced, and also the almond. Both of them are now, in some localities, staple crops. Latterly, there has been a considerable movement towards the in-

troduction of the pecan. For many years there have been scattering trees here and there, which bore at times prolifically. Now, however, the industry has assumed orchard proportions.

As time went on, the lowly bean became a staple in Southern California. You can ride for hours and hours, at this writing (April, 1927), and see the ground thoroughly prepared for bean culture. They are just now beginning to plant. For some reason, those who raise beans endeavor not to plant until the spring rains are well over. It is a sight to gladden anyone's heart, to see how thoroughly the land is prepared for bean planting. Special machinery for the preparation of the land, the cultivation of the plants while growing, and for harvesting the same when ripe, have been built for the use of the bean growers.

In passing through Ventura County, a few days since, where miles and miles of lands are ready for bean planting, I noticed that there are many acres of these bean lands planted to young walnut trees. It will be several years before the walnuts will produce in paying quantities. Until that time, these lands will be planted to beans, but after the walnut trees have attained size enough to thoroughly shade the ground, these lands will no longer be devoted to bean culture.

This state has also become an immense shipper of fresh vegetables. Mr. Eugene Germain, who afterwards organized the Germain Fruit Company, and who, at the time, had a store in the Baker Block, was one of the pioneers in fresh fruit and vegetable shipments from Los Angeles County. When Tombstone was discovered, there was a great migration from California to that section. The Southern Pacific had just been finished through Arizona, and shipments of produce were immediately begun

by Germain, who established a branch house somewhere in the Territory, for distribution of local products.

When Hollywood was first settled, nearly all the land there was devoted to watermelon raising, and many of the watermelons grown there weighed from 100 to 110 pounds each. I have seen as many as 100 melons, weighing upwards of 100 pounds each, stacked up in the Germain store in the Baker Block.

Of course, the productive capacity of the lands of California, for all of these products, has never been fully tested. There are acres and acres of land which can yet be devoted to the production of fruits and vegetables, which are still being used for hay and grain production or for pasturage. Brisbane, in his daily screeds in the Hearst papers, claims that Texas, when fully under cultivation, could feed the world. This may be an exaggeration, but, acre for acre, whatever Texas can do, California can also do. The only danger here is, that our population is going to be so great that much productive land will be used for townsites and residential purposes.

The development in that regard since 1875 is almost unbelievable. At that time, one could ride, for miles and miles, in almost any direction, out of Los Angeles, and see only here and there a tumble-down farmhouse. For instance, following the Pacific Electric Railway line into the San Gabriel Valley, after leaving a few scattered houses in East Los Angeles, until one got beyond Alhambra, there were but two houses passed. One of them was that of Jesse Yarnell, one of the founders of the "Mirror," which was the predecessor of the Los Angeles Times. He had filed upon a piece of government land and had built what was called a California house on the east slope of a hill now comprised in the western limits of Rose Hill. Then, as you proceeded along the road, just

before you crossed a bridge at a barranca, at the left-hand side, Jacob Newton, a son-in-law of L. H. Titus of San Gabriel, had a modest cottage on land which he took up under the U. S. homestead laws. Oh, yes, there was another house, across what is now Huntington Drive, on a sloping hill west of this barranca, a Basque woman, known as "Rosea Castilla," had an adobe house. She afterwards married, changing her name to Batz. She owned something like 4,000 acres lying to the south and east of where her house was. There were no settlements in Alhambra.

There was a string of settlements along the foothills between Alhambra and Pasadena. The first was that of H. D. Bacon. He lived in the adobe house still standing in front of the Raymond Hotel. He sold to Walter Raymond the site of the Raymond Hotel. South and east of the lands he owned there, where Oneonta is now situated, he owned 1,200 acres of land, under fence, without a house on it. East of Bacon came the General. Geo. H. Stoneman place, where Los Robles Avenue now leads from Pasadena towards Alhambra. Next to him came Solomon Richardson, who had preempted a piece of government land that fitted in between the San Pascual and the San Pascualito grants. East of Richardson was the Col. E. J. C. Kewen property, afterwards acquired by J. E. Hollenbeck, then by H. H. Maberry, and now owned by one of Mr. Huntington's companies. It has been subdivided and is largely built on.

Next to Kewen came the magnificent property of B. D. Wilson, consisting of several hundred acres, extending up into Pasadena and down to Alhambra Road. Adjoining him on the east was the property of Mrs. J. De Barth Shorb, who was a daughter of B. D. Wilson. She also had some 600 acres of land. Most of these properties

are now owned by some of Mr. Huntington's organizations. Another daughter of B. D. Wilson, Mrs. George S. Patton, still owns about 100 acres of the home place, and she and her family live thereon.

East of the Shorb place came that of W. H. Winston. Still east of the Winston property came the beautiful place of L. H. Titus, and then "Sunny Slope," one of the most celebrated estates in Southern California, made famous by L. J. Rose for oranges, wine, brandy and trotting stock.

Beyond "Sunny Slope" was the large estate of Mr. A. B. Chapman, a prominent lawyer of early days, and long a member of the firm of Glassell, Chapman & Smith. Next to Chapman came 6,500 acres of the Santa Anita Ranch, which was purchased of Newmark & Cohn by E. J. Baldwin, and rendered by him as famous for the production of running stock as "Sunny Slope" was for trotting stock.

Beyond Baldwin, clear to San Bernardino, was what might then be called waste land, except at Cucamonga there was a very extensive vineyard, which was one of the first planted in Southern California.

What has been said as to the thin line of settlements in that direction, holds equally good in any direction that one took out of Los Angeles, except that the very large section of country from the Santa Monica Mountains to San Pedro, east of what is now Compton, had, if anything, fewer settlements, acre for acre, than those I have been describing.

I rejoice that it has been my privilege to have seen the magnificent growth, not only of Los Angeles City, but of hundreds of other municipalities scattered throughout Los Angeles County.

CHAPTER XX

MODES OF AMUSEMENT IN 1875. LUDOVICI'S PUNCH, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

IN 1875, there were few amusements provided for the people of Los Angeles. The young people arranged driving parties and picnics. Driving behind good roadsters was universally practiced. The Germans, and there were many of them, in the spring and summer had frequent picnics at Sycamore Grove, in the Arroyo Seco. They were largely attended by many people who were not Germans. The Turnverein society had athletic exhibitions and foot races. There was a pavilion, where dancing was indulged in. There was singing by glee clubs, considerable drinking of beer, and a general good time was had by all who attended.

There were no accommodations at the beaches. Some of the leading families were accustomed to erect large tents in Santa Monica Canyon and, for a brief spell in hot weather, enjoy surf bathing.

I attended a picnic at Eaton's Canyon, on July 4th, 1879, arranged by several families. What happened there I recorded in a story published in McGroarty's *West Coast Magazine* in August, 1911. It ran as follows:

"Ludovici's Punch and What Came of It"

"In 1875 or 1876, there drifted into Los Angeles a gifted Italian soldier of fortune, Signor F. W. Ludovici. He was a Bohemian in the purest sense of the word, a linguist, an artist, a talented musician, a brilliant conversationalist, an epicure and an all-around astonishingly entertaining individual. Possibly Balzac or Guy de

Maupassant could have done this worthy man justice. I know I am unequal to the task.

"He made the acquaintance of the best families in the city, and was well received everywhere. Few people living could play the violin as he could. He was acquainted with all the celebrated musicians of the time. He was familiar with the productions of all the great composers of all ages.

"Ole Bull appeared once in Los Angeles at the old Turnverein Hall, then on Spring Street, where the Los Angeles Theater now stands. He and Ludovici were great friends. During the performance, 'Ludo,' as we all called Ludovici, was behind the scenes. Ole Bull was encored time and again. At last he disappeared. The audience, by cheers and hand-clapping, demanded another performance from him. He came out, bowing and smiling, leading 'Ludo' by the hand. When they reached the center of the stage, Ole Bull advanced to the footlights and handed his violin to 'Ludo' and urged him to play. 'Ludo,' by words and gesticulations, protested, but the audience took in the situation and called loudly for him. Bull stepped back to one side, and with folded arms, he was a charmed listener to 'Ludo's' performance.

"With rare skill, matchless pathos, most exquisite effect and without notes, Ludovici played the same air that Ole Bull did when he opened the performance. Think of his nerve! When he ceased playing, Bull ran to him, patted him on the back, wrung his hand, embraced him, showing by his actions his great pleasure and appreciation of 'Ludo's' performance. The audience was beside itself with enthusiasm. With arms around each other, the two artists, smiling and bowing, left the stage. Many finished musicians declared that 'Ludo's' rendering of the air was fully as good as Ole Bull's.

" 'Ludo' was interested with some Englishmen in the Santa Rosa Ranch, in San Diego County. He was the resident manager of the enterprise. As could be surmised, it did not prosper financially. When complete failure overtook it, the chief asset of the property was an attractive bungalow, a huge stock of empty champagne bottles, and two grand pianos. The mortgage on the ranch was held in England. During the dry season of 1876-77, they killed and fed some five thousand sheep, which would have died of starvation, to a band of hogs. Subsequently, they brought the hogs to Los Nietos, where J. M. Barretto, another English farmer, fed them sixteen hundred dollars' worth of corn, and then the hogs were sold to John Benner for eleven hundred dollars.

"An Englishman came over from the old country to look into the affairs of the syndicate. He was interested financially in the venture. Their affairs were badly mixed. 'Ludo' claimed that much money was due him for past salary as manager. The other parties claimed that 'Ludo' was indebted to them in large sums of money advanced to him. They finally agreed to arbitrate their difficulties. Mr. J. de Barth Shorb was to be the arbitrator. They came to me to formulate an agreement under which Shorb was to act. It seems that all of the hogs had not been brought to Los Nietos. There were still fifteen or twenty 'razor-backs' on the ranch. The Englishman's name was Smith. 'Ludo' affectionately called him 'Smithy.' In enumerating the remaining assets of the company, 'Ludo' suddenly remembered the hogs still at large at Santa Rosa, and in an earnest and impulsive manner said, 'Oh, Smithy, remember there are the hogs.' Poor Smith knew the story of the hog speculation. The very memory of it gave him financial spinal menin-

gitis. With the saddest face I ever saw, he threw up his hands, and waving them in a disparaging way, he exclaimed, in very broad English, 'Oh, Ludo, the 'ogs, the 'ogs, for God's sake, Ludo, say nothing about the 'ogs!'

"After a checkered career in Los Angeles, 'Ludo' went to San Francisco, and for many years was musical director for the firm of Sherman & Clay, piano dealers of that city. On a trip to Los Angeles from the northern city, it is said of him that he sold to his friends, J. M. Griffith, J. S. Slauson and W. H. Perry, three wealthy residents here, each a few thousand dollars' worth of stock in some 'get-rich-quick' scheme that he was promoting. After the money was paid to him, and the stock delivered, he suggested to these gentlemen that as he was entirely execution-proof, to avoid any possible stockholders' liability on the part of the purchasers, it would be prudent for them to re-transfer the certificates of stock to him. It is also related that they wisely complied with his request.

"As a quiet way of spending the Fourth of July, 1879, a picnic in Eaton Canyon, near Sierra Madre, was proposed for two or three families of young and old people, and 'Ludo' and I were invited. I volunteered to take a couple of companions with me and kill game enough for a game stew, for the making of which I had quite a reputation. 'Ludo' said he would gladly contribute a punch. It was arranged that on the morning of the Fourth, my party would leave Los Angeles early and in time to kill and dress the game and get the stew ready. On the night of the third, 'Ludo' started in to make his punch. He got a gallon jar with a screw-top, and in this he put a lot of sliced oranges, pineapple and bottled cherries. He added sugar and then a little benedictine, rum, curacao, creme de cognac and Martini brandy. This, he explained, was his punch stock.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the Fourth, Dr. J. S. Crawford, 'Ludo,' Albert Judd and myself were ready to leave the St. Charles Hotel on Main Street. We had a two-seated spring wagon, into which 'Ludo' put his punch stock and punch bowl, carefully packed to avoid breakage, and sundry bottles of liquor, including champagne. We carried with us an immense porcelain-lined kettle in which to make the stew. We also took along potatoes, onions, chile peppers—red and green—salt and pepper, and Crawford, Judd and I carried our shotguns and ammunition. I was driving. Just as we started, some pigeons lit in the street. Dr. Crawford remarked, 'There is game.' He banged away at them and killed four. Old Billy Sands—long since gone to his reward—a policeman on the night watch, was seeing us off. When Crawford shot the pigeons he said, 'Tut, tut, tut, you must not shoot in the street.' He helped to pick up the pigeons, put them in our wagon, and we were off. In East Los Angeles, two adventuresome chickens obstructed the road. They fell easy game to Crawford's gun, he remarking, 'I know of nothing better for a stew than chicken.'

"We went on through the Arroyo Seco and the country now embraced in Pasadena. By the time we had reached the mouth of Eaton Canyon, we had more quail, doves and small rabbits than we had any use for. We drove up the canyon to the picnic grounds, put up our horses, dressed the pigeons and chickens, and as much of the game as we needed. We soon had the stew gently simmering over a slow fire. The rest of the party subsequently joined us. They brought dishes, knives, forks, etc., table-cloths and enough cooked provisions to have fed a small army. While we got things ready the stew came on famously, and 'Ludo' brewed the punch. Do not ask me what was in it, for I do not know. Everyone was

happy. While the day was warm, we were well shaded in a grove of alder trees. We were pleasantly located by the side of a stream of clear, cool water. The location afforded a most beautiful picnic ground. At lunch time the assemblage voted the stew the best they had ever eaten, and the punch the best they had ever tasted. We whiled away the time with jest and song and merrymaking. In the middle of the afternoon our guests left us. We sent them away loaded with quail and dove which we had not used.

"After talking over the success of the entertainment, we started in to pack up our traps. There was plenty of punch left. Sadly 'Ludo' poured it into the running stream. When he came to the fruit, in an unguarded moment he nibbled at a bit of the pineapple in the bottom of the punch bowl. 'Oh, fellows,' he cried, 'this is jolly good! Try it.' Like Eve in the Garden of Eden, we yielded to his invitation, and like her we fell. We each ate a piece of the pineapple, then a few cherries, and then a slice of orange, until the punch stock was exhausted. Finally, some one said, 'Come, we must be going.' 'Ludo' picked up his punch bowl, but for some reason his steps were unsteady and his grasp infirm. He dropped the bowl on the rocks, and it went to fragments. My good friends, I am sorry to bring shame upon my gray hairs by confessing that that punch stock fruit did the business for all of us. In about ten minutes we were all sorely afflicted with an entirely new brand of delirium tremens. We had the team in front of the wagon. I had gotten the neck yoke strapped up and the reins fastened. Then I have a dim recollection of trying to fasten the traces to the double-tree. I had a trace in one hand, but somehow I could never connect it with the single-tree. It was never where I thought it was. It seemed to wander around in

a semi-circle. Finally I laid firm hold of it. Then I had great difficulty in getting the eye of the trace hooked onto it. It seemed to me that the whole world was revolving in six or seven directions. After a time I gritted my teeth, shut my eyes, and with a great effort hooked one trace into the hook on the inner end of one of the single-trees. After various futile attempts, I got the outside trace fastened. Then I went around to the other side and repeated my performance, but in fastening the last outside trace, I stayed on the inside. I remember of arguing with myself how I was to get out. When I would look at that trace, there seemed to be forty of them, one above the other. I tried to climb over, but they wouldn't hold my weight. Then I started to climb out over the horse, but he didn't like it. Finally I got up on the tongue, crawled over the dashboard onto the seat, and then got out of the wagon.

"Crawford and 'Ludo' were standing to one side, holding an admiration circle of their own. They extolled the stew, the punch, the coffee, the company, and finally they embraced each other affectionately and wept for joy that they had been allowed to see this day and were permitted to attend the picnic.

"Judd was one of the best wing shots in the State of California, but now he had a grouch. He came around to my side of the wagon bewailing the fact that that morning he had missed one quail, an easy shot that he should have had no difficulty in making. He said he was sure his gun was at fault. He wanted to get it out of the wagon and break it on a rock. I pacified him by agreeing with him that the gun was surely worthless and should be destroyed. I told him, however, that I knew a fellow whom I would like to do an injury, and I would give that person the gun. He was delighted with the suggestion.

"Our team stood perfectly still. They were old livery horses, and I think they were used to similar situations. They surely enjoyed our performance, and I just know that several times I saw them smiling at us. I assured my companions that we were ready to start. Great difficulty arose in getting into the wagon. 'Ludo' was short, stout, heavy and helpless. By a deal of tugging and pulling, the rest of us got him up on the rear seat. Then Judd and I helped Crawford up beside him. I helped Judd to the front seat. A contrary fit blew in on me, and I refused to get into the wagon, because there was no one to help me. In one voice, with more unanimity than the famous 'Alphonse' and 'Gaston' ever displayed, they all offered to get out and help me in, and before I could realize it, the three of them were on the ground again. We had to begin all over.

"This time we put Crawford in first. He got hold of 'Ludo's' collar and lifted on it; Judd and I boosted him from below, and we got him up once more. Then I got into the front seat and helped Judd up by pulling vigorously on both of his arms. To our consternation we found that the reins were on the ground, one on one side of the wagon and the other on the other side. We sat there and laughed like idiots. Everybody wanted to get the reins, and in about a minute, in our rivalry, we had all gotten out of the wagon again. I picked up the reins and hung them over the dashboard. Crawford and 'Ludo' were singing, 'We won't go home until morning,' and Judd would join in with a line or two of 'The Campbells are Coming,' and then go back to berating his gun. I began to protest about wasting any more time. They all jumped on me, saying it was all my fault—that I didn't even have sense enough to hitch up a team. We argued that subject to a standstill, and began to reembark, each one of us

getting limper and limper and less able to assist each other. After much exertion we again got seated. It was now sundown. We got started. The horses followed the road down the canyon, striking many a boulder and projecting log. Fortunately, I lost the whip soon after starting. When we got to the mouth of the canyon, there seemed to be forty converging roads at one point. We fell into a heated argument as to which one to take. I pointed to the red sky left by the setting sun, saying, 'There is the west, there is Los Angeles.' Crawford denounced me as an idiot, said that it was not sundown but early morning—that the red sky was caused by the sun about to rise; that if we went in the direction of that red sky we would surely go to San Bernardino. 'Ludo' was going through the motions of violin playing. Judd was almost asleep. With a sudden gleam of intelligence, 'Ludo' let his arms fall and proposed that we leave the route to the horses. We all agreed to this. I started the horses. They selected a well-traveled road which took us through Pasadena on towards Los Angeles.

"Driving that evening was peculiarly irksome to me. I saw dozens of roads where there was really but one. It appeared to me that there was a whole army of horses hitched onto our wagon. A little cut across the road looked like a ravine, and a small declivity appeared to be a hill of precipitous dimensions. We overtook a boy walking. We hailed him, and he said he was going to Los Angeles. I invited him to the front seat, and when he had gotten in, insisted on his driving.

"The reader will pardon me if I tell him I do not remember what happened on the rest of our journey to Los Angeles. Bear in mind that these events happened thirty-two years past, and a man of only ordinary intelligence cannot be expected to remember everything that

happened in one eventful day so many years ago. I do not know anything more about that ride. The first thing I do remember was waking up from a sound sleep in my own bed. I was rooming in the house of Mr. M. Teed on Buena Vista Street, a few doors east of Temple. I tried to think and attempted to sit up in bed. My head felt like it would fly off. It seemed to spin around, first in short and then in ever-increasing circles. I very gladly let it fall back on to the pillow. I felt numb, and to assure myself that I was alive, I pinched myself and moved my arms, then one leg, then the other. Encouraged by the fact that there was still life in my body, I drew my knees up, one and then the other. The awful head feeling returned, and I was only too glad to straighten out on my back again. After lying there for some time, I began to pull my befuddled wits together. Picnicking, shooting quail and dove, the motion of the wagon, the punch, 'Ludo,' Crawford and Judd finally came to me as distinct images. My tongue felt thick and heavy. My mouth was dry. My head felt like it had been crushed in a vise, then inflated until it had attained the size of a balloon. Finally, I cautiously got up, after several ineffectual attempts, drank several gallons of water, bathed my head and face, and felt better.

"I heard some one moving on the front porch. I called, and Mr. Teed came in. He was all kindness and solicitude about my health. I inquired of him where I had been. He told me I had been to a picnic the day before. He did not know when I came home or how. In answer to my inquiry as to what day it was, he said it was July 5th. Then I remembered that I had a case set for trial before Judge Sepulveda. I urged him to go to the Judge and get the case put over on account of my illness. Mrs. Teed came in. She insisted on bringing me a cup

of hot coffee. I tried to drink it, but could not. It smelled like punch, it tasted like punch.

"By and by, Teed came back, wreathed in smiles. Judge Sepulveda had put the case over before he had gotten to the court room, because the other attorney engaged in it had been celebrating the national holiday and was still intoxicated. How I congratulated myself on my own respectability and extolled my own righteousness! I argued to myself that an attorney at law, who would so far forget himself as to get intoxicated, ought to be disbarred. I even promised myself that I would lodge a complaint against him just as soon as I was well enough. The idea of this beast disgracing the profession! How I regretted my illness! I wanted immediate action on this man's disbarment. Then I turned over and went to sleep. I must have slept all day. When I awoke it was dusk. Mrs. Teed, good, gentle soul that she was, was sitting by my bedside sewing. She was very kind to me. She smoothed my pillow, bathed my head with bay rum (it smelled like punch), and told me I had been very restless, had tossed about and talked aloud in my sleep. She brought me in a bowl of chicken broth and some tea and toast. Never did she or her husband, by word or action, indicate that they had the slightest suspicion of what was the matter with me. They always alluded to the incident as the time I was ill.

"The next morning I got up, feeling pretty well. I took my meals at the St. Charles Hotel, where Judd was clerk. Dr. Crawford lived a few doors east of Teed's home on Buena Vista Street. As I came down the steps to the street, Crawford came along, on his way to his office. He remarked, 'Graves, didn't we go somewhere on the Fourth?"

" 'Yes,' I replied, 'we went to a picnic in Eaton's Canyon.'

"'When and how did we come back?' was his next inquiry. I told him to search me, I would never tell him. He mumbled something about believing that that Dago 'Ludo' had poisoned him, and we parted company at Spring and Temple streets. When I entered the office of the St. Charles Hotel, Mr. Craigue, one of the hotel proprietors, was behind the desk. He glared at me and roared:

"'What have you done with Judd? I haven't seen him for two days.'

"I told him that I had been sick myself, but that I would look Judd up after I had breakfasted. 'Ludo' had a suite of rooms in the Downey Block, over Victor Doll's restaurant. I went there and found 'Ludo' sitting at an open window, gasping with the asthma. When anything out of the ordinary happened to him, a severe attack of the asthma always resulted. He greeted me cordially and between gasps cried out, 'By Jove, Graves, wasn't that a dandy punch!' Poor Judd was in an adjoining room, too sick to hold his head up.

"That evening I met Billy Sands, the policeman who saw us start off the morning of the Fourth. He told me that at nine o'clock at night he found our team hitched to a post on upper Main Street. We were all asleep. I suppose the driver had deserted us at that point. Sands took possession and drove to the rear entrance of the Downey Block. He and another policeman took 'Ludo' and Judd to 'Ludo's' rooms. Then they took Crawford to his house and me to my rooms at Teed's house. Sands then returned the team to the livery stable.

"As I sat at my desk in my office, a little later that day, I registered a solemn vow never again to eat any of the fruit out of the bottom of a punch bowl. This vow I have religiously kept.

"I have not recited these facts as any evidence of the total depravity of the times to which they relate, or of the four participants in the adventure. 'Ludo' and Judd have both long since passed away, and cannot defend themselves. Dr. Crawford and myself can point with pride to our records in this community as men of sobriety. Let this story teach as its moral the necessity of refraining from an indulgence in something pleasing to the palate, when the slightest reflection would disclose the fact that it should be studiously avoided."

Since the above was written, Dr. Crawford has passed to his reward.

CHAPTER XXI

THIS COUNTY A HUNTER'S PARADISE. DUCK SHOOT IN 1877. GUN CLUBS. A DAY AT WESTMINSTER GUN CLUB

FROM the time Southern California was settled until as late as 1890, the entire country was a paradise for the hunter of either large or small game. In 1875, my first shooting was with the doves, then a little later, with the quail. When winter came, duck, geese and snipe were all abundant. There were good natural ponds of fresh water on the Rodeo de las Aguas, on the Cienega Rancho and the Ballona, and at what was known as "Nigger Slough," on the road to Wilmington. In fact, there were ponds, in winter time, all over the county, from Santa Monica to San Pedro. In that section, geese were also very thick. After a day spent in that region, one would wake up in the night with the "honk, honk, honk" of the Oregon gray goose ringing in his ears.

I was coming from that region, after a successful shoot with Mr. S. H. Buchanan, an architect here, in the winter of 1878, when way head of us, honking loudly, and very high in the sky, came a lone Oregon gray goose. My gun was in the case and Buchanan was driving. I asked him to stop, hurriedly got out the gun and thrust a couple of cartridges in it. Buchanan chided me, saying, "What are you trying to do? That goose is a mile high." I did not have much anticipation of killing him, but just as he got overhead I lead him well and fired. Much to my astonishment he crumpled up and came down within twenty feet of us. He was an enormous bird.

When we got into Los Angeles, a little after dusk, we stopped at Mr. J. M. Griffith's home, on Fort Street, and I took the goose in to him. I was invited to family dinner, a few days later, at which the goose was served. Mrs. Griffith told me that, dressed, that is, picked and drawn, he weighed an even fifteen pounds. That was the biggest wild goose I ever saw in all my shooting days.

I remember one memorable duck shoot in the late fall of 1877. The party was composed, as far as I can now remember, of Dr. J. S. Crawford, Jacob Kuhrts, J. J. Mellus, H. M. Mitchell, Albert Judd, Fred C. Holbrook, George E. Gard, Jim Thompson, J. Frankenfeld and Jimmy Howard. We had some small "A" tents, just large enough to house all of us, four in a tent. We camped on the edge of a marsh, back of what is now Playa del Rey, on the Sausal de Redondo Rancho. It was a bitter cold night. The evening shoot was a wonderful one. We had come back to camp a little after dusk with over 300 ducks. We built a good fire, against a fallen tree trunk, which burned all night long. By the light of the moon and several lanterns, we broiled the breasts of duck, boiled potatoes and made coffee, and just as we were about to eat our supper, Charlie Miles, who was a candidate for County Recorder, and Dave Waldren, who owned the Washington Gardens, at the corner of Main and Washington streets, drove up, in a light express wagon. After tying their horses out where ours were tied, they joined us. Supper over, we sat around the fire, recounting the evening shoot, extolling some high kills made by some members of the party, and spinning such yarns as hunters will on such occasions. By the time we retired, ice was forming. Our tents were well filled and we were glad of it.

About midnight, our hunting dogs were aroused by

another team driving into camp. The new arrivals were L. D. Gavitt and Jerry Newell, both noted duck shots. We called to them, and by their replies it was evident that each of them had been drinking quite freely. They unhitched their horses and tied them out with ours. All of our animals were well blanketed. They told us they were all right, not to bother about them, as they had their supper in Los Angeles and had plenty of blankets. We heard them getting to bed near the camp fire. The next morning, when we got up we found both of them snoring lustily. They had a thin piece of burlap underneath them, a flap of which came over their feet to their knees. The ground was frozen stiff and everything was white as snow with frost. All of the duck ponds were frozen over with ice so thick that a Teal duck, killed in flight, would not break through it when he fell. How those two men kept from freezing to death I do not know. They got up happy and breakfasted with us. Miles and Waldren called from their blankets that it was too cold, and they were not going out. At daybreak the rest of us scattered out over that frozen marsh. The shooting was as bad, that morning, as it had been good the night before. In vain we waited for a duck flight. It never came. The entire party did not kill over ten ducks, not of the best varieties. They were simply stragglers.

We were all thoroughly disgusted and went to camp. While we were on the marsh, Miles and Waldren had gotten up and, taking every duck in camp, drove back to Los Angeles. As we returned home, we found people out in their yards, picking ducks. They would hail us with, "What kind of a shoot did you have?" On our replying, "Good," they came back with, "Charlie Miles and Dave Waldren had a wonderful shoot. They had a wagon-load of ducks and gave us these."

Now, Miles and Waldren did not take those ducks for meanness. They were good sportsmen. They thought we would kill more than we needed, during the morning shoot, and Charlie Miles used our ducks for electioneering purposes.

In time, with the drainage of damp lands, and the breaking up of mesa lands for grain crops, which involved the disturbing of sage-brush and other bushy growths, duck, quail and dove shooting began to get somewhat poorer. We had to go farther from the city to fill our bags. The last stand of the quail was in the San Fernando Valley, but in time, farming there disturbed their habitat and natural feeds, and they disappeared.

At an early date duck clubs were formed. One of the first was the Recreation, just back of Santa Monica. Ponds are now maintained there with water pumped from drilled wells. I shot at the Recreation many years. Its present members still get a little shooting, and their lands are now worth a marvelous sum, but the days of duck shooting are numbered.

At the Recreation Gun Club, when it came to scraping the sky for high-flying ducks, John Hauerwaas held high gun. He was a powerfully built, heavy-chested man, as large as two ordinary men. When the rest of us would use four drams of powder to a charge, he would use six, and did not seem to mind the recoil. He certainly could reach the ducks at a long distance from the earth.

The Del Rey Club adjoined the Recreation. There were several other clubs in that region.

The Bolsa Chica, a very aristocratic duck club, which bought a large body of land in the Bolsa Chica Rancho, near the present town of Huntington Beach, always had most excellent shooting until quite recently. The Westminster Club was near there. I was one of the organizers

of the latter, and shot there many years. The Blue Wing adjoined the Westminster. I was at the Westminster one day, heard a shot on the Blue Wing, followed by a yell from various members, and looking up, saw the sky raining ducks. Mr. J. E. Fishburn, for many years president of the Merchants National Bank, wanted one duck to complete his limit. He picked out a big sprig and fired at it. A flock of sprig were circling in, ready to light. They came in range of his gun, as he fired, and he killed, with one shot, fourteen sprig. This seems like a hard story to ask any sane person to believe, but Mr. Fishburn is alive, and he and several members of his club will verify it.

We had great times at the Westminster. Frequently, Waller Chanslor, of Chanslor-Lyons Company, Duffy Schwarz, Karl Klokke, and sometimes Walter Leeds and myself, would go down to the club in someone's car. One day Mr. Chanslor was driving his car and with him were Schwarz, Klokke and myself. When near Artesia there was a citron, shaped like a watermelon, lying in the road. It is a Chinese importation and is sometimes called "pie melon." It is so tough that you can throw one twenty feet in the air and let it fall on a cement sidewalk, and it will not burst. Chanslor said: "See me smash the watermelon." I was on the front seat with him. He hit the citron in the center, and things began to happen. He was running fully forty miles an hour. The citron was not injured. The car reared up, nearly turned over, then skidded from one side of the road to the other, and finally brought up, head on, before a two-foot pepper tree. We stopped not six inches from it. We might all have been seriously injured, if not killed. After that, Chanslor passed up all "watermelons" lying in the road.

The Chinese citron is well liked by stock, but has to

be cut up before they can eat it. As long as I had Chinamen working at my place, in the San Gabriel Valley, they always grew a couple of hills of them near their house. They carefully put them away in the fall, and all winter long cooked them as we do squash and ate them with much relish.

Illustrating what usually occurred on these duck shoots, I wrote for the January number of McGroarty's *West Coast Magazine,* in 1911, a story entitled, "A Morning With the Ducks," which ran as follows:

"'Is that you, J. A.?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'Are you going to your club, tonight?'

"'Yes, on the five o'clock car.'

"'Don't you want to go with me in my machine?'

"'Surely I do.'

"'All right, I will call for you at three-thirty.'

"The voice which the telephone brought to me was that of Waller Chanslor. Time, Friday, November 11, 1910. Exchanging a ride on an electric car, to be followed by a two-mile drive in a wagon behind a slow team, in the dark, for a rapid auto drive, was a great joy for me. We shoot on the Saturday's squad at the 'Westminster Gun Club' in Orange County. Those of us who shoot on that day assemble at the club house on Friday night.

"I attended to my affairs at the Bank, not keeping track of the time. Chancing to look out of the window I saw Walter Leeds and Karl Klokke, leaning against the granite window-sill on the outside. Noting the time, I found it was three-thirty. I closed my desk, got my hat and coat and joined them.

"Very soon Chanslor drove up in his car. We waited fifteen minutes for Duffy Schwarz, and on his arrival we were off.

"We went out Central Avenue, turned to the left, through Huntington Park, past Bell's Station to Downey, and on towards Norwalk. A little beyond Downey, a flat tire held us up until a new inner tube was inserted. We again sped on, leaving Norwalk to the left, passed through Artesia, and on to the Alamitos beet sugar factory. It was rapidly getting dark. Notwithstanding that fact, the road was full of teams, loaded with beets, going to the factory, or empty, or loaded with beet pulp, coming from it.

"The beet pulp is used for cattle feed. It smells to heaven—and a little further. I never learned where Limburger cheese gets its awful odor. After some experience with beet pulp, my guess is that after the cheese is made it is buried in that odoriferous product to cure. At any rate, if Limburger smells any worse than the beet pulp, I will acknowledge that I am not an expert on 'odors.'

"From here we sped along for about ten miles, and finally arrived at the club. A bountiful supper, well cooked and palatable, satisfied our appetites, sharpened as they were by the drive in the open air. Then we read and chatted and loafed away the evening, some of the younger members even indulging in a game of 'old maid' and 'solitaire' until bedtime.

"We were to be called at five o'clock. I went to sleep at once upon retiring, and it seemed but a few moments until the keeper rapped on my door. Up I jumped. We were soon in our hunting togs and at the breakfast table. The night before we had selected our blinds. No. 7 fell to me.

"Breakfast over, each man took his gun and shells and 'hiked' out in darkness to his blind. Reaching mine, I put out my decoys, arranged my shells for handy use, got into my blind, and awaited the call of 'time.' This is

done by the tolling of a bell hung on the top of our barn, which can be heard for miles around. Just thirty minutes before sunrise, the tolling of the bell broke the stillness. Usually at this hour the air is full of ducks, startled from the ponds by the hunters going to their blinds. This morning there was not a duck in sight. Not even a mud-hen cluttered away in hurried alarm. South of us the surf beat upon the ocean's shore with a dull roar. Chickens crowed, geese cackled, turkeys gobbled, the cows lowed and the horses neighed, at all the surrounding farms. In the shooting line—'nothing doing.' Piff! A poacher on the road shoots at something. Bang! Someone on the Blue Wing grounds gets a shot. Then someone on our grounds takes a long chance at a 'sky-scraper' hurrying to the ocean. Presently a teal, flying low, almost ran into me. As he veered off, ducking, darting, twisting, turning, I reached him with my right barrel, and he fell, quite dead, a crumpled mass, the light of his joyous life gone.

"We all waited, just a shot here and there breaking the stillness. Two more teal hurtled by. Rising quickly, I dropped one good and dead and crippled the other. He fell in No. 6, but I never got him.

"It was a beautiful morning. Just the faintest sort of an east wind sprang up, raising little ripples on the placid waters of our ponds. The heavens were enveloped in dark gray masses of somber clouds. Catalina and the mountains north of Los Angeles were entirely shut out of view. Signal Hill, north of Long Beach, and the Palos Verdes hills, could be dimly seen. The air was as soft as the velvet cheek of a new-born babe, and as balmy as the breath of a midsummer morning.

"Someone called, 'Look at the sunrise!' The sun had really risen some time before, but was shut out by the

clouds. About ten degrees above the horizon there was a circular rift in the cloud mass. Through this shafts of sunlight, like burnished gold, streamed, brilliantly illuminating the frayed edges of the cloud rift, and for a few moments the inner lining of the clouds, which darkened the sky, assumed a purple tinge of reflected light, which faded quickly away as the sun ascended. When the sun had completely passed the cloud rift, through that little break we could see the sky, miles beyond, clear, brilliant, radiant in the light. It was like looking into another world, another atmosphere. But soon the sullen cloud-blanket became a solid mass of frowning gray, and the rift of light was gone, for the day, and there hung all around us a water-laden mass of rough, tousled clouds, through which not a ray of sunlight penetrated.

"We sat and waited. Not fifty shots had yet been fired on our grounds. How the memories of the past surged through my brain! All the joys of my life, and there have been many, were quickly reviewed. All my sorrows, and there have been enough, quickly followed. All my successes and my triumphs, my defeats and my failures, passed in quick review. The cobwebs of the brain were brushed aside, and the history of the past stood out clearly, bringing memories of pleasures past, of pain and sorrow, grief and woe.

"The whirr of swiftly-beaten wings brought me back to the living reality of the present moment, and I missed a pair of sprig, which hurried on with frightened speed, to be bombarded by other guns along the way, until they disappeared towards the ocean.

"The ducks were coming a little better now. Over in No. 8 I saw Chanslor pick a black speck from the very clouds. Klokke and Schwarz, Leeds, Gates and his brother, were burning powder with varying success. The

surrounding clubs kept up a pretty fusillade. Then all would be quiet for quite a time, when another small band of feathered wanderers would again arouse us to rapid action.

"Far off toward the south I saw the glad figures of eight big sprig, headed my way. They were far beyond gunshot, with necks outstretched, looking for a landing place. Would they ever get to me? The question was answered by a shot from some idiot in the road south of us, who could only hope to scare them. How they scurried up into the clouds, wildly scattered for a few moments, then gathering into a black bunch, they wheeled around and were off in the direction whence they came.

"Now I got a widgeon, then a teal, then another teal, and finally a sprig. A few drops of rain fell, and I thought we were surely in for a soaking.

"In a long lull in the shooting I went out and gathered up my kill. Nine I found. Sixteen more to make the limit. Would I get them? Coming from the north, high up in the air, I saw a band of sprig. They were so high, no one shot at them. Just as they came over me, I selected a leader, held well ahead of him and pulled the trigger. To my astonishment I saw him waver. I swung to another, and crack went the gun. He, too, followed, and both of the crippled birds came whirling to the water. They were only crippled and I took no chance of losing them. Away I went, through the mud and water, and soon I had wrung the neck of each of them. They were magnificent birds, and raised my count to eleven. I had, in getting them, stepped into a hole, going over my boot-top, and my right boot was full of water. Getting back to my blind, I lay down on my back, stuck my foot in the air and got rid of most of the water. Fortunately, it was a warm morning, and I suffered no inconvenience.

"Turning my head, I saw a very large sprig coming toward me, close to the water. He was already too close. I banged away at him and missed him. Up he mounted, and trying him again, saw him gasp, but he mounted higher and higher, and finally sped out of sight.

"Here I am, fifty-eight years old, following the game as I learned it in my younger days. I cannot see a letter in a page of coarse print without my glasses, but I could see a duck, even in that darkened atmosphere, miles away, and name the family to which it belonged.

"The day wore on, now a hit, now a miss. Now long waits, then some sharp, rapid shooting. A fine mist was falling, just enough to make things soggy. I made another round-up and my count was twenty-three. I saw the keeper pick up one of mine. I wanted one more. I got another teal, and shouldering my gun started for the house with six sprig, about as many widgeon and the balance teal. Those ducks were heavy enough before I got in. To my surprise it was twelve o'clock. Chanslor joined me at the gate. He also had the limit. We took our cold shower and had a modest drink of good old Bourbon. By the time we were dressed, Leeds, Schwarz and Klokke came in, each with the limit. Gates and his brother were still shooting. Then came a good hot lunch, after which we made the return drive to the city. There had been just enough rain to settle the dust. We came back tired but refreshed. Let those who wonder why we do it try it once, then they will understand the fascination and the joy of it."

CHAPTER XXII

HUNTING INCIDENTS

OF COURSE, at all the Clubs, phenomenal shots were made, from time to time, many of which were largely accidental. On one occasion, at the Westminster, I saw Walter Leeds kill a duck well up in the air immediately over him. As it fell, standing in his blind, he caught it in his left hand. In all my hunting experience I never saw that trick repeated.

By the fall of 1911 I must have begun to feel the disadvantage of advancing years. In an article, describing the last quail shoot of the year 1911, which was first printed in the Los Angeles Times and afterwards in a little volume that I had printed, entitled, "Out of Doors, California and Oregon," I wrote as follows:

"Were I musically inclined, I could very appropriately sing, 'Darling, I am Growing Old.' The realization of this fact, as unwelcome as it is, is from time to time forced upon me.

"On Friday, November 10th, 1911, I went to the Westminster Gun Club, in an open machine, through wind and storm. Got up the next morning at 5 o'clock, had a duck shoot, drove back thirty miles to Los Angeles, arriving there at 11:30 a.m. At 1 o'clock I drove to my home, and at 2 o'clock was off for Perris Valley on a quail shoot. Had a good outing, with much hard labor. The next day I got home at half-past five, completely done up.

"As I went to retire, I had a good, stiff, nervous chill. So you can well see that I can no longer stand punish-

ment, and am 'growing old.' As I lay there and shook, I said to myself, 'Old fellow, you will soon be a has-been. Your gun and fishing-rod will soon decorate your shooting case as ornaments, rather than as things of utility.' Ah, well, let it be so! The memory of pleasant days, when youth and strength were mine; days when the creel was full, and game limits came my way, will be with me still. I would not exchange the experience I have had with rod and gun for all the money any millionaire in the world possesses."

When, however, after sixteen years, I again read the above, the wonder is that I did not have something worse than a chill. The gait detailed for the two days was too strenuous for any mortal to stand up under. On the return trip from Perris Valley, where the last quail shoot was held, I indulged, in this article, in the following description of the San Gabriel Valley and the sunset which we enjoyed:

"I never saw the San Gabriel Valley more beautiful than it was that afternoon. As we bowled along the road this side of San Dimas, the entire valley lay before us. To the west were the rugged Sierra Madre Mountains; on the east, the San Jose hills. They connected with the Puente hills to the south. West of these came the hills of the Rancho La Merced, running from the San Gabriel River westerly, and still west of them came the hills which run east from the Arroyo Seco, north of the Bairdstown country. From our position these hills all seemed to connect without any breaks or passes in them. Thus the valley before us was one mountain-and-hill-bound amphitheater. The sky was overcast by grayish clouds. The sun hung low in the west, directly in front of us. How gorgeous was the coloring of the sky and valley! How the orchards and vineyards were illuminated! How

the colors lingered and seemed to fondle every growing thing, and paint each rock and point of hill as no artist could! The sun hung in one position for quite a time before taking its final dip below the horizon. The clouds assumed a golden tinge, turning to burnished copper. Through breaks or irregular rifts therein, we got glimpses of the sky beyond, of an opalescent blue in strong contrast with the crimson coloring of the clouds, all of which were intensely illuminated by the setting sun. Underneath this vast sea of riotous coloring there was a subdued, intense light, which I cannot describe or account for. It brought every object in the valley plainly into view, lifted it into space, and illuminated it. After we had passed Azusa we chanced to look back at 'Old Baldy' and the Cucamonga peaks. They were in a blaze of glorious light, purple, pink, crimson, fiery red, all mingled indiscriminately, yet all preserved in their individual intensity.

"Oh, land so rare, where such visions of delight are provided by the unseen powers for our delectation! As I surveyed this vast acreage, evidencing the highest cultivation, with princely homes, vast systems of irrigation, with orange orchards and lemon groves in every stage of development, from the plants in the seed beds to trees of maturity and full production, I congratulated myself on living in such an age, and amid such environments.

"Let us appreciate, enjoy and defend until our dying day, this glorious land, unswept by blizzards, untouched by winter's cruel frosts, unscathed by the torrid breath of sultry summer, a land of perpetual sunshine, where roses, carnations, heliotrope, and a thousand rare, choice and delicate flowers bloom in the open air continually, where in the spring time the senses are oppressed by the odor of orange and lemon blossoms, and where the or-

chards yield a harvest so fabulous in returns as to be almost beyond human comprehension."

What happened the following winter should teach one never to boast of climatic conditions. In the article above quoted I indulged in a rhapsody as to our freedom from frosts. During the winter of 1912-13 we had the severest frost I ever experienced in Southern California. The damage done to citrus groves was enormous. Personally, I lost a forty-thousand-dollar crop, and many others were in the same predicament.

CHAPTER XXIII

LARGE GAME. HUNTING EXPERIENCES

REFERRING to large game, bear were quite abundant in some of the mountain regions adjoining Los Angeles. Deer abounded in all our mountains. Griffith Park was full of them, so was the present Flintridge country, the San Gabriel and San Antonio Canyons. Antelope abounded in great numbers in what is called Antelope Valley, in the Mojave region. They were also found in the Moreno Valley in Riverside County. There were deer in the brush and cactus on the San Fernando Ranch. The does found there were barren, from some cause or another. So were the bucks, the latter having been castrated by wood-ticks, while they were quite small. These barren does and bucks, having lost their ambition, retired from the mountains to the valleys. Living on sandy ground, their feet became very long, so that they traveled with difficulty. They were exceedingly fat, delicious in flavor. When any of us killed a "cactus" deer, as we called them, we were envied by all our hunting friends.

Dr. J. S. Crawford and I killed a large barren buck, on the San Fernando, with shotguns. He got up so close to us that we slaughtered him, both shooting at his head at the same time. Our guns were loaded for quail. Former Sheriff H. M. Mitchell and I killed a barren doe in almost the same manner, on the same rancho.

Illustrating the number of deer in this county at the time, in the fall of 1878, Dr. J. S. Crawford and myself went, quite early one morning, to the present Flint-

ridge country, and in a short time had each killed a buck, which we drew, on the ground. We did not look any further because, with the light rig we had, we could not have carried any more had we killed them. We came back down the Arroyo Seco, and from where we killed our two deer until we got to the Arroyo Seco, right where the Flintridge Golf Club is now located, we counted, in a very short time, forty-five bucks, does and fawns.

We had some wonderful shots among the old-time hunters. No better dove, duck or snipe shot ever hunted in this section than Jim Thompson and L. D. Gavitt. Albert Judd, a clerk at the St. Charles Hotel, was nearly as good. Then came Jim Mellus, Fred C. Holbrook, Geo. E. Gard, Dr. J. S. Crawford and H. M. Mitchell. Mr. Daniel Freeman was also an excellent shot. Many of these men were expert rifle shots. Of the forty or fifty men I used to hunt with, there are but two alive, viz.: Fred C. Holbrook and J. J. Mellus. Among the younger generation that we hunted with, H. W. Keller, Waller Chanslor, Duffy Schwarz and Karl Klokke, were hard to beat. Yet I had a chauffeur, Harry Graves (who, while bearing the same family name, was no relation of mine, and who was with me from 1907 until 1911). I think he was the best all-around shot, at any sort of game, with rifle or shotgun, that I ever met. He had the hunting instinct to know where to find game, and the happy faculty of centering his birds, killing them dead and not leaving them crippled.

In 1909, General M. H. Sherman, Mr. Edward Strasburg, my son Francis, then a boy of thirteen or fourteen, and myself, left Witter Hotel, in Lake County, in my machine, on the morning that the deer season opened. Harry was driving, and we were going to Willits. We were going along a road, on a mountainside, when Francis

spied a spike buck below the road. The deer crossed the road in front of our machine and started up the hill on a dead run. Harry had stopped the machine, jumped out, revolver in hand, and he killed that deer, running, at 100 yards with one shot. In fifteen minutes from the time we left the Witter Hotel, we were back there and presented the management with the carcass. The only thing I regretted about it was that a politician of some note, of the "reformer" type, was a guest at the hotel, and possibly he ate some of the deer meat.

Harry was as good a fisherman as he was a shot. Whenever we went out, we always got game. A crowd of us had a quail preserve of 2,000 acres fenced and posted, some nine miles south of Perris, in Riverside County. We had good shooting there until the March flying field was built there, during the war. They actually scared all the quail out of that section.

I sometimes think that it is a wonder that I am alive, considering some of the fool things I have done for the sake of shooting. After I lost my left limb, and before I had an artificial limb, I went out to our grounds several times, quail shooting. We used to stop at Billy Newport's (a bluff, hale, good-natured Englishman). He was a good sport and a good shot. He would drive me around in a wagon, and he would get in the most impossible places. One day we were away up on a hillside, amid rocks, boulders and brush. The ground was so steep that the wagon absolutely careened. Chanslor, Schwarz and Klokke were in good shooting, near the foot of this small mountain. All at once, an immense flock of quail flew up in front of them, clear to the top of the mountain. Newport handed me the reins, and jumped out, and said he would run around and head them off. He went around the side of the mountain, until he got

opposite where the quail lit, and then started up to the summit. Pretty soon I heard him shooting, and the quail began to whiz past me. I sat there in the wagon and killed six, which fell in various places on that steep hillside. When the flight ceased, I tied the reins to the spring of the seat, so the horses could not move, got out of the wagon, and on my crutches wandered around on that sidehill, and got my six birds. The last one was on a flat rock at the foot of a steep declivity, which I could not possibly negotiate with my crutches. I laid them down, sat down, and went down the hill on my hands with my one foot out in front of me. I got the bird, again sat down, and went up the declivity backwards on my hands, got to my crutches, and when Newport came back I was in the wagon, my six birds lying on the seat. He could hardly believe that I had done this.

I said above that Harry Graves had the hunting instinct. He had more than that. He had a knowledge of all kinds of game. In 1903, Judge Sterry asked me to go to the Klamath Indian Reservation with him. The party was composed of Judge Sterry, Frank W. King, my son Selwyn and myself, besides Judge Sterry's son Norman. I suggested to Judge Sterry that we also take Harry Graves along, so as to be sure of game, which we did, and he also took a German boy, from his office.

We had an excellent camp on Spring Creek, the finest body of water I ever saw, in the heart of the Indian Reservation. We killed one small buck, then it set in and rained for three days, so that we could not get out, and we were out of fresh meat. The rain ceased during the night, and in the morning, while everything was sopping wet, Harry and I started out to see what we could dig up. There were quite a lot of ruffled grouse there, or "fool hens," as they are called. We had each killed one,

going up a little dry wash. Harry was on one side and I on the other. There was a little pine tree, not over fifteen or twenty feet high, between us. All at once he called out to me, "Mr. Graves, lie down, lie down!" I did so, not knowing what was coming. There were some "fool hens" on this pine. Now, Harry knew that if he began on the lowest one in the tree the rest would not fly. He began to shoot and the shot rattled over me. He shot twelve times, then called to me to get up, and we picked up twelve birds. Of course there was no skill in that, but we needed meat.

A little while afterwards, on a small stream, we killed four or five young mallards. I have a kodak photograph of these ducks hanging on a tree, and am astonished that, after all these years, the blue in the wing of one of them still stands out vividly. How the kodak ever reproduced the color, I do not know.

We made that trip in Judge Sterry's private car. He had two setter dogs with him. As everyone who knew Judge Sterry knows, he was quite a stout man. There was a big roll of tent material standing on the rear platform of the car. We stopped at Dunsmuir, waiting for a train to pass. Judge Sterry was sitting out on the platform, with the two dogs, wagging their tails and looking over the rail. Two urchins, wandering by, called up to him, "Mister, are you going to show in this town?" Seeing the fat man, the dogs and the tents, they thought we surely were some kind of a circus. Judge Sterry long appreciated the joke.

When we came back, we were to switch onto the Santa Fe lines at Sacramento, and had to wait there an hour or two. I am always interested in the products of the country, so I found out where their markets were and walked over there. While looking around, I saw a big,

fine two-horse team, heavily laden with produce, back up to the platform of a store. I looked at the Chinaman driving the team and could hardly believe my eyes. He had worked for me at San Gabriel and was the ugliest mortal I ever saw in my life. Having made up my mind that it was "Jim," I went up and called to him. He recognized me and was overjoyed at seeing me. He said that after leaving me he had gone into business with a cousin and made a great deal of money. After he had unloaded his team he said, "Mr. Graves, come and drink with me." Wanting to humor him, I accompanied him into a good-looking saloon. The bar-keeper set out a couple of glasses. Jim waved him back and said, "No, no; quart bottle of champagne," and turning to me, wanted to know what brand I preferred. I told him that Heidsieck was good enough for me, and we consumed the quart.

From what is written above, and from other statements in this recital, as to drinks taken, the readers hereof must not suppose that I have ever been an habitual drinker or "boozer." The Ludovici punch incident must not be taken against me. Using the argument of a special pleader, I can truthfully say that what affected me that day I did not drink, but ate. The liquor-soaked fruit in the bottom of the punch bowl was more powerful than three times the same amount of liquor had it been taken in liquid form. When I was a child, my father would frequently make a toddy, and I would have a sip of it. Since I have been grown, I have occasionally taken a drink, but have never used liquor to excess, and I know that I have not been injured physically, mentally or morally, by any liquor that I have ever consumed, the Prohibitionists to the contrary, notwithstanding.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANTELOPE HUNT IN 1876. HUNTING TRIP IN NEVADA

I NEVER hunted antelope in Los Angeles County but twice. Once was in the fall of 1876, with my good old friend and true sportsman, A. C. Chauvin, well known to every one here in that era. We went by team to Rock Creek, on the north side of the western end of Antelope Valley. Although we suffered severely from one of the worst windstorms which I ever experienced, we succeeded in killing two fine buck antelope. To get out of the wind, we then went across the valley to the Rancho La Liebre, where, within a few days, we killed two fine buck deer, and shortly afterwards returned to Los Angeles.

My second hunt was a year later. Quite a party of us, among whom were Dr. J. S. Crawford, Jacob Kuhrts, Jim Thompson, L. D. Gavitt, Jimmie Howard of the Mission, J. J. Mellus, H. M. Mitchell, William Banning, under-sheriff under Don David Alexander, myself, and a couple of roustabouts, left Los Angeles with one four-horse spring wagon and two light two-horse wagons, and drove to Willow Springs, west of Mojave. We pulled into camp at dusk. Some one had killed, en route, enough quail for the evening meal. We had saddles for all of the party. Those who had been there before laid out a plan of campaign. They claimed that the antelope would come from the west, in a well-beaten path, and water in a bunch of springs about a mile west of us. These springs rose in a canyon of considerable

width, with quite high hills on each side, and at the mouth of the canyon the hills took a turn, on one side south and on the other side north.

The antelope has one peculiarity. When he starts to go anywhere, he makes a bee-line for the place of destination, and will not turn aside for anything; and after watering at a usual watering place, he will always return by the route by which he came to water.

The next morning there was quite a breeze blowing from the northwest, which was in our favor. We mounted our horses and took up positions from where we expected to work. One man went on foot to the top of a small hillock and hid in the sage-brush. By prearranged signal, he notified us that the antelope were coming. Naturally, we kept out of sight and the wind was with us, that is, entirely in our favor. When the antelope had reached the springs, our lookout motioned us to close in at the mouth of the canyon through which the antelope had approached. They were like a band of sheep and must have numbered 500. We stationed our men across the canyon and another party on horseback went over the hill to where the antelope were. They immediately struck the trail by which they had entered the canyon. As they debouched therefrom we, riding like mad and shooting from our horses, attacked them savagely. When the band had disappeared, we began to pick up the dead and wounded. My recollection is that the party killed 17, but, Mr. J. J. Mellus, the only man of the party alive, except myself, now says that we killed 27, and I defer to his better recollection. We killed only bucks, and it was some job, riding and shooting, to pick out the males, although they had prominent antlers. I remember that when we thought we had gathered all of the dead, Mellus came up and pointing to a little willow tree some distance

away, by the side of a small barranca, said: "Did you get one by that willow tree?" And he added, "I killed a large buck there," and sure enough, when we sent a man with a horse over there, he found the animal.

We brought out a wagon, took them to camp, hung them up on willow trees, drew them, and salted and peppered the exposed flesh to keep the flies away. We easily killed quail enough for the entire party, for supper that night, and had a great feast of quail and antelope. Why some of us were not killed while we were shooting that morning, I never could understand.

Next morning we loaded out traps and the antelope into the four-horse wagon, and all of us, except Mellus and William Banning, set out for Los Angeles. They remained, with one of the light teams, and after we left they killed three deer in some low brushy hills, a mile from where we camped. All of our friends in Los Angeles feasted on deer and antelope for several days.

The only other antelope I ever saw in the open, except, frequently, from the Southern Pacific trains, bands in Antelope Valley, was on the Sparks and Harrell cattle ranch, in Nevada and Idaho, during a visit there as the guest of Mr. John Sparks and Mr. Andrew Harrell. The party killed three antelope on that trip, besides a half-dozen mule deer.

It is astonishing what vitality the members of the deer family have. On the Nevada-Idaho trip, several of us were out in a very hilly country. Every ravine was filled with quaking ash groves, with an undergrowth of wild pea-vines and blackberry bushes. The mule deer laid up during the day in these bushy ravines. One man would ride up such a ravine, beating the brush and yelling like an Indian. The deer would move along ahead of him and finally make a dash for some safer place. As he came

out, all of the party near enough would shoot at him. An immense buck broke cover from one of these ravines on the side farthest from me. He was greeted by repeated shots from several rifles. He was hit, because you could distinctly hear the bullets go "spat" when they struck him. Suddenly he reversed his course, ran through the lower end of the grove, and was coming out on a side-hill towards me. I could see Mr. John Sparks some distance away, and just as the deer broke cover he fired again, and that deer, it seemed to me, turned six or seven somersaults and then lay flat on his side. Sparks called to me to run up and cut his throat. He was up a steep hill, not more than 30 yards from me. I dismounted, threw my bridle reins on the ground, so the horse would stand, laid down my rifle, and scrambled up the hill as fast as I could. When I reached him and was just about to seize one of his antlers, he jumped up and ran away on three legs, one hind leg swinging behind helplessly. I found on the ground where he had been lying a piece of bone, two inches long, which had come out of his hind leg, and which was as white and smooth as ivory. That deer ran into a quaking ash grove of not over two acres in extent, and it took all of us quite a little while to locate him. Finally we found him, lying down, head up, eyes bright and vigorous-looking. Another shot through the head ended him. We found he had received nine bullets, including the last one.

When we started out, Sparks told us that we would never believe how much a big mule deer weighed, and he had put into our chuck wagon a pair of old-fashioned steelyards. He would not let us draw this deer until we got him to camp, and he weighed 375 pounds. That was the largest deer I ever saw.

On another occasion I shot a deer through the right

hind hip, while hunting on the property of Mr. W. G. Henshaw, some thirty miles beyond Willits. He staggered along and I was ready to shoot him again. Mr. H. W. Keller, who was with me, said, "Don't shoot; he is done for," but I did shoot, and hit him again. Then he began to run away on three legs, and then Mr. Keller took a shot at him. He disappeared down a ravine. My chauffeur trailed him, by blood stains upon leaves and grass, for a mile. By that time it was too dark to continue the search for him. Mr. Keller said we would get him in the morning. Next morning we took up the trail and found him within fifty yards of where we had abandoned the trail the night before. He was lying down by a log, head up and eyes bright. We got quite close to him. He did not move and we shot him through the head. Upon examining him we found that both of my shots and Mr. Keller's had taken effect in his right hip. The three bullet holes were easily located. He had bled most profusely, but, after twelve hours, was alive, and did not look, as far as his face and eyes were concerned, at all distressed, when we found him.

CHAPTER XXV

PROFESSOR "LO"

WHILE on the Oregon Trip I met a remarkable Indian. I wrote an account of it which was published in the *Los Angeles Times* under the heading, "Professor 'Lo,' Philosopher," which I herewith reproduce.

"My interview with an Educated Indian in the Wilds of Oregon:

"In the summer of 1902, I was camping, in company with the late Judge Sterry of Los Angeles, on Spring Creek in the Klamath Indian Reservation in Southeast Oregon. Spring Creek rises out of lava rocks and flows in a southeasterly direction, carrying over 200,000 inches of the clearest, coldest water I ever saw. In fact, its waters are so clear that the best anglers can only catch trout, with which the stream abounds, in riffles, that is, where the stream runs over rocks of such size as to keep the surface in constant commotion, thus obscuring the vision of the fish.

"Two miles, or thereabouts, from its source, Spring Creek empties into the Williamson River. The Williamson rises miles away in a tule swamp, and its waters are as black as black coffee. Where the two streams come together, the dark waters of the Williamson stay on the left-hand side of the stream, going down, and the clear waters of Spring Creek on the right-hand side, for half a mile or more. Here some rapids, formed by a swift declivity of the stream, over sunken boulders, cause a mix-up of the light and dark waters, and from there on they flow intermingled and indistinguishable.

"Nine miles down stream, the Sprague River comes in from the left. It is as large as the Williamson, and its waters are the color of milk, or nearly so. The stream flows for miles over chalk beds and through chalk cliffs, which give its waters their weird coloring. The union of the waters of the Williamson and the Sprague Rivers results in the dirty, gray coloring of the water of Klamath Lake, into which they empty, and of the Klamath River, which discharges the lake into the Pacific Ocean.

"The place where the Williamson is joined by the Sprague is known as the 'Killican.' The stream here flows over a lava bottom and is quite wide, in places very deep and in places quite shallow. There seemed to be quite an area of this shallow water. The shallow places suddenly dropped off into pools of great depth, and it was something of a stunt to wander around on the shallow bedrock and cast off into the pools below. I tried it and found the lava as smooth and slippery as polished glass.

"After sitting down a couple of times in water two feet deep, I concluded to stay on shore and cast out into the pool. Following this exhilarating exercise with indifferent success, I noticed approaching a little, old Indian. He was bareheaded and barefooted. His shirt was open, exposing his throat and breast. His eyes were deep set, his hair and beard a grizzled gray. He had a willow fishing pole in one hand and a short bush with green leaves on it, with which he was whacking grasshoppers, in the other. He circled around on the bank near me, now and again catching a hopper. I noticed that he ate about two out of every five that he caught. The others he kept for bait.

"Finally he approached the stream. He paid no attention whatever to me. He selected a spot almost under me, squatted down upon a flat rock, put two grasshoppers on his hook, threw it into the stream, and in a

very short time drew out a good six-pound trout. Filled with admiration for the feat, while he was tying a string through its gills, I said to him, 'Muy mahe,' which another Indian had told me meant 'big trout.' Without looking up or turning his head, he said to me in perfect English, 'What sort of lingo are you giving me, young man? The true pronunciation of those words is,' and then he repeated 'Muy mahe,' with just a little twist to his words that I had not given them. Resuming the conversation, he remarked: 'Why not speak English? When both parties understand it, it is much more comfortable. I intended to catch but one fish, but as you have admired this one, allow me to present it to you with my compliments.' He had turned around now, and held out the struggling trout, a pleasant smile upon his worn features.

"Embarrassed beyond measure, I apologized for attempting to talk to him in his own language, and accepted the trout. He baited his hook, cast it into the stream, and in a short time landed a still larger trout. Without removing it from the hook, he came up the bank to where I was seated. He laid his fish and rod on the grass, wiped his forehead with his hand and sat down.

" 'I never catch more fish, or kill more game than I need for my present wants,' he remarked. 'That trout will be ample for my wife and myself for supper and breakfast, and, in fact, for all day tomorrow. When he is gone, I will catch another one.'

"Then, turning to me, he asked, 'From what section of civilization do you hail?' I told him I was from Los Angeles.

" 'Ah, Los Angeles,' he murmured. 'The Queen City of the West and the Angel City of the South. I have read much about your beautiful city, and I have often thought

I would like to visit it and confirm with my own eyes all that I read about it. What a paradise that country must have been for the Indian before you white men came! I can hardly imagine a land of perpetual sunshine, a land where the flowers bloom constantly, where snows never fall. Yes, I would like to go there, but I imagine I never shall.' Then, with an inquiring glance, 'What may be your calling?' he asked.

"I told him I was an attorney at law.

" 'A noble profession,' he remarked. 'Next to medicine I regard it as the noblest profession known to our limited capabilities. Do you ever think,' he asked me, 'that the medical profession is devoted to relieving physical ills? To warding off death? The law, on the other hand, takes care of your property rights. It is supposed to be the guardian of the weak. How often, however, do we see its mission perverted, and how often it becomes an oppressor of the unfortunate. How many times do we see it aiding in the accumulation of those large fortunes with which our modern civilization is fast becoming burdened and brutalized.'

"While I had never contracted the filthy habit of smoking, I had in my pocket several good cigars. I extended the case to my new-found friend. He took one, thanked me, bit off the end, lit it and puffed away with evident enjoyment. I took the liberty of asking him his business.

" 'I am a professor of belles-lettres and philosophy in the Indian College on the Klamath reservation. I am here on my vacation. I was born and reared to early manhood in these mountains. They still have a charm for me. While I love my books and my labors, there is a freedom in my life here which appeals to me. Here I go back to natural life, and study again the book of nature.

Each day I take a lesson from the wild animals of the forest, from the surging streams and twittering birds. Here I can better realize how small is man in the general plan of creation.'

"He hesitated, and I took advantage of his silence and asked him about the religion of his race. Whether the modern red man adhered to the teachings of his tribe, or leaned toward the white man's God. Replying, he delivered to me a discourse of considerable length, which, as near as I can recollect it now, ran as follows:

" 'My people have been too busy these many years filling their stomachs to pay much attention to saving their souls. We teach a religion that inculcates good behavior, and promises as a reward for a well-spent life an eternity of bliss in the happy hunting ground. Our future is depicted by our priests as a materialistic future, where we follow the chase, defeat our enemies and enjoy to our full those things which render us happy in this world. Personally, I have long since discarded the teachings of my people, and I am in a state of doubt which seriously perplexes me. I have read much and widely on this subject. I find that you white men have not one religion, but many. You are divided into sects, torn by factions. From the teachings of history I would think that the multitude of denominations you support was your greatest safeguard. You know from times past, when a religion becomes too powerful, it becomes also intolerant and persecutions follow. I am loath to accept the Christian theory of the origin of man or his probable destiny. Science teaches us that the human being has existed for millions of years longer than the churches admit we have existed. The idolatry practiced by the Catholic Church repulses me, and yet its stability has strongly appealed to me. You will remember what Macaulay, in reviewing

Ranke's History of the Popes, said of this church. After reviewing its history, its defeats and its triumphs, he added: "And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul." And yet, neither the age of the church nor its stability is conclusive to my mind of its divine origin. I am rather convinced from these facts that it has been governed by a skilful set of men, who were able politicians and financiers, as well as religious enthusiasts. Certainly no Protestant church can lay claim to divine origin. We know too well that the Episcopal Church was founded by an English King, because the Pope of Rome refused him a divorce. Luther quarreled with his church, and broke away from its restraints. Wesley founded the Methodist Church, Calvin the Presbyterian Church. The more I study the religious history of the world, the more I am convinced that religion is founded on fear. The immortal bard, from whom nothing seems to have been hidden, lays down the foundation of all religion in these words from "Hamlet," where he makes the melancholy Dane exclaim:

> "To die—to sleep—
> To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub;
> For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
> When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
> Must give us pause."

"'Do you realize that Ingersoll, by his teachings and denunciations of what he termed the "absurdities of orthodox religious beliefs," has done more toward shaking faith in many church doctrines than any man of this age? And, after all, is not his doctrine a sane one? He says, in effect: "I cannot believe these things. My reason re-

volts at them. They are repugnant to my intellect. I cannot believe that a just God will punish one of his creatures for an honest opinion." He denies that there is such a God as the churches hold out to us. He denies that the world was created in six days; that man was created in the manner described in the Bible, and that woman was created from man's rib. He denies that miracles were ever performed, or that there was any evidence, reliable or authoritative, that they were ever performed. And yet he does not deny the existence of a future life. His doctrine on this point is, "I know only the history of the past and the happenings of the present. I do not know, nor does any man know, anything of the future. Let us hope there is a life beyond the grave."

" 'The old poet, Omar, argues against a future life. You will recall these lines:

> "Strange, is it not, that out of the myriads who
> Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
> Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
> Which to discover we must travel, too."

" 'The churches tell us we must have faith to be saved, but the great minds of the present age are not satisfied, any more than many of the great minds of the past were satisfied, to admit as a matter of faith the whole foundation of the Christian religion.

" 'People want to be shown. They are not willing to rely upon poorly authenticated stories of what occurred several thousand years ago. The question presents itself to us: Is the world better, for its present beliefs, than it formerly was, when religion was a matter of statute? People may not be as religious as they once were, but they are certainly more humane. Women are no longer slaves, chattels, with unfeeling husbands. Slavery itself no longer

exists in any civilized nation. Polygamy is not practiced to the extent that it was in Biblical days. The world progressed as fear ceased to rule the human mind.

"'But pardon me,' he added with infinite grace and a charming wave of his hand, 'you see your question has aroused in me the failing of the pedagogue. I have said more than I had intended.'

"'How do your people,' I asked, 'look upon the material progress of the age?'

"'They are astounded,' he answered. 'Since the Modoc War, many of my people have prospered. You have seen their farms, their houses, and noted their occupations. They are rich in lands and stock and even in money. They have many comforts and even many luxuries in their homes. Some of them have traveled extensively, and they come back filled with awe and admiration with what the white man has done, and is doing. I read the modern press, and many scientific works, and I am satisfied that man will fly in a few years more. Already the automobile is displacing the domestic animals. The telephone was a great triumph of science, next in importance to steam locomotion. But, are your people as happy with your modern methods, your crowded cities, your strenuous existence, as your forefathers were, who led the simple life? And where is this mad scramble, not for wealth alone, not for power but for mere existence, nothing more, that the human race is engaged in, going to end? Can you tell me? Take America, one of the newest civilized lands of the earth, how long will it be before her coal measures are exhausted? Her iron ores exhausted? Her forests will soon be a thing of the past. Already you hear complaints that her fertile lands are not yielding as they once did, and your population is constantly increasing. With coal gone, with iron gone, with

the land poverty-stricken to a point where profitable production of cereals can no longer be had, what is to become of your teeming millions?'

"I assured him I could not answer these questions. That I had asked myself the same things a thousand times, and no answer came to me. I handed the professor another cigar. He lit it. Just then an old Indian woman clad in a calico wrapper, but bareheaded and barefooted, came down the road towards us. She stopped some fifty feet away, and in a shy, low voice, but in good English, she called him. 'Papa, did you catch me a fish for dinner?'

"The professor turned his head, and seeing her, said to me, 'Ah, here is my guardian angel, my wife,' and then to her, holding up his trout, he said, 'Yes, I have it. I am coming now.'

"He arose, held out a dirty hand for me to shake, and in parting, said:

"'My dear sir, you cannot imagine how much I have enjoyed our chance meeting, resulting from your poor pronunciation of two Indian words. When you return to your civilized surroundings, ask yourself, "Are any of this mad throng as happy as the Indian I met at the Killican?"'

"He rejoined his wife, and the aged pair passed into a brush hut beneath some stately pines. I, too, turned toward the wagon which was to carry me back to camp, meditating long and deeply on the remarks of this strolling compound of savagery and education. Environment is largely responsible for man's condition. Here was a man who had acquired considerable knowledge of the world and books, yet he was still a savage in his manner of life and in his habits.

"His manner of talking was forceful and natural, and his command of language remarkable. The ease and

abandon with which he wielded the arguments of those who rail against the existence of a Divine Being would lead one, listening to him, to imagine himself in the lecture-room of some modern university."

The foregoing was published one Sunday morning in the *Los Angeles Times*. When General Otis came down to the Times Office on that day, he cut the article out of the paper, pasted it onto a large sheet of brown paper, fastened it onto the wall, and opposite it wrote with a marking brush the following:

"To the Editorial Staff of the *Los Angeles Times:* I herewith commend to you the article appearing on this page, as a very excellent example of the reportorial art, and also, from start to finish, as an excellent specimen of well-sustained English composition," and signed his name to it. Coming from such a source, I esteemed this act of the General's very highly.

A couple of years after the article was published, I met a man from Klamath Falls who told me that "Professor Lo" was well-known and addicted to excessive exaggeration. That he never taught in the Klamath school. That he had received considerable education and was quite well-read, and that if I had had a bottle of whiskey with me and tendered it to him, he would have been much more loquacious than he was at the time of my interview.

CHAPTER XXVI

NATIVE CALIFORNIA SADDLE AND BRIDLE HORSES. JACQUES FORGUES

NO COUNTRY in the world ever produced saddle or driving horses with more endurance than the native California animals. When interbred with American running and trotting strains they, if anything, improved. There must be something in the climate that contributed to their excellence. They used to tell of a vaquero, in the olden days, who rode his mount from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara in one day. Nick Covarrubias, the son of Jose Maria Covarrubias, grantee of Catalina Island, himself a superb horseman, assured me that this feat was performed not once, but many times.

Col. R. S. Baker and Cy Lyons, his foreman, assured me that they had driven "Old Peggy," a celebrated white mare owned by Col. Baker, from Fort Tejon to Los Angeles, a distance, by the route traveled, of 112 miles, more than once, inside of 12 hours.

Climate and the food of horses grown in this region must have given them great staying powers. When the Americans began to import from the East highly bred sires and dams, their offspring, raised here, possessed wonderful endurance. For example, Lucky Baldwin, with horses bred at Santa Anita, won wonderful victories on the leading running tracks of the United States. Mr. L. J. Rose, with such horses as "Stamboul," "Sultan," and "Sweetheart," made a national reputation and lowered trotting track records wherever his animals appeared.

As an example of the endurance of the ordinary buggy horse—in 1880, Mr. William R. Rowland was sheriff of Los Angeles County. He had a big red roan buggy horse with white splotches on his back and rump. He was long and rangy but powerfully muscled. He was a son of "The Moor," who was the sire of all the leading animals on the Rose stock ranch. One summer morning we left Los Angeles quite early, to drive to Anaheim where he had a summons to serve. He found the party named in the summons and gave him a copy of it. We then went on to Westminster, where we had a sale set for ten o'clock, of a stock of merchandise in a store, under the state insolvency law. Mr. Rowland was assignee in the case. We reached Westminster ahead of time, had our sale at ten o'clock, and Mr. Abe Haas appeared and bid in the property. We then drove on to Santa Ana where, at twelve o'clock, we had a sheriff's sale of another stock of merchandise, and again Mr. Haas was there and bid in the property.

We had our lunch at Santa Ana. Sheriff Rowland had a summons to serve on a party who lived there. On inquiry, we found that he was out at a ranch owned by him three miles from Santa Ana. We drove there, found him at work in a young orange orchard. He was served with the summons and we drove back to Santa Ana. This side trip added six miles to our distance for the day. From Santa Ana we drove back to Anaheim, then north through Fullerton to the mouth of Brea Canyon, hunting a sheep-herder named Jacques Forgues.

Any person, who ever had anything to do with sheep and has been fairly observant, will know that when a sheep is not feeding, and has nothing in its mouth, bleats, it says, "Ba." If the same sheep bleats with its mouth full of grass, it says, "Bla." Jacques Forgues certainly had

the bleat of the feeding sheep down to perfection. When we reached him Mr. Rowland saluted him and said:

"Well, Forgues, how are the sheep?"

"Bla, fine," he replied.

"How long have you had this flock here?"

"Bla, about two weeks."

Mr. Rowland then told him he had a subpoena for him, a copy of which he handed him, commanding him to be in court on a certain day at ten o'clock. As we drove away Rowland said that he had known that fellow a long time and he wondered why he made that noise when he went to talk. I told him that I knew, and I detailed the following experience with him.

In 1875, I had subpenaed Forgues at the trial of a case appealed from the Justice's Court at San Fernando to the County Court, presided over by Judge O'Melveny, the action being one for damages caused to a growing grain crop by a flock of sheep which Forgues was herding near San Fernando. When the case came on Forgues was in court. In time he was called to the stand. The clerk swore him in, he holding up his hand and nodding his head in affirmation of the oath, and the following examination occurred. I asked him:

"What is your name?"

"Bla, Jacques Forgues."

"Where do you reside?"

"Bla, San Fernando."

"What is your occupation?"

"Bla, sheepherder."

At this point Judge O'Melveny, interrupting, said to the witness:

"Mr. Forgues, can you not answer the questions put to you without making that disagreeable noise?"

Forgues fanned the air with his lower jaw, waved his hands in all directions, and replied:

"Wh-wh-when I-I-I d-d-do that I-I-I d-d-do not st-st-st-stutter."

Judge O'Melveny apologized and told him to proceed.

Now, all the books, or many of them, say that stuttering or stammering is caused by attempting to speak with an exhausted lung, that is, a lung without air in it. It seems to me that the "Bla" that Forgues indulged in would have still further taken the air from his lungs, but the expression certainly worked with him.

After bidding him good-bye we came from the mouth of Brea canyon in almost a straight line over the mesa and through what is now Whittier, where there was not a single dwelling, and through the Paso de Bartolo Rancho, or Ranchito, as it was called, which was largely planted to corn. We forded the San Gabriel River, near a point where the cement bridge on Whittier Boulevard has been built. We drove through the Laguna Rancho to the country now known as Boyle Heights, where there were but a few dwellings, crossed the Los Angeles River in the covered bridge at Macy Street, and then crossed over by a side street to Aliso Street. Mr. Rowland had just figured the distance we had traveled during the day at 84 miles. The sun had gone down, but as it was summertime, it was still light. As often happens at that hour of the day, a gentle wind blew from the west. When we were in front of the Philadelphia Brewery, on Aliso Street, a large sheet of brown wrapping paper, carried by the wind, slithered across the street just in front of the horse. He seized the bit and bolted on a dead run, which he kept up some ten blocks to Los Angeles Street, nearly colliding with a Southern Pacific locomotive which stood at the edge of the crossing at Alameda Street. He crossed Los Angeles Street, dashed one block up Commercial to Main Street, crossed it diagonally to Temple, ran up

Temple to New High and went into the livery stable from which we had started out in the morning.

Pretty good for a horse which had hauled two men in a buggy, over natural roads, some of them sandy, 84 miles, in less than 12 hours. The next day Rowland drove that same horse to Pomona, by way of Spadra, and back by way of Azusa, a distance of fully seventy miles.

In the same livery stable where Mr. Rowland kept this horse was a roan pacing horse, named "Toby," who did not weigh 1,000 pounds. He would take two people, in a buggy, to Santa Monica Beach, in one hour.

CHAPTER XXVII

TWO BUGGY HORSES I OWNED. "A ROMANCE OF THE WAR"

AT THE TIME I am writing of, nearly everybody had a good buggy horse or a good driving team. All the farmers, who usually came into Los Angeles on Saturdays, drove good animals and seemed to take pride in them. I owned two remarkable teams, the first one "Bummer" and "Kitty Baker." "Bummer" was so named because he had no pedigree. Mr. F. W. Slaughter, known as "Fin" Slaughter, an old-time Kentuckian, in the early '60's, conducted hydraulic mining on the head-waters of the San Gabriel River and made a very considerable amount of money, although he paid his men as high as $20 per day. The Mojave Indians came up Big Rock Creek, crossed the divide into the San Gabriel Canyon, and in a fight killed two of his men. Slaughter and his other men drove the Indians off, and he concluded to abandon the mines and came out of the canyon.

Out of his accumulated savings, Mr. Slaughter bought quite a large tract of land at Rincon, in San Bernardino County, where he lived until his death. In those days, people used to trek from Texas to Oregon, and others from Oregon to Texas. Quite a band of emigrants, going from Oregon to Texas, pulled into Slaughter's place one night. There were men, women and children, with several wagons, in the party, and they were driving quite a little band of loose horses. They obtained hay and grain for their animals from Slaughter and he gave them milk and butter and eggs for themselves. During the

night, a roan mare gave birth to a horse colt. As the colt could not proceed with them next morning, Slaughter took the mare and colt and gave them a serviceable animal. They did not know the pedigree of the mare or the sire of the colt, as they had traded some agricultural implements for the mare just before leaving Oregon.

On account of his lack of pedigree, Slaughter then and there christened the colt "Bummer." He proved to be a most likely animal and when four years old Slaughter sold him to a drunken shoemaker at Pomona. As told to me, the shoemaker abused the colt frightfully, and one day he was found, where he had been attempting to open a gate, dead, and literally trampled to pulp. The theory is that the exasperated horse, when the drunken shoemaker went to his head to open the gate, knocked him down and trampled upon him. When found, the horse, harnessed to a sulky, was standing not twenty feet away, and he made no attempt to get away.

When "Bummer" was seven years old, he was owned in Los Angeles by Mr. Charles J. Ellis, an attorney at law and quite a horse fancier. Having more animals than he needed, he sold me "Bummer" for $400, and he was the cheapest piece of horse-flesh I ever owned. He was a red roan with dark points, that is, his legs from the knees down, and his nose, were black. Mr. L. J. Rose told me that he was the most perfectly built horse for speed that he ever saw. He contemplated buying him from Ellis for track purposes, but said to himself that he should not buy a horse when he could not possibly train all the colts on his place and had to sell some of them in the raw stage.

"Bummer" had a beautiful carriage, was splendidly built and muscled. As long as I owned him I never touched a whip to him. Mr. Ferguson, who kept a livery

stable nearly opposite the Baker Block, where I stabled my team, told me that the horse did not like a drunken man; that if one of the men who took care of him had been drinking, he seemed to know it, and would express his displeasure by looks and snorting while being groomed.

The other member of the team, "Kitty Baker," came to me in the following manner. Col. R. S. Baker, whose wife owned the Baker Block, and who, with John P. Jones, owned the San Vicente Rancho, had quite a number of animals grazing on that ranch. They were living in the brush during the winter, and Ike Johnson, who had charge of the animals, one day told me that there was one of "Old Peggy's" colts, sired by "Echo," the celebrated breeding stallion of Luther J. Titus, in the band, which was simply going to waste, and that she was so poor she could hardly walk. He suggested to me that I ask Col. Baker to let me take her and break her. Johnson said that Baker would never want her and I would be that much ahead. I spoke to the Colonel about it and he said, "All right," and told Johnson to send her up to me and leave her at Ferguson's stable.

A few days afterwards, in February, Col. Baker and I were standing in front of the entrance to the Baker Block. There was a drizzling rain falling. I saw a vaquero leading a bay mare who, in form and in her every action, showed class and breeding, but she was thin as a rail and did not look as large as a jack-rabbit. The vaquero was looking for Ferguson's stable. I said to Col. Baker:

"Colonel, there is your mare."

He looked at her, turned up his nose and answered: "If that thing came off of my ranch, I don't want it to ever go back there."

That was as good as a bill of sale to me for the mare. I sent her to my place in Alhambra, and she responded to care and feed very rapidly, seemed to grow immediately, and took on very considerable weight. She was no trouble to break, and was just one of the sweetest drivers I ever saw. I already owned "Bummer" and when we moved out to the ranch for the summer I drove the pair of them back and forth. While living in town, in wintertime, very often I was too busy to drive them, and a driver from the stable would take the team and give Mrs. Graves and the children an afternoon ride.

I do not know how fast that team could travel, but one day I was in a surrey with a top to it, and Walter Mabin, L. J. Rose's trainer, hailed me and asked me if I would drive him and a companion down to Agricultural Park, where he was training a number of L. J. Rose's horses. I did so and when we got to the track he asked me to drive in, and said:

"I want you to drive this team a mile. I would like to know how fast they could pull this surrey."

He held the watch, and in a top surrey, with three people in it, I drove them a full mile, without a skip or a break, in 3 minutes and 10 seconds (3:10). Mabin declared it a wonderful performance, and as there were quite a number of large purses offered on various tracks, that year, for double teams, he wanted me to let him take the team and train them for the fall races. He said he would not charge me a cent, and that if I would pay the entrance fees we would divide the winnings.

I had fully made up my mind, and adhered to it, ever since my celebrated poker game with my father, that I would not gamble, and I, in this instance, adhered to it. Furthermore, I needed the team myself. I drove those animals with the greatest pleasure, to both myself and

my wife, for many years. When they began to get old I gave them to friends, so that I knew their lines fell in pleasant places.

When I had had "Kitty Baker" about fifteen months, I heard Col. Baker say one day that he had to drive out to the Laguna Ranch. I volunteered to take him, and asked him if Mrs. Baker would not like to go with us. He went and saw her and then came back and said that she would be glad to go, and that her niece (now Mrs. John T. Gaffey) would go with us. The next afternoon we drove out, Mrs. Baker and her niece sitting on the rear seat of the surrey, and Col. Baker sitting on the front seat with me. Before we returned the Colonel became very enthusiastic about my team, and at one time, speaking of "Kitty," said:

"Where on earth did you get that beautiful well-mannered mare?"

I reminded him that, a little over a year before, he had said that if she came off of his ranch he never wanted her to go back. He replied:

"Well, I made a bad bargain, but I will not go back on it. I think that she is the most beautiful animal that I ever rode behind."

My next team was "Eliza Cook" and "Bob Mason." "Bob Mason" was sired by a horse of the same name, who was a colt of "Echo," the celebrated stallion owned by L. J. Titus, and he had been bred and raised by the same Charles J. Ellis from whom I bought "Bummer." I bought "Bob" from a milkman named Platt, whom I think is still living, now on the San Fernando Ranch.

"Eliza Cook" I acquired in a peculiar manner. My partner, Mr. J. H. Shankland, was looking for a buggy-horse. One morning he said to me:

"Graves, there is just the finest driver I ever saw,

offered for sale here, but she is too rich for my purse. I want to buy a cheaper animal and break it myself."

I told him to have the man bring her around. He telephoned to him, he drove up to the Baker Block, I got in, drove the mare four blocks, and paid him $250 for her, a ridiculously low price, but that was all he asked for her. At that time horse-flesh was very cheap. She was a San Bernardino-bred mare and had a track record of 2:18 as a four-year-old. She was seven years old when I bought her.

Mr. Shankland bought a horse at Santa Paula for $125, paid a horse-trainer $100 for handling him awhile, and a little later gave a man $50 to come to his place and take him out of his barn and get rid of him.

"Eliza" and "Bob" made me fully as good a team as were "Bummer" and "Kitty Baker." "Bob" could trot just as fast as "Eliza" could. It is rather singular that neither of my teams were matched in color. "Bummer" was a red roan and "Kitty Baker" a beautiful bay, while "Eliza Cook" was coal black and "Bob" was bay, but they mated in size, disposition and gait.

I used the latter team until 1907, when I got my first brace of automobiles. Both animals were then getting old, so I gave "Bob" to a son of Mr. Thomas Gooch of Rivera, who was managing the Rosemead Ranch which the Farmers & Merchants Bank had acquired by foreclosure, and he treated the animal as kindly as anybody could have wished.

We kept "Eliza Cook" for the use of George Edmonds, an old colored man who lived with us, and with her he gave the grandchildren buggy rides and went to market and on errands for Mrs. Graves. Finally, her ankles got so weak that they would not sustain her weight, and I had a veterinary chloroform her. I never

owned but one horse after her death. How I acquired him, and what became of him, is best told in a story I wrote for the *Los Angeles Times,* in 1924, entitled:

"A ROMANCE OF THE WAR"

"For some twenty years prior to 1917, there lived with us, at our home in Alhambra, an aged colored man named George Edmonds. He followed us up from Terminal Island, one time, after we had spent the summer there, and, somehow or other, he just stayed with us. He was a typical Tennessee darkey, tall, good-looking; had been a slave; a carpenter by profession; quite handy at general jobs; willing, obedient, and grateful for kind treatment.

"When automobiles came in vogue, I turned over to him one of my buggy animals, 'Eliza Cook,' and he drove her in a buggy, going for the mail and attending to various errands for the family. Finally, 'Eliza Cook' gave out. Her ankles would no longer sustain her weight, and we had a veterinary put her out of her misery. I then bought a good-looking sorrel horse for George, which he used as a substitute for 'Eliza.'

"When the war broke out, my son-in-law, Mr. E. S. Armstrong, went to New Jersey as one of the managers of a large ammunition factory there. My daughter, Mrs. Armstrong, and her children, stayed with us. Two of the children, Kitty and Betty, were small girls at that time. It was their delight to ride in the buggy with old George. He would take them to the post-office and to market, and allow them to drive 'Joe,' the new horse. One morning George died suddenly, without pain, from apoplexy; and he lies buried in our family plot in the San Gabriel Cemetery.

"Having no use for 'Joe,' I wrote to the army officials at Los Angeles, telling them that I had a good horse which

I would be glad to donate to the government. The offer was accepted, and Lieut. James Irvine, who was in charge of the cavalry forces at the Balloon Station at Arcadia, came for 'Joe.' Kitty and Betty, my grandchildren, wept copiously when 'Joe' left us. Frequently, Lieut. Irvine would ride over from the Balloon Station and chat with the children about 'Joe.' He thought a good deal of the horse. Finally, the men under his command went to France, and 'Joe' went with them. For a time, letters came to Kitty and Betty from Lieut. Irvine, about 'Joe' and his war experiences. Then we heard from him no more, and thought he had met the fate of many another brave American.

"What was the astonishment of Mrs. Graves, however, a few days ago, to have a call from Lieut. Irvine, accompanied by a charming French lady, whom he had married, and their little child. He is now vice-president and general manager of the Mexican States line of steamers, English owned, and plying between California points, Mexico and Central America. He informed us that 'Joe' had proved to be a wonderful horse. He simply gloried in the strife of battle. Neither a battery of guns, nor bursting shells, nor scattering shots, nor cannon balls, had the slightest effect upon his nerves, and he came through the strife unscathed.

"Lieut. Irvine was not so fortunate. He was gassed, and at the hospital where he was treated were a French lady and her daughter, nursing the soldiers. The daughter he subsequently married. The mother has a landed estate in France, and 'Joe,' whom we presented to the government, is now in her possession and in honored retirement. He must be now some 14 or 15 years of age. Thousands and thousands of the best blooded horses of Kentucky went over the seas, during the war, and if re-

ports are true, the average life of any horse in the war was two weeks—and yet, 'our Joe' came through safely."

Just to let my readers know that sometimes I got the bitter with the sweet, between the times I owned "Bummer" and "Kitty Baker" and "Eliza Cook" and "Bob Mason," I bought a good-looking team, a bay and a black, well mated, apparently sound, and very good drivers, from a farmer in El Monte. They proved just as big a failure as my other teams were successes. I do not think they had ever had a thing to eat but green alfalfa, and the minute we put them on grain and hay they became as gaunt as greyhounds and looked to be all legs. I gave them to a horse-trainer to put into shape. At the end of two weeks he brought them back to me and said that they were impossible, that he could not do anything with them.

The black horse had a habit of striking his left leg, just below the knee, with the toe of his right foot, and he was constantly lame. I traded him off to Harry Rose, son of L. J. Rose, for a setting of guinea eggs, none of which hatched, and still I thought I was ahead of the game. The bay horse I tried to do something with, but he was beyond redemption as far as service was concerned. One Sunday morning I had prepared to take him out into the orchard and shoot him, and was going to bury him between four orange trees. My partner, Mr. Shankland, happened to drive in, saw me with the horse, a revolver in my hand, and said: "What are you going to do with that horse?" I told him I was going to kill him.

"Oh," he said, "don't kill that nice horse! If you don't want him, give him to me."

I handed him the halter strap, and said, "All right, but I want the halter back." And subsequently I got it. I never did find out what Shankland did with the horse. Every time I would ask him how his horse was getting along, he would say, "Oh, Graves, please don't make me laugh."

CHAPTER XXVIII

IMPORTING SOUTHERN SADDLE HORSES. MY ONLY EXPERIENCE AS A RACE RIDER

IN THE SPRING of 1903, several mutual friends, viz., Judge E. M. Ross, Judge John D. Works, Mr. L. A. Grant, Mr. A. C. Billicke, Mr. William E. Dunn, Mr. R. H. Lacy, Mr. W. D. Woolwine and Mr. Frank P. Flint, and myself, came to the conclusion that we had become too dignified to ride the ordinary California saddle horse, and we determined to import some five-gaited blooded saddle animals from the East. Mr. Carroll Gates of Los Angeles was then engaged in the cattle business at Kansas City. He said that we could get excellent horses there, and as he was going to Kansas City he volunteered to buy them for us.

He engaged the services of Mr. Paul E. Eubank, a very responsible horse-dealer there. As usual, the laboring oar fell to me. Eubank would select a horse, show it to Gates who would wire me that he had such and such an animal, giving breeding, size, etc., and say it would be suitable for so-and-so, mentioning one of the party. I would show the description to the party named, and if he was satisfied I would wire back to Gates to buy the animal. It was not long before he had nine head selected. He picked out for me a horse named "Rex Claibourne." He was a son of "Rex McDonald," one of the most celebrated saddle-horse sires in that section of the country. He was seal-brown, of quite large size, well-muscled, had a beautiful head and splendid carriage. All of the horses were five-gaited.

After their purchase, Eubank had a car specially

fitted up for them and sent them out to us in charge of one of his colored employees named "Clint." Judge Ross's purchase took pneumonia, in New Mexico, and died. When the rest of the horses got here everyone was pleased with the animal purchased for him. They were country-bred animals, tame, thoroughly broken, but had probably never seen either an automobile or a street-car until they went to Kansas City to be loaded onto the Santa Fe freight car. Every one of them was very much afraid of both street-cars and automobiles.

I had gotten "Rex" somewhat accustomed to automobiles. One day I was riding him on Garfield Avenue, near my home, and a friend of mine was in a big Winton car. I asked him to go slowly, while I held "Rex" right up behind the car. As luck would have it, a rear tire exploded, with a frightful noise, in the poor horse's face. He made only one motion and we were going the other way, just as fast as he could run, in less time than it takes to tell it. I have ridden all sorts of mustangs, but I never got just such a jolt as he gave me, and how I retained my seat I do not know. I had to begin all over again with the automobiles, as one could well imagine.

He was equally afraid of the big red electric cars. They were then running on Huntington Drive. I was riding on the south side of that street, just east of Garfield Avenue, when I heard a car coming at a great rate from the direction of Monrovia. I swung "Rex" around so he could see it. As it came opposite us he went off backwards quite rapidly, and ran into a bank of loose earth about four feet high, and toppled over on his side. My left leg was under him. He was floundering around trying to get up, and I saw another car coming from the other direction and I concluded I had better get out of there, so, with face downwards, I was crawling away

from him, my leg being freed by the motion he made in attempting to get up. Just as the outgoing car reached us, he bounded to his feet, went directly over me, and in doing so planted a hind foot between my shoulders. I lay there gasping for breath, and instinctively I put my hand underneath my shirt, on my breast, to see if the bones were protruding. It felt as if they were. For a few minutes I could not get up. "Rex" did not go over thirty feet, and stood there looking at me as if he were sorry. In time I was able to get to my feet, and I walked over and caught him, stood by him a few minutes until I got strength enough to mount him, which I then did and rode him home. Mrs. Graves arranged two or three looking-glasses so that I could see my back. It was black and blue, you might say purple, but among all the colors the print of his hoof was very plainly shown.

I was not able to ride him for about ten days, so I had the man who was taking care of him tie him to a big walnut tree on our place and not over sixty feet from the railroad track, for several hours each day. A good strong rope was used, which was tied around his neck and then through the ring in his halter. At first, he performed at a very lively rate, but he soon settled down and in a short time paid no attention to the cars. He was a brainy horse, and just as soon as he found that neither the automobiles nor the street-cars were going to injure him, he made friends with them and in a very short time my daughters were riding him. At the luncheon table at the California Club, one day, I was detailing the above experiences with "Rex," Judge Ross being present. Some one else said, "Well, this morning I saw Billy Dunn's horse shy at a street-car, and he dashed off down the street, Dunn's feet out of the stirrups and both arms around the horse's neck." Judge Ross, with a merry twinkle in his eye and with mirth in his voice, said:

"I now see that I was very fortunate my horse died."

"Rex" was seven years old when I got him. When I lost my limb in 1913, I gave him to my friend, Col. Geo. S. Patton of San Gabriel, and both he and his daughter used him for a number of years after that. I think all of the members of this party who received one of these horses had quite strenuous times with them until they became used to the street-cars and autos.

When preparing to write this article I remembered that we imported nine horses, but could think of only seven names of the parties. I had taken the file, showing all of the correspondence, payments, and so on, after the transaction was concluded, and put it in a tin box which is in one of the safes in the vault. I went down to get the other two names. If I were at all susceptible to flattery, the very complimentary letters received from the other members of the party, thanking me for the service I had rendered them and congratulating me on the excellence of the animals which each one of them had received, would have completely turned my head. I had forgotten all about them until I looked them over a few days since.

While on the subject of horses, I must relate another incident that occurred in my boyhood days. After the death of my brother and sister, and while we were living at Marysville, in the fall, when harvesting was finished, my mother, my brother and myself would drive to Quincy, Plumas County, to get out of the fall heat. My uncle, James H. Haun, known to everybody as Uncle Jimmie Haun, lived on the north side of the main street, running east and west, in Quincy. He had a farm of several hundred acres, north of this street. He raised splendid timothy and oats. He built a mile track on his property, also stables for stabling horses. All of the valley horses

had to be kept for two or three months, in Quincy, so as to get them used to the high altitude, and Uncle Jimmie leased to their owners stable room, sold them hay and oats, and made considerable money out of it.

One year, when we were there, there were two Missourians, who lived in Colusa County, Mart and Joe Gibson, brothers. Joe Gibson was a huge man, while Mart was much smaller, and they differed a great deal in characteristics. They had a string of horses there, and while they were training them, I used to ride two or three of them every morning. They had a Mexican boy who was to ride their races for them. About a week before the races were to begin, coming in from the track one morning, the Mexican boy's horse shied suddenly and threw him off. He struck his head against a pine tree and was instantly killed. There were no telegraph lines, at that date, leading into Quincy or any place near there. The Gibsons put a man on the stage, next morning, to go to the valley and get them another rider. They figured that he would get back the day before the races began. He did not, however, but returned the second day of the races. They had one horse entered the first day of the races, and they insisted on my riding him. I told them to go and ask my mother's consent, which they did. I overheard the conversation, and she said that I had done so many fool things in my life that it would not hurt me to ride a race.

I was very tall, wiry, heavy for my age, and to get me to anything like weight, they put me into the lightest cotton underwear they could find, with nothing over it, and a pair of thin slippers on my feet. They did not give me either whip or spur. As I mounted my horse I begged them to give me a whip. They said, "No, no. You will not need it." It seems the horse I was to ride was an old

skate, thoroughly trained, and who never took a first heat in his life. He ran true to form in this race. He trailed the other six or eight horses and barely saved his distance. I could not get a bit more speed out of him. To make matters worse, just before we got to the finish line, a little girl, sitting in a buggy with her mother, a little way from the track, clapped her hands and said: "Mama, mama, don't you think that horse would go faster if he saw what was on him?" Naturally, this hurt my pride, and when I got off the horse I vowed I would not ride him. The Gibsons had bought all the pools that had been sold on him prior to the race, and after this first heat he went down to nothing, and they had a man industriously buying pools. They said I must ride him, and finally said they would give me $200 to do so. I told them to go and give the money to my mother, who was on the grand-stand, and they did it. When we were ready to mount again, they threw me up into the saddle again without whip or spurs. I begged for a whip and Joe said, "Never mind, boy, you won't need a whip." And I didn't. Within a hundred yards that old skate had taken the pole and nothing ever headed him again. We won that heat hands down and repeated the third heat the same way. This was the only race I ever rode on a race track and of course I was much gratified that it turned out as it did. The rider whom their agent brought up from the valley rode their horses during the rest of the meet.

At that time Quincy, which was in Plumas County, was one of the most beautiful places I ever laid eyes on. It was in a sort of bowl, with mountains in a circular form to the south. The land sloped to the north into quite a valley, through which Spanish Creek, a tributary of Feather River, ran. There was an opening on the east, leading to Indian Valley, and to the west, through which

all passenger traffic came up from the Sacramento Valley. There were beautiful yellow pine, white pine, spruce and fir trees, of great size, scattered throughout the town, and two small streams ran from the south to the north, through the village. All of the houses were painted white, and after a trip from the valley, turning a sudden bend in the road, and seeing the little village laid out before one, was a delightful scene never to be forgotten.

In 1922, being at Lake Tahoe and the hotel there closing sooner than I anticipated, and having several days more of my vacation, I determined to visit Quincy via Feather River Inn. Some members of my family were with me. It was just fifty-six years since I had seen Quincy. The change was depressing. All of the big, fine trees, scattered throughout the town, had been felled. There were many more buildings, but they were not as well-kept as in the old days. On the road from Quincy to Bidwell's Bar, a distance of some sixty miles, not a new house appeared on either side of the road. All of the old buildings, including the barns and outhouses, were in a state of dilapidation, but the timber along the road had grown enormously. I recognized every bend and every stream en route. About midway between Quincy and Bidwell's Bar, there is a flat lava plain, called Walker's Plain, probably two miles long, varying in width from one hundred yards to several hundred. In driving over it, one makes quite an ascent from the traveled road and a little descent when one leaves the plain. Fifty-six years before, there was not a tree, shrub or vine on Walker's Plain. It was simply a mass of broken black lava, in all sorts of forms. Constant travel had ground some of it down, where the road ran, and at one point, by walking a hundred yards to the western limit of the plain, one got a magnificent view of the Sacramento Valley from Red Bluff to Marysville. Even the Marysville Buttes,

some twenty miles north of that city, could be plainly seen. In 1922, Walker's Plain was covered with pine trees, some of them three feet through, manzanita, and hazel-nut bushes. I got out and walked over to its western rim, but the growth was such that I could not even get a glimpse of the valley. I could not help but wonder why all this growth had occurred in the last fifty-six years and none of it occurred in the thousands of years that preceded them. It is possible that it took a certain time for the lava to sufficiently disintegrate to support vegetable life.

At Bidwell's Bar, sixty-one years ago, and in 1922, there was a suspension bridge over Feather River. In former days it was a toll bridge, but it is now a free bridge. The toll-gate keeper lived on the right-hand side of the road, coming out of the valley, and on the other side of the road he had two immense seedling orange trees then bearing. Mind you, that was sixty-one years ago. On my last trip to Quincy I had paid him one dollar for two oranges to take home to my mother. In 1922, one of these trees was still standing, unkempt, and a pine tree was growing up through the branches. It was taller than the orange tree, and yet the orange tree was full of large-sized fruit.

On my return I wrote to the Board of Supervisors of Butte County, telling them that as they were advertising Butte County as suitable to grow oranges, and the life of an orange tree is not known, here was a tree which, to my knowledge, fifty-six years before the date of my letter, was bearing oranges, and yet it was being allowed to be destroyed by other growths. I suggested that they could have no better advertisement of their county as an orange-growing district than to carefully care for the tree. I never received an answer to my letter.

CHAPTER XXIX

DEBT OF GRATITUDE OWING PIONEERS GEORGE CHAFFEY. GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS

LOS ANGELES COUNTY never can pay its debt of gratitude to the pioneers, to its outstanding early settlers, who did things, and, in time, let the world know the possibilities of the Southland.

Among the native Californians who should be forever honored were Don Manuel Dominguez, Don Antonio Coronel, Pancho Palomares, the Machados, the Lugos, and many others. Among the Americans were Phineas Banning, Don Abel Stearns, Harris Newmark, I. W. Hellman, J. M. Griffith, O. W. Childs, Don David Alexander, Prudent Beaudry, L. J. Rose, L. H. Titus, William Wolfskill, B. D. Wilson, J. De Barth Shorb, B. Dreyfus, Don Mateo Keller, Juan Bernard, A. Langenberger, of Anaheim, Jacob Kuhrts, who hauled freight from Los Angeles to Salt Lake and Butte, Montana; Jotham and Llewellyn Bixby, James Irvine, James McFadden, Kaspare Cohn, Daniel Freeman, Isaac Lankershim, I. N. Van Nuys, George K. and B. F. Porter, and A. T. Currier. Some of them antedate others, in point of time of their arrival here, but they all accomplished things for the good of Los Angeles.

At a later period came Secundo Guasti, who established the largest vineyard in the world, viz., that of the Italian Vineyard Company; E. J. Baldwin, orange and vine grower and the breeder of thoroughbred running horses. Then there were the sheep men, including Marius

Meyer, Miguel Leonis, Domingo Amestoy, the Garniers, and a host of others.

Coming a little later than most of those I have mentioned was Mr. George Chaffey, the father of Mr. Andrew M. Chaffey. He was born in Ontario, Canada, was compelled to leave school on account of ill-health, and when fourteen years of age entered the employ of his uncle, Benjamin Chaffey, a construction engineer. He drank deeply at this fountain of engineering and himself became a most eminent member of the profession. From this employment he tried the steamship business with his father, and was captain of several lake vessels. In 1877, he designed and constructed a lake steamer, "Geneva," which, for her speed, attracted the attention of the engineering world of that period.

In about 1880, he came to California to visit his father, who had migrated here, and settled in Riverside, in 1878, and who was one of the first orange-growers in that county. Delighted with California, Mr. George Chaffey decided to remain here. In 1881, he purchased the Garcia Ranch, a portion of the Cucamonga, where Etiwanda is situated. With his brother, he subdivided these lands, naming the settlement Etiwanda. He brought water from a nearby mountain canyon, put it on these lands, and incorporated the Etiwanda Water Company. He created an innovation in the ownership of water by having it represented by shares of stock in the corporation.

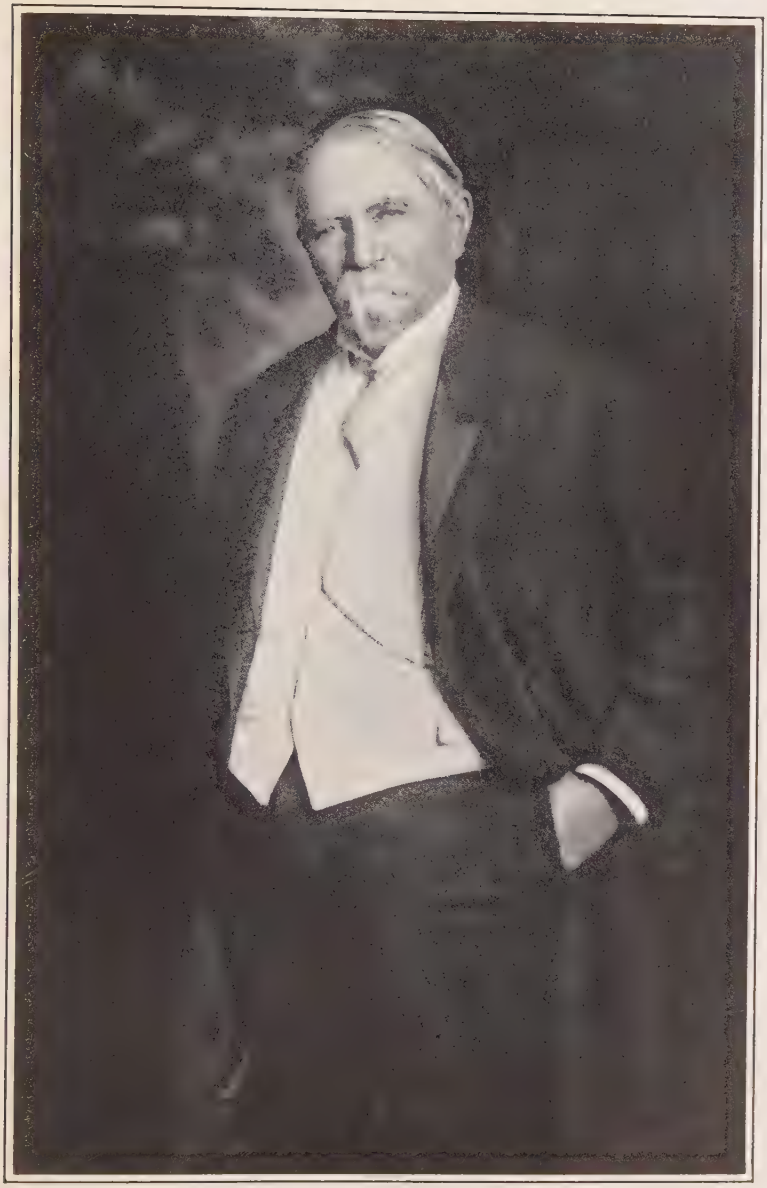
In 1882, he purchased another portion of the Cucamonga Rancho and subdivided his purchase as Ontario. He established a telephone line from Etiwanda to San Bernardino, then the longest telephone line in operation in the world. He laid out Euclid Avenue, in Ontario, planted the trees now growing there, and endowed the

College at Claremont. He ran a tunnel under the bed of San Antonio Canyon, to augment the surface supply of water therefrom. This was the first tunnel of its kind in Southern California. When he deeded the waters he acquired in San Antonio Canyon to the Ontario Water Company, he reserved the right to use the water for electrical power purposes. This was the first reservation of the kind known up to that period. He transferred the right to use this water for power purposes, to the Ontario Power Company, which built a power-house and transmitted power into the Ontario region. Prior to that, he wired his ranch house and lighted it with electricity. This was the first house west of the Rocky Mountains to be lighted with electricity developed by hydro-electric power.

In 1884, we find him president and engineer of the Los Angeles Electric Company, subsequently acquired by the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company. He thus gave to Los Angeles its first electric lighting and power system. He also developed a water supply of large quantity, for Whittier, taking water by wells from the bed of the San Gabriel River at a point a little distance east of El Monte.

He was the pioneer in the development of Imperial Valley, and constructed the first canal which took the waters of the Colorado River into that valley. Seeking new worlds to conquer, he went to Australia, and had wonderful success there in his engineering line and as a colony promoter. He is now eighty years old, living in Los Angeles, in good health but quite deaf.

The reason that Los Angeles has attained her present position is that she has been blessed with pioneers like the men I have mentioned, men of vision, ability and faith in this country. Through their united efforts, more has been accomplished, in agriculture, viticulture and horticulture, with the amount of water developed here, than in any other community in the world.



GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS

Others followed Mr. Chaffey's lead in power development. After a long, hard siege, Mr. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mr. A. C. Balch, Mr. Abe Haas and Mr. Kaspare Cohn, operating as the San Gabriel Light & Power Company, constructed the works of that company in the San Gabriel Canyon, consisting of miles of tunnels and a power-house at the mouth of the canyon, and transmitted power some thirty miles to Los Angeles. This was considered a remarkable achievement. Within a week after that company began to deliver power to Los Angeles, the Southern California Edison Company transmitted power from Mill Creek, in San Bernardino County, to Los Angeles, three times as far as the San Gabriel delivery. The latter company is now bringing power to Los Angeles, hundreds of miles, from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, from a point east of Fresno.

Los Angeles led the way in hydroelectric power development for the entire State of California, which is now honeycombed with transmission power lines, many of them delivering power hundreds of miles from their power stations.

In mentioning pioneers of Los Angeles County, it will not do to overlook Mr. Joseph D. Lynch, Editor of *The Herald,* and Mr. Harrison Gray Otis, who founded *The Times.* Joe Lynch, as he was familiarly known, was a great booster for Los Angeles County. Each day, his paper contained a glowing description of its many attractions and of what was in store for it. He predicted, time and again, that every acre of land in the San Gabriel Valley would some day be worth $1,000. He would be much astonished if he could come back here and find that a great deal of it was selling, in acre lots, suitable for country homes, as high as $25,000 per acre.

No man ever came to this city or county who did more

for it than that honored veteran, General Harrison Gray Otis. He always stood for that which was right, for "liberty under the law." He opposed the exactions of monopolies. He especially fought for the freedom of the individual, for his right to work for whom he pleased, for such a wage as he pleased, without the interference or domination of a labor union walking delegate. He stood also for the freedom of employers. He fought the unions to a standstill, while editors of other whining papers in this city kow-towed to the labor unions and were willing, at all times, to sacrifice the interest of the community to that of the walking delegate. General Otis's course, as far as the unions were concerned, was just, and at the same time, most vigorous. They vented their spleen and hatred upon him by dynamiting the Times Building and murdering in cold blood twenty-one of its employes. The infamous fiends who dynamited the building were brought to justice, and one of them is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary in California. His brother served the term for which he was sentenced and was immediately restored to high rank in labor-unionism, in fact, he remained secretary of one of their organizations, under pay, during his incarceration. He is now under indictment in the East for further crimes committed as a representative of labor-unionism.

It is to be hoped that the people of Los Angeles will never forget the services rendered the community by General Otis and that they will, for all time, revere his memory. Nor must we forget Gen. Otis's loyal friend, Gen. M. H. Sherman and his brother-in-law, Mr. E. P. Clark, who first connected this city with Pasadena and the beaches by electric car-lines. They were pioneers here in electric railway development.

CHAPTER XXX

POLITICAL BOSSES IN LOS ANGELES. EDITED A DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN SHEET

IN 1875, the political boss of the Democratic party in this county was Mr. Thomas D. Mott. He was a benevolent boss, good-looking, kindly disposed, of a genial manner, a most excellent social poker-player, and just deaf enough so that he did not hear anything that he didn't want to hear, and yet with sufficient hearing to hear everything that he did want to hear. He came pretty near controlling the Democratic conventions when they met. I will say this of him, however, he never betrayed his party nor his friends, and he gave us better officials by far than we are getting under the direct primary system.

He was ably assisted by Mr. J. De Barth Shorb of San Gabriel, Mr. Thomas Gooch of Rivera, Mr. W. J. Brodrick and Mr. Andy Ryan, and later on, by that rising young statesman, Mr. John T. Gaffey. Gaffey was, and is yet, a political genius, and a power in the councils of his party. He and Stephen M. White were great friends, and I am glad to say that they not only always worked for the good of the party but for the good of the people of Los Angeles county and of the nation.

At that time, the Republican Party in this county was so insignificant in numbers that it did not need a boss, but in time, as population began to increase, the Republican population increased faster than did the Democratic population, and the boss of the Republican party was Mr. John R. Brierly. Working with him were Mr. Frank A. Gibson, Mr. Edward Bouton, Mr. D. M. Berry from Pasadena, and later on, Mr. G. Wiley Wells of Los Angeles.

It must have been a great surprise to our old friend, Thomas D. Mott, when the Republicans began to elect officials, and it was not so many years before, locally, that the Democrats were entirely ousted as office-holders.

Walter S. Moore, a young man who, with his mother, came to Los Angeles from Philadelphia in the early '70's, became quite prominent in the Republican Party. He was a very expert wire-puller and manipulator. He was a reformer of the type that would have been much admired by the reformers who are now ruling the great State of California. He was nominated for some office, in the Republican convention, and was called upon to ratify the platform. One plank in it was a very violent denunciation of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. It actually laid at the door of this company everything of evil that had happened in the world from the date of the Flood down to the day the convention was held. In addressing the convention, Moore read this section of the platform, announced his allegiance to it, and then said:

"Gentlemen of the Convention: In a moment of weakness, some time ago, I accepted a passenger pass from this unholy monopoly." He reached into his pocket, pulled out the pass, tore it into fragments so small that no one could see a date on it, and threw it on the floor. He said:

"By this act I denounce the monopoly and I pledge myself to do everything that I can to rescue our fair land from the strangle-hold it has upon us."

He proceeded in this way for some time, amid the loud cheering of the delegates. It developed, however, that the pass which he destroyed was one about to expire, and that the renewal of it rested safely in another pocket.

In the county convention held in 1875, after I came here, Mr. Cameron E. Thom, an old-time resident and a good lawyer, was a candidate for nomination for district

attorney, and everybody thought he would be selected by the convention. He was nominated by some of the Democratic spell-binders, in a glowing speech, and the nomination duly seconded. Then a man named Palmer, from Azusa, took the floor. He eulogized Thom to such an extent that everybody thought he was going to also second his nomination. Finally, he told the convention that while he had every respect for Capt. Thom, knew that he would make an excellent official, there was a young man whose name he would present to the convention and whom he hoped, in its wisdom, it would select as the candidate of the party for district attorney. He added:

"I have known the father and mother of this young man from childhood. They were born Democrats, and Rodney M. Hudson, my candidate, was sired by a Democratic father, nursed at the breast of a Democratic mother, and imbibed the true principles of Democracy."

He went on at this rate for half an hour, and his argument was so persuasive that he carried all the county delegates, and, much to the surprise of everybody, when the votes were counted Hudson was nominated. He was elected and made a dismal failure in office.

Judge Anson Brunson had been district attorney of Napa County. He was a very able man and a good lawyer. He had a little red ledger, in which he had written the form of an indictment for every crime known to the statutes up to that time. When Hudson's first grand jury was to meet, he came up and borrowed this book from Brunson. Our firm was employed by a good many of the parties who were indicted, and we were unable to sustain a demurrer to a single indictment, and had to go to trial, but acquitted quite a number of them. When we had gotten through with the trial calendar, Brunson gritted his teeth and said:

"I am not going to practice law against my own indictments."

He had, in his youth, peddled lightning rods in Wisconsin and could climb like a monkey. Hudson's office was in the Temple Block, on the second floor, one floor below ours. One day Brunson watched him go to lunch, and he went into the adjoining office, which was open, crawled out the window, crept along the ledge of the building, entered Hudson's office through a window, recaptured his little book, went out by the office door, which closed with a spring lock, brought the book up to the office and locked it up in our safe.

In a few days Hudson came in, in great distress, and told Brunson that somebody had stolen that red book. Brunson looked at Hudson with great gravity, and said:

"I am astonished, Rodney, that you would be so careless with my property. I haven't anything that I value more highly than I do that book, and now you have lost it."

Then he put his hand on Hudson's shoulder and said: "But, come to think about it, I have a copy of it. I think it is up in my attic at home."

"Have you?" said Hudson. "Let me have it and I will copy such indictments as I need and immediately return it to you."

Brunson went down to Sam Hellman's stationery store, hunted around until he found a book thoroughly shop-worn and discolored with dust, bought it, locked himself up in the library with it, and, in faded ink, copied into it every indictment that he had in the red book; but he left out just enough, from each indictment, to invalidate the same. For instance: if the indictment were to charge that a man had done some act wilfully or feloniously, he would omit the wilfully or feloniously. After

he had copied the book he came back to the office, dug around in dusty corners, blew dust into the book, allowed some cobwebs to protrude from each end of it, and then sent for Hudson, and said:

"There, Hudson, there's your book. It looks pretty bad. Has been kicking around the attic for some time. Now, don't lose it."

The grand jury met and returned something like forty indictments. Demurrers were sustained to each of them. Hudson was very soundly reprimanded by Judge O'Melveny for his carelessness in drawing the indictments. Shortly afterwards, Hudson took S. C. Hubbel, a very good lawyer, into partnership with him and made him a deputy, and between them, after that, they were able to get out indictments that would hold water.

It was a very common practice for the politicians, in the '70's, to buy votes openly at every election held. There used to be an alley-way running through the old Temple Block, where voters were herded, taken out in small quotas, voted at the court house, and then paid off in Jake Philippi's beer saloon, which was in the Temple Block. At the election held during the Tilden-Hayes campaign, some local issues were involved, and a great deal of money was spent on election day. Two men had been working together, like the engine and tender of a locomotive. One of these men would deliver the votes, give the voter a card, with the amount to be paid on it, and then send him to Jake Philippi's, where the other would pay him off. That night, the man who had been delivering the votes, after the polls had closed, took a few more drinks than was good for him, and was about half-shot. He wandered up to Steve White's office, which was Democratic headquarters, on the second floor in the northeast corner of the Temple Block. That evening they were

throwing the returns up against a white cloth, on the Downey Block. Nearly everything was going for Tilden, as the first returns came in. All at once, from some little place in New York, say, Oneonta, came a small majority for Hayes. The crowd was entirely Democratic, and it greeted the anouncement with derisive cheers. Our vote-buying friend was sitting in a chair from which he could see the screen on the Downey Block. He had gone to sleep. The cheering of the crowd woke him up and he asked what had happened. Some one told him that Oneonta had gone six or eight majority for Hayes. He hiccoughed and in a maudlin voice said: "'Nother victory for corruption."

When I arrived in Los Angeles, my parents being Southern people and Democrats, and having been brought up in a Democratic atmosphere, I was a red-hot Democrat. I shouted for "free trade, home rule and hard money," as loudly and as long as ever Thomas H. Benton, from Missouri, could.

There was quite a hot local campaign on, that year, for county officers. Mr. Meyer Newmark was Chairman of the Democratic County Committee. He conceived the idea of issuing a small campaign newspaper. He came to me and offered me $250 if I would take charge of it. I accepted. He paid me $125 in advance. We called it "The Daily Democrat." I wrote all the editorials for it and some one else got up the locals. We got a newspaper hack to get some advertisements for it among the faithful. I have a copy of it yet. I get it out and look at it once in awhile, and it is a wonder some of us did not get assassinated as the result of its publication. The total vote of the county was not much in excess of 3,000 and the Democratic majority that year was about 1,800. We discontinued the paper two days after elec-

tion and I was promptly paid the other $125 for my services. I also received the profuse thanks of the Democratic County Central Committee.

Shortly after that, Mr. Joseph D. Lynch, who was associated with Mr. J. J. Ayres in running the *Evening Express,* took charge of the *Herald,* a Democratic daily. Lynch ran a good paper and was a good booster for Southern California and especially for Los Angeles, city and county. He had an unfortunate habit of too often looking upon the wine when it was red, to such an extent as to incapacitate him for business. I got acquainted with Lynch, used to call at his office after business hours, and wrote articles which he accepted and published. The employes of the paper looked upon me as a sort of fixture in the establishment, and many times, about midnight, when Mr. Lynch had failed to get around, some one would come from the newspaper office to my room, wake me up, and beg me to go down to the office and write an editorial for the morning edition. I always complied. Lynch approved of my strain of Democracy, as expressed in these editorials, and after one was published, the next time we met he would hand me five or ten dollars, according to the condition of his exchequer.

I continued to be an adherent of Democracy until the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, in 1896, when Bryan made his "Cross of Gold" speech, and was nominated for the presidency. During that convention, resolutions were adopted severely condemning Justice E. M. Ross, of the United States District Court, for this district, for having enjoined the striking Southern Pacific employes, in 1893, who were creating a reign of terror in Los Angeles, and also severely condemning Grover Cleveland for sending troops to Chicago to suppress the Haymarket riots. If it had not been for Stephen M. White,

of Los Angeles, and Billy Foote, of San Francisco, who were delegates to the convention, the resolutions would have been much more brutal in terms than they were, when passed. White and Foote could not suppress them, but they succeeded in getting them modified to a semblance of decency. This action of that convention so disgusted me, that right there and then I kissed the Democratic jackass good-bye, embraced Bolivar, and have ever since been riding the elephant. I have never regretted my action.

I was born during the administration of President Fillmore. It is my honest opinion that, since the date of my birth, there have been but three men in the presidential chair of proper presidential timber. They were Lincoln, Cleveland and Coolidge. All the others have been politicians who placed politics above the welfare of the country. Had Samuel J. Tilden been seated, when he was rightfully elected but robbed of the presidency, I could have added a fourth man to my list. The Republican party politicians, by stealing the presidency from a man rightfully elected to it, forever disgraced the party. I have always thought retribution for their part in the steal visited both Garfield and McKinley while they respectively occupied the presidential chair. I know nothing about what happens to us in the next world, nor does anyone else. We can surmise all we please, from what is written in the Scriptures, written we know not by whom, but actual proof of punishment in the future life has never been produced. Many of the statements in the Bible are so incredible, so inconsistent, that many of the churches reject them entirely. Faith alone, not reason, accepts much therein written which has not been discarded. From observation and experience, I am convinced that retribution comes to the evil-doer while he is alive.

The chief points of difference between the Republican

and the Democratic parties, since the termination of the Civil War, outside of the question of reconstruction in the South, has been the tariff. The former party advocates a protective tariff, the latter, free trade. Every time the Democratic party has come into power and reduced the tariff, disaster has overtaken the country. The last example was the Tariff Act, passed immediately after the inauguration of the socialistic-minded Woodrow Wilson. The distressing effects of the Act were immediately felt. Hard times set in. Had it not been for the breaking out of the European War, the panic which would have ensued would have surpassed anything in American history. The war brought to America so much prosperity that our people became wildly extravagant. The stealings throughout the war were vast, almost beyond computation, but as both Democrats and Republicans indulged therein, when the Harding administration came into power, no effort was made to disclose them or punish the guilty.

CHAPTER XXXI

STEPHEN M. WHITE. WHITE AND J. S. CHAPMAN CONTRASTED

STEPHEN M. WHITE was an able and honorable politician. He suffered defeats which would have disheartened a less determined individual than he was.

His father was a candidate for governor, in 1875, on an independent ticket. "Steve" ran for district attorney of Los Angeles County on the same ticket, and was defeated by Rodney Hudson, the Democratic nominee. At the next election White was defeated for the nomination for district attorney by Cameron E. Thom. At the next election he was again defeated for the nomination by Thomas B. Brown. Although he had loyally supported the Democratic ticket at all the elections since 1875, the Democratic politicians remembered that in that year he had run for district attorney on the independent ticket. At the next election he was nominated for district attorney on the Democratic ticket, was elected by a large majority, and was ever afterwards the idol of the party, in Southern California. He made a most admirable official, and was a terror to evil-doers. He was a vigorous and relentless prosecutor, when he was satisfied of the guilt of the defendant, but was willing to temper justice with mercy, when there were serious doubts as to the guilt of the defendant or there were mitigating circumstances which rendered the offense less revolting, or which entitled the defendant to leniency.

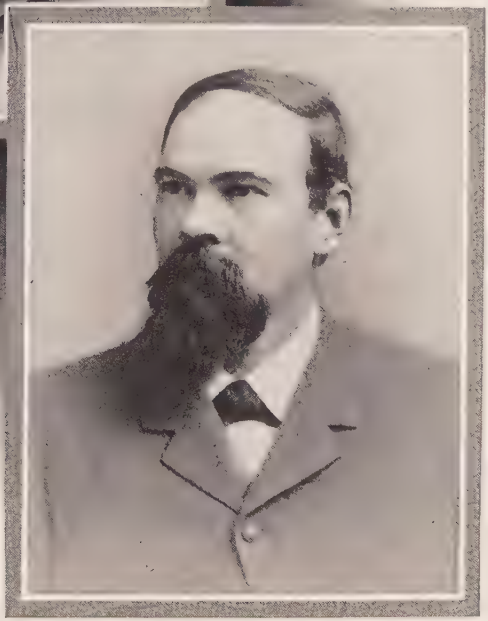
He knew neither fear nor favor in the discharge of his duties. While he and I were warm personal friends,

he would, I am satisfied, if I had committed a crime, have prosecuted me as vigorously as he would a stranger. One of the greatest victories of his legal career was securing a verdict for a girl named Perkins against E. J. Baldwin, for $75,000, for seduction. The attorney for the defendant, G. Wiley Wells, quite unprofessionally, made a settlement with the plaintiff, without White's knowledge or consent, for the paltry sum of $14,000. The first White knew about it was the filing in the case of the full satisfaction of judgment, executed by the plaintiff, and the recording in the Recorder's Office of the said document, accompanied by a release in full of Baldwin. It is doubtful whether White ever got a dollar for his services.

Stephen M. White's election to the United States Senate by the legislature of California was a personal triumph and in the face of the most violent opposition of the professional politicians and wire-pullers of the state Democratic machine. In the senate he was, more than any other man, responsible for the location of the government harbor at San Pedro. He often told me that Collis P. Huntington was the shrewdest, most persistent and remarkable man that he ever met. While White was fighting him as hard as he was able to, on the Harbor question, Huntington never lost his temper, never showed resentment, but always met White amiably and with every evidence of affection. When the fight was over, he shook hands with White, congratulated him, told him he liked his kind of a fighter, but that he still thought that White was wrong in advocating San Pedro over Santa Monica.

In an address before the Los Angeles Bar Association, made by me in 1910, I drew a contrast between Stephen M. White and John S. Chapman, as follows:

"My friends, I have already trespassed upon your time and patience. While much could yet be said on this subject, I must desist. But I cannot leave you without paying a slight tribute to the memory of two of my closest friends, each an intellectual giant—John S. Chapman and Stephen M. White, lately of the Los Angeles bar. I was thrown into intimate contact with both of these men for many years. While in some respects alike, in others they were utterly dissimilar. They were alike in the simplicity of their lives and characters. They never realized their greatness. They were alike in that each of them had completely mastered the great fundamental principles of all law and of all justice. They differed in temperament. White was cheerful in demeanor, hopeful, and always confident. Chapman, gloomy, despondent and fearful of results. Chapman shrank from, White sought, the applause of clamoring multitudes. They differed in the manner in which they applied their vast knowledge of the law to the practical affairs of men. Chapman acquired his legal knowledge by slow processes and the hardest kind of work. White acquired his intuitively, but he rounded out his knowledge of it by close and earnest application. Chapman was the profoundest, White the most versatile, lawyer I ever met. They were associated together in much important litigation. Chapman profited by the spur of White's more active mentality, White by Chapman's closer reasoning powers and more cautious mental analysis of legal conditions governing the subject under investigation. Chapman was the clearer and deeper thinker, White the more aggressive advocate. White was the past master of invective, Chapman of persuasion. To win a jury, Chapman would not stoop to any of the tricks of the demagogue. White would, but always moved by honest impulses. Chapman enveloped a jury,



STEPHEN M. WHITE J. S. CHAPMAN

just as the rising tide on a peaceful summer sea envelops the rocks on the shore-line—slowly, surely, without noise, without tumult. White carried all before him, with irresistible assault, just as the mountain stream, swollen to undue proportions by torrential rains, sweeps everything before it to destruction. Chapman relied upon a calm and dignified appeal to reason; White took a short cut by an appeal to passion. White conquered by the force of his will, Chapman by the power of his intellect. They achieved the same result by different processes. They traversed the profoundest depths of the realms of thought by routes unknown to other men. They laid the foundation for many victories by burning the midnight oil, while others slept or spent the priceless hours in thoughtless idleness. We are all better for having known these men. They have preceded us to that mysterious shore we know naught of, Chapman dying from long-continued mental drudgery and the mental and physical slavery he had unconsciously yielded to and could not shake off. White died a victim of an unquenchable ambition, under the stimulus of which he destroyed his health and wrecked his life. They have left us the living memory of two kindly, gentle spirits who sprang from the people, raised themselves, through industry and ability, to positions at the bar that any man, in any land, or in any age, could well have envied them.

"Contemplating the achievements of these two men, we must conclude that the human race is still progressing and advancing in intellectual development. I rejoice that these men were my friends, that I had their respect and confidence, and that they loved and trusted me."

CHAPTER XXXII

CALIFORNIA'S ERRATIC POLITICAL RECORD

CALIFORNIA has always been an erratic state politically. She espoused the Union cause, during the Civil War, largely through the efforts of Reverend Thomas Starr King, a Unitarian minister of San Francisco. (Politicians, led by ex-Senator Phelan, are, nevertheless, seeking to have his bust in the Hall of Fame at Washington replaced by that of General Fremont. The effort so far has failed. The Governor of California has signed a bill naming Serra and King, for the honor.)

In 1849, the first man to be elected governor of the state was Peter H. Burnett, a Democrat. For a time, elections for governor came every year. In 1850, John H. McDougall, also a Democrat, was elected to succeed Burnett. In 1851, John Bigler, Democrat, was elected governor and re-elected in 1853. In 1855, J. Nealey Johnson, of the Know-Nothing Party, was made governor. He was followed, in 1857, by John B. Weller, a Democrat. In 1859, Milton S. Latham, also a Democrat, was elected governor. He was promoted to the United States Senate, when the legislature met, and John G. Downey, of Los Angeles, who had been elected lieutenant-governor at the same time that Latham was elected governor, served out Latham's unexpired term. He made a great reputation by vetoing the Bulkhead Bill, but was defeated for re-election in 1861 by Leland Stanford, a Republican. In 1863, Frederick C. Lowe, a Republican, was elected to succeed Stanford. In 1867, Henry H. Haight, a sterling Democrat, was elected governor. Al-

though he made a most admirable official, he was, in 1871, defeated for re-election by Newton Booth, a Republican, who ran, however, on what was termed the "Dolly Varden" ticket. He was not considered regular by the leaders of the Republican Party. Newton Booth was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature, and Romualdo Pacheco, a Republican, who was lieutenant-governor, served out Booth's term. Newton Booth was a merchant of Sacramento, a man of very scholarly attainments, and an excellent and forcible speaker.

William Irwin, a Democrat, was elected governor in 1875, and in 1879, George C. Perkins, a Republican, succeeded him. After serving his term as governor, Perkins was elected to the United States Senate and served there, with credit to himself and the state, longer than any other man ever served in the senate from California. In 1883, George Stoneman, of Los Angeles, a Democrat, with a creditable Civil War record, was elected governor.

As an exhibition of inconsistency in California politics, Governor Stoneman, during his administration, nominated Leland Stanford as a Regent of the University of California. The legislature, then in session, rejected the nomination with scorn and derision. The next legislature elected Stanford to the United States Senate. Had the appointment of Stanford, as a Regent of the University of California, been approved, the vast endowment which he left to Stanford University would probably have gone to the University of California.

Washington Bartlett, also a Democrat, succeeded Stoneman in 1887. He died before his inauguration, and Robert W. Waterman, a Republican, who was elected lieutenant-governor at the same time Bartlett was elected governor, served out Bartlett's term. H. H. Markham, of Pasadena, a Republican, was elected governor in 1890,

and in 1894, a Democrat, James H. Budd, was elected to succeed him.

In 1899, Henry T. Gage, of Los Angeles, a Republican, became governor. In 1902, George C. Pardee, a Republican, somewhat off color, was elected to succeed Gage. Then in 1906, James N. Gillette, a lawyer of Humboldt County, was elected governor.

In 1910, Hiram Johnson, styling himself a Progressive, was elected on the false and hypocritical slogan that he had "kicked the Southern Pacific Railroad out of politics." The truth of the matter is that prior to the time that Johnson opened his campaign, Judge Lovett, president of the Southern Pacific, had announced in magazine articles that the business of the road was railroading, and not politics, and that he had forbidden all the officers and employes of the road from taking part in political affairs. This left both parties in California disorganized. The leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties were largely railroad officials. There was no one to oppose Johnson and he won, as it were, by default.

He gave us the direct primary, the referendum and the recall, under which political matters in California have been disturbed as they never were before. The demoralization of the supreme court is complete. Under the system, the judges are constantly being changed before they thoroughly get into the work of the court. When the legislature elected Newton Booth to the senate, the next legislature of the state enacted a statute making a governor of the state ineligible as a candidate for the senate. Johnson, desiring to go to the senate, had a subservient legislature repeal this provision of the statute making the governor ineligible for the senate, and in 1916, while still governor, he was elected to the senate as a Republican, which he was not, and never has been since

he has been in the senate, although he was again elected to the senate in 1920 as a member of the Republican party. He is now a candidate for a third senatorial term. He should be defeated for many reasons, the main one being his inefficiency, and that he is not now, and never has been, loyal to California. He was never elected by the loyal Republican voters, but by yellow dogs in the party, gangsters in both parties, and the socialist, anarchist, and labor-union elements.

W. D. Stephens, an off-color Republican, was elected lieutenant-governor with Johnson, and occupied that position when Johnson was elected to the senate. He served out the unexpired term of Johnson and was re-elected governor in 1918. He was succeeded in 1922 by Friend W. Richardson, an anti-Johnsonite, who was elected governor, as a Republican, in 1922. He made an excellent official and was defeated for re-election, in 1926, by C. C. Young, a Johnson follower, claiming to be a Republican.

Under the latter, all of the gangsters trained by Johnson during his first administration as governor, are again in office, with salaries increased and new offices created for political favorites to fill. The Young administration promises to be the most reckless and extravagant the state has ever had.

Young's election was made possible by the fact that Johnson, Superintendent of Banks under Richardson, surrendered himself to two or three banks in Los Angeles City. He gave them all they asked for in the way of branches and extensions. He denied the Bank of Italy the same privileges. This allied Giannini, the Bank of Italy and all of its friends, and all those whom Giannini could control, with the Young candidacy, and elected him. After his inauguration Young appointed former Superintendent of Public Instruction, Wood, Bank Commissioner,

and he immediately gave the Bank of Italy everything it asked for, and had not gotten from the former bank commissioner. It was not very grateful of Giannini to almost immediately thereafter transfer his bank and its branches from the state system to the national system.

From what has been written it will be seen that California, counting the persons who were elected lieutenant-governor who have occupied the gubernatorial chair, has had twenty-five governors, one of whom belonged to the Know-Nothing Party, nine of whom were Democrats and fifteen Republicans. Some of the latter only belonged to that party in name and not in principles. Southern California has not fared so badly in governors, as six out of the twenty-five have come from this section.

California has been equally erratic in the selection of her congressmen and United States senators. She should have taken a lesson from the little State of Nevada, which kept John P. Jones its senator just as long as he would accept the office. Most of California's congressmen and senators have been one-termers. A man, unless he is of stupendous ability, like Steve White, cannot accomplish much in the senate in a six-year term.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MY ADMISSION TO THE BAR. FIRST PARTNERSHIP

COMING back to the law—I was examined for admission to the bar by the justices of the Supreme Court of the State of California, in open court, in San Francisco, on January 10th, 1876. There were ten or twelve applicants in the class, including Judge R. M. Widney, who must have been fifty-two years of age, and who had served a term as judge of the district court of the seventeenth judicial district of the State of California, which embraced Los Angeles County. I was personally and quite intimately acquainted with all of the justices of the court. Justice Crockett examined us. After a few preliminary questions, when he came to me, on the next round, he said:

"Mr. Graves, suppose my brother McKinistry (he was sitting next to him) had given me a note for $20,000, secured by a mortgage on real property; that the note was overdue as to principal and some of the interest, and although payment had been demanded, it had not been met. Suppose I handed you this note and mortgage, and asked you to foreclose it—now, tell us, how you would proceed?"

He could not have put to me a question with which I was more familiar. I answered him in effect as follows: I would immediately have the abstract upon which the loan was made continued, by a competent searcher of records, from the time the mortgage was recorded. Here Judge McKinistry asked me, "Why would you do that?"

I answered, "Because if you had encumbered the property, in any manner, since you made the mortgage, or had not paid your taxes, I would want to know that fact before filing complaint."

He then said, "You do not suppose I would do that, do you?" I told him that as Judge Crockett had employed me to foreclose the mortgage, I could not deal in suppositions; that it was my duty to give Judge Crockett, or whoever purchased the property at the sale, a title to the property free of all encumbrances; that to do that, I had to make every one who had any interest in the property, subject to the mortgage, a party to the suit to foreclose, or wipe out such interests. I then detailed each step I would take, including the filing of a lis pendens, when suit was brought, until I could secure a foreclosure decree, adding that I would then get from the clerk a writ of enforcement of the decree and give it to the sheriff and tell him to advertise the property for sale for the required time. I would then consult Judge Crockett as to the amount he wanted me to bid on the property, if there were no other bidders, and follow his instructions, and after the sale, would deliver to Judge Crockett the sheriff's certificate of sale; and I would also consider it my duty to keep track of the matter and at the end of the period of redemption secure from the judge his certificate of sale and apply to the sheriff for a sheriff's deed of the property. I added, that when that deed was recorded, my services would be ended.

Judge McKinistry then said: "Haven't you forgotten something?" I replied that I did not think so. Then he said, "You did not present your bill." I told him that the collection of my fee was no part of my duties in securing the judge a good title to the property. Nothing further was said and they did not ask me another question.

When the examination was concluded we were told to come back next day at 11 o'clock and the announcement would be made as to who were admitted.

There was a young man in the class about my age, Mr. William Shipsey, of San Luis Obispo, with whom I had attended college. He rose, and addressing the court, said: "If your Honors please, I live at San Luis Obispo. I have a case set for trial there and I must leave the city tonight, in order to reach San Luis Obispo in time for the trial. Could I pay the clerk my admission fee and have him administer the oath to me before I go?" Chief Justice Wallace, with great unction, replied, "You can make any arrangement you please, sir, with the clerk." The justices then rose and went to their chambers.

The next day all of us except Shipsey were in our seats at the appointed hour and Justice Wallace read the list of those who were admitted. Shipsey was the only one not admitted. He was a good lawyer and passed an excellent examination, as good as anyone in the class. I suppose his oath of office, taken before the order admitting him was made, would be valid. I imagine the court punished him for suggesting so irregular a procedure. Subsequently, he was again examined and admitted. He was a respected citizen of San Luis Obispo, practicing law there from that time until a few years ago, when he died. Judge Widney and myself are the sole survivors of the class.

Before I went to San Francisco for this examination, Eastman had entrusted to me quite a number of matters to attend to. After my admission I sent him a wire which he long exhibited as an example of laconic information:

> "Admitted. Interviewed Mrs. Blank. Saw McAllister. Collected Simmons note. Got eggs. Bought law books. Can't find Perkins. Home Friday."

When I went to the office on my return to Los Angeles, my employers surprised me by laying before me a partnership agreement in the following words:

"We, the undersigned, hereby form a partnership for the practice of law at Los Angeles, expenses and earnings to be divided as follows: Anson Brunson, 2/5; James G. Eastman, 2/5; J. A. Graves, 1/5." We all signed it on the 17th day of January, 1876. Somewhere among my effects I have that agreement, but I can see it just as plainly as if it were before me. Before the sun went down I telegraphed my mother the good news. The partnership was wholly unexpected to me. I had, however, anticipated a raise in salary. As soon as the partnership was announced, I was the recipient of many congratulations, and among others a very warm letter from Chief Justice Wallace and Justice McKinistry.

Mr. E. F. Spence, of the Commercial Bank, gave me what proved to be prophetic advice. He said: "Stick close to the business. Make friends of all the clients of the firm. Neither of these men is going to last long. Keep your skirts free from scandal, and you will come out all right in the end."

While both Brunson and Eastman were dissipated men, not too careful of legal ethics, cynical in the extreme, and had little affection for any human being, they always treated me well. Their advice, if not their example, to me was always good.

The new firm did an excellent and constantly growing business. Temple and Workman, owning the Temple & Workman Bank, had just made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors to Daniel Freeman and E. F. Spence. Our firm were attorneys for the assignees. This business involved an immense amount of labor, most of which fell on me. We were also attorneys for Col. R.

ANSON BRUNSON

J. G. EASTMAN

J. A. GRAVES

S. Baker and Mr. John P. Jones, and for a great many business men.

The squatter troubles broke out in what is now Orange County. The trustees of the Abel Stearns Ranchos, Alfred Robinson and E. B. Polhemus, Mr. James Irvine, owner of the San Joaquin ranch, and Mr. James McFadden, whose lands were raided by the squatters, all employed us in those cases. We brought a great many suits against the squatters and won all of them.

H. H. Harmon, the court reporter whom I met within the first hour I was in Los Angeles, in a very short time afterwards resigned as reporter and went to farming in Orange County. He left in our office an old Remington typewriter, one of the first models. All of the letters on it were alike, a species of semi-capitals. I went to using it and soon became very proficient on it. And well for me that I was! I could never have done with a pen what I accomplished on that old machine. When I inform my readers that, not counting cases in the justice's court, the federal court and district courts outside of Los Angeles County, the firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves, between January 17th, 1876, and January first, 1878, appeared either for plaintiff or defendant in one hundred and sixty-eight cases, and that I either drew or copied, on that machine, every complaint or answer, and every other document filed in those cases, you can readily understand that I turned out a vast amount of work. Then there were contracts innumerable, opinions on titles scribbled off by either Brunson or Eastman, and copied by me, of course always making several copies by the use of carbon sheets. I prepared dozens of briefs, bills of exceptions, statements on motion for new trial and notices of appeal. Of course, one hundred and sixty-eight suits, during that length of time, would not be extraordinary today, but

you must remember that the population of Los Angeles was then less than 10,000. I also copied briefs for the printer, read proof and, in fact, did as much as four clerks would have done had they all been using pens.

It was a great experience for me. When I got to practicing for myself, I never had any use for a form book. There was never an instrument which I had to draw that I could not draw without a form book. My faculty for doing this astonished Mr. James H. Shankland when he joined Graves & O'Melveny, the firm being Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland. He used to tell our stenographers to make an extra copy for him of everything I dictated. He put these copies in scrap-books, each instrument properly indexed as to its nature. Mr. Jefferson P. Chandler, his son-in-law, and a prominent attorney here, tells me that he has these form books and frequently uses them.

I followed Judge Brunson for brevity, leaving out much useless verbiage brought down from the days of English chancery practice, and always tried to express what was to be done briefly, and as clearly as possible. Of course, the firm made money. My partners spent their share of it like water. I confess that I spent more than I should, and yet I saved something besides helping my parents.

CHAPTER XXXIV

PEOPLE VS. WONG CHEW SHUT

I NEVER had much experience with criminal cases. One, that of Wong Chew Shut, satisfied me. He was indicted for killing Yo Hing, a Chinese contractor who furnished the railroad with men and provided the men with provisions. He was a huge man, not so tall, but thick, heavy, while not fat. He was built something like, as I imagine from the description of him, was Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables." He had extremely long arms, and a voice that fairly rumbled when he talked. He was killed on a public street in Chinatown. He had received two strokes from a Chinese cleaver, which was thicker at the point than at the heel. One cut was in front of the ear and one behind it. The wider portion of each cut, each of which penetrated the brain, was toward the other. Mortally stricken, Yo Hing lived long enough to say that Wong Chew Shut struck him.

General Volney E. Howard defended him on his first trial. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and Judge Sepulveda sentenced him to the state prison for life. Friends of the defendant came to our firm and paid us a fee of $2,500 to prosecute a motion for a new trial, and agreed that if a new trial was granted they would pay us $2,500 more. We made the motion on the minutes of the court and, after argument, it was denied. The court granted us a certificate of probable cause, so that the defendant, pending an appeal, remained in the county jail. Brunson told me to get up a bill of exceptions. I applied to the court reporter to write up the

testimony given at the trial, which was quite brief. Two witnesses swore that they saw Wong Chew Shut strike the blows. Yo Hing's dying confession was introduced, and plaintiff rested. Three or four Chinese witnesses swore that Wong Chew Shut was across the street from the murdered man and that two other Chinamen struck him and ran away.

In a few days the reporter brought in the transcript of the testimony. I looked it over one morning and had just finished it when Judge Brunson came in. I told him, rather excitedly, that the testimony did not show that anybody had been killed. He cautioned me not to "shout it from the house-tops," looked the transcript over, and then told me, in making the bill of exceptions, to insert the transcript bodily, not to digest it. I did so, then put in the instructions, and Brunson assigned the errors upon which he relied, which were simply that there was not sufficient evidence to justify the verdict and that the court had erred in certain instructions. I added a stipulation that the bill of exceptions was correct, signed it for our firm, and Brunson took it to Rodney Hudson, who was district attorney. Hudson laughed at him for wasting good time on that case. He looked at the bill, saw that it contained Harmon's transcript of the testimony, and certified to its being correct, and thereupon Judge Sepulveda, without reading it, certified the bill to be correct, at the same time laughing at me for wasting my time on such a case. I told him that the Chinaman's money looked very good to me.

The case came up for hearing at the next term of the supreme court in Sacramento. Judge Brunson was there and argued the case. He arose and said:

"We confidently rely upon a reversal of this case, for the reason that, nowhere in the record, is it shown that anybody was killed by our client or anybody else."

Chief Justice Wallace turned to Attorney General Joe Hamilton, an old Democratic war-horse from Placerville, and asked him what he had to say to it. Hamilton had not looked at the record. He floundered around, turning every page of the bill of exceptions, and said that Judge Brunson must be mistaken. Judge Wallace, with humor in his eye and in his voice, remarked that if General Hamilton had not had time to examine the record, he would continue the hearing until 2 p.m., to give him an opportunity to do so. At that time, the Attorney General admitted to the court that Judge Brunson was right, the court took the case under advisement and a few days afterwards rendered a decree reversing the case and remanding it for new trial.

On January 1st, 1878, I had withdrawn from the firm voluntarily, but at the earnest solicitation of both Brunson and Eastman, I agreed to remain with them until the following June, on a salary which I fixed. There were certain matters upon which they wanted my assistance in closing up. The Chinamen immediately paid us the additional $2,500. When a new trial was granted, Brunson & Eastman then made some new arrangements with them, the particulars of which I was not acquainted with.

The District Attorney and Judge Sepulveda were greatly peeved at the reversal of the case. After the remittitur came down, which, for some reason or other, did not happen until May 6th, 1878, the case was set for trial on May 23rd. Eastman said we could not, under any circumstances, acquit the Chinaman in the end, and that that was a good case for me to practice on. On May 23rd, Judge Brunson and I were in court, but the laboring oar fell to me. I had studied the case and de-

veloped a theory that two men did the killing; that one man could not have struck both blows standing in front of the decedent. We had the coroner exhume the body, cut off the head, boil the flesh off and bring the skull into court. It showed two cuts, one in front and one in the rear of the ear. Dr. J. S. Orme and Dr. Charles C. Borden had made the autopsy and prepared the skull under an order of the court. They and Dr. W. W. Ross all testified, and they bore out my theory that two men did the killing, and when all the testimony was in, I argued the case, for the defendant, the first jury argument I ever made. The jury disagreed. Judge Sepulveda was madder than ever, and he then set the case for May 30th, only a day or two off. We again tried the case on the same testimony introduced at the last trial. The jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, but recommended a sentence of life imprisonment. When the verdict was rendered, the defendant pulled my sleeve and asked me what the verdict was. I told him. He fainted and crumpled up in his chair. I was absolutely convinced in my own mind that he was innocent, and I felt very badly over the result. After he was sentenced I went to see him in the jail. He was much discouraged, was suffering from consumption, said his money was exhausted and his friends would not assist him further.

On the way to the state prison, the defendant confessed that he was guilty, that he alone had done the killing. I was right in my theory as to how the blows were struck, as he said that he first hit Yo Hing from behind, Hing whirled around, then he struck him facing him, making the wounds as I have described them.

When I told Brunson and Eastman of the confession, Eastman, with a leer at me, said:

"When we were fixing fees, my boy, you thought we

were bearing down pretty hard on those scoundrels. I guess now you wish we had fixed the fees at a larger sum."

Wong Chew Shut, on the showing that he was dying of consumption, was pardoned by Governor George Stoneman on condition that he be sent to his friends in China, which was accordingly done.

Two other cases, those of the People vs. Waller and the People vs. Parker, were both tried by Brunson and Eastman, the first in the latter part of January, 1878, and the latter in March of the same year, and are worth mentioning.

Baker and Jones owned all the land at Santa Monica, down to low-water mark. People were continually squatting upon this land. Waller was the keeper of the company's bath-house. A carpenter, named Fonck, an excitable German, started to erect a bath-house just north of the company's bath-house, for Mrs. Doria Jones, of this city. Waller, who, at the time, was standing on the porch of the bath-house, ordered Fonck off. Fonck threatened Waller with his hammer and swore at him vigorously. A son of Waller's, who was shooting sandpipers on the beach with a muzzle-loading shotgun, loaded with pieces of lead-pipe, cut into slugs, instead of shot, was passing. Waller called to him and he passed the gun to his father. Fonck was still abusing Waller and threatening him with the hammer. Waller cocked the gun. He had had a felon on his thumb and had lost the bone in the last joint of it. As Fonck had quieted down and agreed to remove the timber from the lot, Waller attempted to let down the hammer of the gun. His thumb, minus the bone in the last joint, would not hold the hammer. The gun was discharged, hitting Fonck in the ankle and breaking the bone. His companions carried him up the bluff, to a grocery store. A sack of meal was cut

open, the bleeding ankle thrust into it and more meal poured over it, while a man was hustled off on horseback to Los Angeles, to get Dr. Joseph Kurtz. Necessarily, some hours elapsed before the doctor arrived. In the meantime, the meal had stopped the flow of blood and Fonck was resting comfortably. All hands, including the injured man, drank considerable beer. After a time some one suggested that they hose off the meal and see how the leg was getting along. They carried Fonck to a grass-plot, turned the hose on the injured limb, a severe hemorrhage set in, and just before Dr. Kurtz arrived, Fonck died from loss of blood.

Both Waller and Parker, who was the superintendent of the Santa Monica Land Company which owned the bath-house, were indicted. Waller was tried, told his story to the jury and was convicted of involuntary manslaughter, and imprisoned for one year in the state prison. Each of the jurors signed a petition to the court asking leniency for the defendant. During the trial, and before the grand jury which indicted the defendants, a witness named Suits swore that he had heard Parker tell Waller to keep people off the beach if he had to do it with a shotgun. After the Waller trial, Eastman persuaded Suits to take a trip to Lower California, so as not to be here when Parker was tried. The trial was postponed on account of Suits's absence, and Suits did not stay there as long as he was expected to. Col. Baker and Eastman were indicted for conspiracy. They both plead guilty and Eastman made an eloquent plea for the exoneration of Baker and took the blame upon himself. Eastman was fined $1,000 and Col. Baker $600, both of which were paid.

Parker's case was heard on March 1st, 1878. The newspapers made a great outcry over the matter, de-

nouncing the Santa Monica Land Company, Jones, Baker, and the firm of Brunson & Eastman, and the public was greatly excited. Parker was not within three miles of the beach when Fonck was shot. He was convicted of murder in the second degree. There never was a greater legal outrage perpetrated by a jury. If Parker was guilty of murder in the second degree, Waller should undoubtedly have been hung. If Waller was only guilty of involuntary manslaughter, Parker was not guilty of anything.

Parker was a quiet, inoffensive, well-educated, Christian gentleman. He was sentenced to imprisonment in the state prison for two years. Motion for new trial was made and certificate of probable cause granted. Parker took to his bed and before the bill of exceptions was prepared died of disgrace and a broken heart. His wife, shortly after the funeral, was taken ill, and in three weeks she had followed her husband, in "the sleep that knows no waking."

Then and there, I vowed never again to have anything to do with a criminal case, and as long as I practiced law I kept that vow.

CHAPTER XXXV

DOWNFALL OF JAMES G. EASTMAN. PRACTICING ON MY OWN ACCOUNT. EARLY EXPERIENCES. REMINISCENCES OF J. S. CHAPMAN. ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST ABSTRACT COMPANY

THE incidents related in the last chapter completed the ruin, already begun, of Eastman. On June first, I moved into my own office in the Strelitz Block, a three-story brick building on the east side of Spring Street, nearly opposite Franklin. After I had furnished it, paid for the California reports, California statutes, the codes and some necessary text-books, I had $1,680 in bank. I used to calculate how long it would be before I starved to death. I did not look upon the clients of Brunson, Eastman & Graves as my clients, but as soon as I announced through the papers that I was alone, they began to come to me, and much to my surprise I made $400 in the first month after opening my office.

Shortly afterwards, Brunson & Eastman dissolved. Eastman kept the old office, then also in the Strelitz Block, and the post-office box. Brunson formed a partnership with Col. G. Wiley Wells, who had a very excellent influence over him. Later on he was elected a judge of the superior court of Los Angeles County. After serving on the bench, with credit to himself and satisfaction to attorneys and clients, he resigned and became the attorney of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company. After some years he left that position, I never knew why, and went to Honolulu, but not meeting with

success there, he returned to Los Angeles and went to San Bernardino to follow his profession, and in a short time thereafter, died.

Eastman formed a new connection with Salisbury Haley, John Robarts and A. J. King. Things went from bad to worse with him. Finally, his wife, in self-defense, had to leave him, taking their only daughter with her. He took up with a Spanish woman who had some means, and who was undoubtedly kind to him until she had to dismiss him. He became a tramp, wandering from saloon to saloon, where he could always obtain a drink without pay. Every day, for years, he would apply to me for fifty cents, and he always got it. I took him to Jacoby Brothers' store and bought him a complete new outfit, including underclothing, shoes, outer garments and an overcoat, at a cost of $110. He thanked me profusely, took the goods in two packages, and in two separate trips, to a second-hand dealer named Horatio Martine, and sold them for $11.

He finally went to live at the county hospital. He would walk into town every day and back at night. He became a loathsome object to look upon, and died in absolute misery.

Two days after the papers announced that I had opened an office for myself, Mr. E. F. Spence, of the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles, called me over to his desk when I chanced to be in the bank. He congratulated me on being entirely free from my old partners. He said he had always liked me, admired my way of doing business and that he was going to assist me. He gave me three mortgages of as many different people, to foreclose. He also gave me three notes, running to his bank, which he told me to put into judgment. He said I could not collect any of them at that time. I knew more

about two of the parties than he did. In a few days I astonished him by walking into the bank with $1,900, which represented the amount due on two of the notes, which I had collected from the makers of them without suit. The third I put into judgment and later on, when property advanced in value and the maker was increasing his mortgage loan, I collected it also.

I am here going to relate an incident which shows that no man can afford to neglect things because they are small.

Coming out of the post-office, one morning, I met Mr. Eastman, who had been to his box. He grunted the compliments of the day and handed me a letter which he had opened and read, saying, " 'Tend to that, boy, if you care to, and keep what you get out of it. I am too busy to look after it."

The letter was from the law firm of Naphtaly, Freidenrich & Ackerman, of San Francisco, to the firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves. They evidently did not know of our dissolution. It was a brief note, written in long-hand by Naphtaly, and enclosed a bill of $39.00 in favor of A. Brandenstein & Company, wholesale tobacconists, against a cigar dealer named I. Cohn. Naphtaly said he had been very mean about the bill, and if he did not pay it, to attach him. The post-office was on Spring Street, opposite the old court house, and Cohn had his cigar store in the southwest corner of the Temple Block. I went over to his stand, presented the bill and demanded payment. He abused me, Brandenstein & Co., Naphtaly and everybody else, and said he would pay it when he got good and ready. I said to him very quietly:

"Do you owe the money, Mr. Cohn?"

He replied: "Yes, I owe it. I tell you I will pay it when I get good and ready." I told him that having admitted to me that he owed the money, he would pay it

before he was ready. His admission that he owed it justified me in making an affidavit for attachment, which I did. My friend Billy Pridham and Mr. Louis Wolfskill went on the bond for attachment, and inside of twenty minutes I had given a writ of attachment to the constable and told him to levy on the cigar stand. I had hardly gotten back to my office when the constable followed me into it, with the money and the cost of the suit, and asked for a dismissal of the action, which I gave him.

I immediately wrote a note to Naphtaly, enclosing him a draft for the full amount of $39.00, telling him the amount was too small to divide fees on. I enclosed my card, told him our firm had dissolved, and that I would be very glad to attend to anything that he had in Los Angeles. I had known him very well in San Francisco. The very next mail brought something else from him, and in one year from the date that I collected the $39 bill, I received fees from business which Naphtaly, Freidenrich & Ackerman sent me, amounting to $9,000.

That $39 bill led up to another peculiar situation. Mr. J. H. Shankland was, at that time, attorney for the Board of Trade of San Francisco. One day he met Naphtaly on the street and said to him:

"Joe, what do you do with your legal matters in Los Angeles? I recently wrote to the largest firm there, on quite an important matter, and in about a week I received a reply stating that they had a faint recollection of having received a letter from me, but it had been mislaid, and asking what it was."

"Buzz Graves," replied Naphtaly. "Send anything you have there to Buzz Graves, and when you write him a letter here, he will be attending to it on the other end of the line."

I was much surprised to receive a letter from Mr.

Shankland, addressed to "Buzz Graves," with the number of my post-office box, telling me that Joe Naphtaly had referred him to me. Shankland was a very particular man, a good lawyer and a careful one. He enclosed two copies of a composition agreement with a merchant here, named Myerstein. The creditors in San Francisco had signed both copies and he very fully instructed me to have Myerstein sign it, to collect $3,400 in money, and to have certain notes, amounting to several thousand dollars, signed by Myerstein and endorsed by B. Cohn, and I was to be very particular to see and know that B. Cohn endorsed them. I went straight from the post-office to Myerstein's store on Main Street. B. Cohn was a short, stout man, who helped out all failing debtors in Los Angeles. He was smoking a cigar, had his elbow on the counter and his hand against his cheek. I knew both him and Myerstein, disclosed my mission, the papers were executed, notes endorsed by Cohn, and they gave me a draft of the Farmers & Merchants Bank on the Bank of California, payable to the Board of Trade of San Francisco, for $3,400. I returned to my office, wrote Shankland a note, enclosed all the documents, and said nothing about the bill. The next mail brought a letter of most profuse thanks and a check from the Board of Trade for $50, which was entirely satisfactory to me.

That incident brought to me all of the San Francisco Board of Trade business, and after I organized our local Board of Trade here, the two institutions worked in harmony together, and for years I, and the firms I was subsequently associated with, controlled all of the legal commercial business of Los Angeles.

I had already made up my mind that there was no money, and not much glory, in trying cases, and had determined to devote myself to commercial and real estate

law. Successes did not turn my head. I realized my capabilities and also my deficiencies. I knew that I was not, and never would become, a great lawyer, in the popular acceptation of the term. From the time I came to Los Angeles I was too busy for study or deep research. I was learning, however, from experience. Law is largely a matter of common sense. I always had the faculty of grasping the salient points of a proposition as soon as presented to me. My instantaneous conclusions were as sound as if I had spent a week examining the case.

To illustrate: While Mr. J. S. Chapman and I were partners, a mercantile firm, a client of ours, found itself in a most complicated situation, with a large amount of money involved. One of the parties came to my house, one evening, and I went over the matter thoroughly with him, and advised his firm to pursue a certain course. If my advice had been wrong, the firm would have lost $100,000. Without informing Mr. Chapman of my advice to our client to do certain things, I stated the case to him and told him what I thought about it, and asked him what he thought our client should do. He said:

"Well, I don't know. They are on dangerous ground. I will look it up and let you know."

Brunson & Wells, whose offices were in the Baker Block, had a very complete library. Chapman buried himself in it for three days. He then came to me with several pages of notes, and said:

"You were right in your opinion of what—(naming our client) should do. You better tell them to act quickly."

I laughed and replied, "I had them do that, before I put the proposition up to you. I simply wanted to know if you agreed with me."

"My God, boy," he replied, "you will break us wide open, some day!" But I never did.

I early learned in my legal career, from J. G. Eastman, that if a crisis arose, and there was going to be legal trouble, one should take the initiative, and hit his opponent quickly, and as hard as he knew how. I always found that that policy paid.

My business continued to grow. Mr. Chapman came to Los Angeles in the summer of 1879. In January, 1878, I went to Sacramento to take the deposition of a man named Morgan, who was in the legislature, and who was a justice of the peace at Santa Monica, before whom the preliminary examination of Waller, prosecuted, as hereinbefore related, for killing Fonck, was heard. After taking the deposition I went to the supreme court, which was in session. The justices were just going on the bench. Justice Wallace, seeing me, shook hands and told me to be there at 12 o'clock and go to lunch with him. I remained for a time, then went out, and returned to the court room at about half-past eleven. When I came in, a large man, of rather uncouth appearance, was addressing the court, and I was very much attracted by what he said, the manner in which he said it and the directness with which he stated his legal propositions. He was arguing a water case from one of the northern counties. After he had finished, counsel on the other side replied, and in a very few, well-chosen words, Chapman simply demolished his argument. The case was submitted, the court adjourned, and as the justices came off the bench I joined Justice Wallace and we went to lunch. As we left the court house, he said:

"Did you hear that man arguing that case, just before recess?"

I told him I did.

He then said: "His name is Chapman. He is from Lassen County, and mark my words, he is one of the

coming men of California. With half an opportunity, he is going to make a great lawyer."

In June, 1879, I had had my dinner at the St. Charles Hotel, one hot evening, and when I came out I saw a man sitting in a chair near the edge of the sidewalk, hands deep in his pockets, with a very dejected appearance, and chewing tobacco vigorously. I knew I had seen him somewhere, and I walked up and down two or three times and then it came to me that that was the man I had heard in January, the year before, arguing a water case in the supreme court at Sacramento. So I pulled up a chair and spoke to him, saying, "Isn't your name Chapman?" He said it was. Then I went on to state that I had heard him arguing a water case in the supreme court at the time above stated. He always spoke very slowly, almost with a drawl, and his reply was, "Very likely." I asked him if he had come to Los Angeles on a visit, or to stay. He answered, "I have come to try to stay."

After talking a few minutes I asked him if he played cribbage. He said, "I play at it." I then asked him to come up to my room with me and we would have a game of cribbage. He said, "All right," and we went to my room, played cribbage for a couple of hours (and, by the way, he was a good player), and as he went to depart I asked him where he was located. He said he had an office near that of John R. McConnell in the Temple Block. I told him where my office was, and said that if he would come to see me in the morning I thought I could be of assistance to him. I was worked to death, and I turned over some matters to him, which he attended to very promptly and very faithfully. I found him so efficient and so grateful that I proposed a partnership to him. He then told me that he had come to Los Angeles at the instance of his brother-in-law and partner, Mr. J. W. Hendrick, to spy out the land. That since he had come

there, Hendrick had accepted the nomination for judge of the superior court of Lassen County, and if elected he would serve his term out. If not, he would join him here on the first of January, 1880. Chapman told me that he would be only too glad to join me if Hendrick was elected, but that the partnership would have to be for the term that Hendrick would be on the bench, as the latter would join him when he left the bench.

We left the matter in abeyance, he assisting me in several matters. Hendrick was elected, and shortly after, January 1st, 1880, the firm of Graves & Chapman was organized. During the time I was practicing alone, from June 1st, 1878, to January 1st, 1880, excluding justice's court, federal court and some cases outside of Los Angeles County, I brought or defended eighty-six cases, of all kinds and descriptions, which I think was quite a record considering the time I had been in the business and the paucity of the population. I had neither clerk nor stenographer. I did all of my work, drawing pleadings, contracts and other documents, on that old typewriter that Harmon had given me, and my correspondence with a pen, taking copies in an old-fashioned copy-book. I ran across it the other day, and I was astounded at the number of letters that I wrote during that time and more astounded that my hand was legible. While examining that book I made a curious discovery. In a chest in which it is located, in my attic, are five or six of my personal letter-press copy-books, used during the existence of the firms of Graves & Chapman, Graves & O'Melveny and Graves, O'Melveny and Shankland, in which letters written on the typewriter had been copied. In those days we used a green typewriter ribbon. I examined book after book, and the only thing left on any of the letters was the signature. Every particle of the typewritten matter, with the green typewriter ribbon, had disappeared.

Notwithstanding my business had been exceedingly good in 1879, 1880 was a very bad year for us. The commercial business had all been cleaned up. Every merchandise business in Los Angeles that had been in distress had been liquidated, and in 1880, we did not take in much more money than I alone took in during 1879, but our business grew very rapidly from that time on. I found Mr. Chapman a very able lawyer and a splendid man to work with. The only objection I could possibly raise to his method was his extreme technicality. He would, as I thought, waste time on things that did not amount to anything, but sometimes they won out. For instance—A. B. Hotchkiss was district attorney of San Diego County. It was rumored that he had accepted a bribe of $300 to dismiss a tax case pending against Governor John G. Downey and Louis Phillips, who then owned the Warners Ranch. Dismissal of the suit defeated the action, because the statute of limitations had run and a new action could not be brought. In a spasm of virtue, the San Diego Bar Association met and determined to take proceedings to disbar Hotchkiss. At the meeting, Major Chase, A. M. Luce and another attorney were appointed to bring the proceeding. Wallace Leech, one of the ablest lawyers in San Diego, was at the meeting, and he told the assemblage that, having appointed somebody to prosecute Hotchkiss, they had to appoint somebody to defend him. The Bar Association refused to do so. Then Leech said, "I will defend him." Chase and Leech were partners, so the rather anomalous condition arose of one partner prosecuting and one defending poor Hotchkiss. Another singular thing about it was that, a few days before, Hotchkiss and Leech had had a fight in court and were not on speaking terms. A trial was had and Hotchkiss was disbarred. Leech appealed, and one

day he walked into our office with a transcript on appeal, and said:

"Boys (speaking to Chapman and myself), you have got to help me out. I am going to reverse this case or break a leg trying to."

I took the transcript, which was very short, ran over it hurriedly, told him I did not see much chance of reversal, and he said: "Let Chapman examine it."

Chapman was busy and he told Leech to give it to him and he would take it home that night, which he did. Next morning he came in, Leech was there, and he said to him:

"I have a ray of hope. The statute providing for the disbarment of an attorney provides that the complaint filed against him must be verified before a notary public. The complaint in this case was verified before a United States Commissioner."

I did not notice it; probably would never have done so. Leech, who was vitally interested, had not noticed it, but, as I have stated, Chapman was always looking for technicalities. We filed a brief, raising that point, and the supreme court reversed the case because the complaint had not been properly verified, but by the time the *remittitur* went down, the enthusiasm of the Bar Association had died out, and there was never anything further done in the matter.

Chapman was a most industrious man. He was perfectly willing to try cases. I was perfectly willing to let him, as I made more money in the office than he did trying cases. Nevertheless, we divided our fees equally. Hendrick's term of office either expired or he resigned, and he came to Los Angeles. I was perfectly willing to take him into the firm, on a basis of two-fifths to myself, two-fifths to Chapman and one-fifth to Hendrick. This did not suit Hendrick, nor did he want to be the third member of the firm.

In the five years Graves and Chapman were together, we brought or defended two hundred and forty-four actions, not including justice's court, or federal court cases, or cases outside of Los Angeles County. Mr. Chapman was broken-hearted over the fact that it was necessary for us to dissolve.

I then tendered a partnership to Mr. Henry W. O'Melveny, who was a deputy district attorney under Stephen M. White. He accepted. All of my old business followed me, including the business of the Board of Trade which Chapman and I had incorporated in March, 1883.

Early in our partnership, Graves & O'Melveny incorporated the Metropolitan Building & Loan Association of Southern California, which was the first institution of its kind in Southern California. Just then it became the fashion for mercantile firms to incorporate. We drew hundreds of such incorporation papers and were attorneys for the new corporations. Then the great real estate boom came on. In addition to all of our other work, we became the leading authorities on titles. I can say, without egotism, that from 1885 to 1890, we examined more abstracts of title than all the lawyers of Los Angeles put together. We would carry them home with us and work on them at night, and I remember one instance, in 1888, which I will never forget.

I was going into my gate at home, weary and distressed, by no means well, when a man hailed me, running from Spring Street towards Broadway. He had an abstract under his arm. He said:

"Graves, I want an opinion on this by nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

I told him, "You will not get it from me."

He reached into his pocket, pulled out a certified check for $1,000, payable to himself, and said:

"I will give you this thousand dollars if you will do it for me, and it will be a great accommodation."

I took the abstract and saw that I was familiar with the base title, and would only have to run it from a certain time after satisfying myself that everything was in it relating to the base title. The temptation was too great, and I yielded. He said:

"Let me into your house and I will endorse you this check," which he did. By half-past eleven I had finished the abstract and had written out an opinion on it, which I intended to have copied in the morning. I went to bed, but not to sleep. I began to review the situation, and I said to myself:

"If this thing goes on, you will be leaving your wife and your three children without anybody to take care of them, before long."

We already owned our home at San Gabriel. Finally I dropped off to sleep, and when I awoke in the morning, I said to Mrs. Graves:

"Let's build a house on the ranch and get out of here. If we don't, I will be a dead man, shortly."

She endorsed the proposition immediately. She wanted to get the children out of town. She immediately prepared plans for the house, and the architect who reviewed them never altered them in any particular. He simply prepared the working details. We were going to the ranch for the summer, anyhow, and we moved out a little sooner, bag and baggage, taking all our furniture to the cottage then on the property.

The construction of the house we are now living in was begun in April, 1888, and was finished on the 12th day of September of the same year. We have lived in it ever since, and, in fact, have never occupied but two houses, the one at Third and Broadway, in Los Angeles,

HOME PLACE IN WHICH WE HAVE LIVED SINCE SEPT., 1888

and our present home, since we were married, in 1879. There was no telephone in the Alhambra section at that time, and fortunately I was not bothered at night. The change and a complete rest and plenty of sleep did wonders for me, although I came to the office every day and did my share of the work.

O'Melveny and I were responsible for the present certificates of title issued by the title companies here. It came about in the following manner:

Mr. Downey Harvey, Mr. L. T. Garnsey and others bought the Rancho Providencia from Dr. Burbank, formed the Providencia Land, Water & Development Company, and subdivided the property. We examined the abstract and gave them an opinion on it, and charged them a reasonable fee. Garnsey was an Eastern man and he thought the fee was large, but Downey and his companions laughed him out of that idea, telling him that if they had not been regular clients of ours and good friends of the firm the fee would have been twice as big. Then Garnsey said:

"This opinion is all right, but we ought to have something we could give to everyone who buys a lot."

I told him, all right, that I would fix that for him, and we had opinions printed in which we certified that we had examined the abstract of title made by Judson, Gillette & Gibson, certified at a certain time, and that, at the time it was certified, we found the title to Lot Blank, of Block Blank, of the lands of the Providencia Land, Water & Development Company, according to map, giving book and page of its record, vested, at the date of said abstract, in the said Providencia Land, Water & Development Company, free and clear of all encumbrances. We signed each one of these and filled the number of each lot and block into the certificates, so that, as they sold a lot, they could deliver one to the purchaser. A short time after-

wards, one of these having come to the hands of Mr. Gibson, of the firm of Judson, Gillette & Gibson, searchers of records, he said to me:

"Graves, what are you trying to do to the abstract business?"

I replied: "Just what we did there ought to be done by a corporation formed to search titles and make abstracts of title and give opinions thereon. Let's do it."

He said, "All right." Within a week we had formed the Abstract & Title Insurance Company, with $100,000 capital, all of which was paid in. We took over the business of Judson, Gillette & Gibson. I was president of the company and Gibson was secretary of it. Inside of another week we were issuing certificates of title.

The lawyers of Los Angeles welcomed the innovation. None of them liked to examine abstracts. The new company prospered. Subsequently it was amalgamated with the Los Angeles Abstract Company into the Title Insurance & Trust Company, which is now the largest institution of its kind west of the Mississippi River, with assets of over $9,000,000. It has prospered amazingly.

We were attorneys for the company and continued to examine abstracts for it. The information contained in Chapter XVII, as to the Mexican grants of Los Angeles County, except in four or five instances, I obtained from a commonplace book in that old chest in my attic. When I would examine an abstract of one of these grants, for an abstract company, so that they could have our opinion on a starting point, I made notes in this commonplace book, and after concluding the examination I would note the name of the grant, the name of the confirmee, to whom patented, the number of acres and the date of the patent, so that the information in Chapter XVII was ready-made when I wanted to use it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

MY MARRIAGE. FIRST HOME, THIRD AND BROADWAY. REMOVAL TO SAN GABRIEL VALLEY

AS STATED in a previous chapter, I was very happily married, on the 23rd day of October, 1875, to Miss Alice H. Griffith, the daughter of J. M. Griffith and Sarah A. Griffith, old-time residents of Los Angeles. They had come here from Sacramento. Mr. Griffith had been associated with Huntington, Hopkins and Stanford, in Sacramento, and when they organized the Central Pacific Railroad Company, they wanted him to go in with them. He was not a man of great means at that time, nor were any of the rest of them, and he thought the project a visionary one, and declined their offer. Otherwise, it would have probably been the Big Five, instead of the Big Four, railroad men of California.

Mr. Griffith came to Los Angeles and joined his forces with his brother-in-law, Mr. John T. Tomlinson, and, in 1879, was conducting a very large mill and lumber business here. When I was married, I actually did not have time to take a wedding trip. Mr. Griffith had bought for his daughter a lot at the northeast corner of Third and Broadway, for $1,800. He had built upon this a very nice house which cost him $11,000, and furnished it. We were married, with a few friends present, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, situated on the west side of Broadway, a short distance below Second Street. After our guests departed Mr. and Mrs. Griffith took us over to our new home, and in leaving us Mr. Griffith said to me:

"Now, Graves, while I have given this house and lot to Alice, I want you to feel that it is your home as much as it is hers."

He was a noble old character, rather bluff in his ways, the soul of honor and highly respected. He treated all of his six children most generously.

Not to boast, but simply to show you what the advance in properties was, shortly after we were settled in our new ranch home, we sold the house off from this lot to Eugene Germain, for $2,500, and he moved it to Tenth and Hill streets and converted it, by building onto it, into the Hotel Germain. We rented the lot to the Los Angeles Sewer Company for quite a little income and, in 1900, sold the property, which had cost $1,800 in 1879, for $130,000, to S. K. Rindge, receiving pay for it in government bonds, then quoted at $128, and inside of thirty days I sold the bonds at $138, giving us quite a profit.

Marriage, that is, the financial end of it, the responsibility of caring for a family, scared me. In May, 1879, five months before the ceremony, I told Mr. Spence, at the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles, that I was to be married in the fall and I wanted to accumulate a little nest-egg for household expenses. He suggested that I open an account in the name of "Mrs. J. A. Graves." I did so, depositing in it money, from time to time. When I was married there was $1,800 in that account. I turned the bank-book over to my wife, and it was of material assistance to us. It must be remembered that in 1879, $1,800 would go about five times as far as the same amount of money would today.

Although Mrs. Graves had lived in luxury and with an abundance of spending money, she proved to be a most economical and prudent housewife, and we got

MRS. J. A. GRAVES

AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FIVE

along swimmingly. Until after our first child was born, we kept but one servant at $30 per month. Today, the same servant would cost at least $90, and would not be anywhere near as efficient as our first servant was.

Mr. Griffith and his wife owned thirty acres of land in the San Gabriel Valley. In 1882, I contracted to buy it from them for $15,000. I paid $5,000 down on it and the remainder was to be paid at a deferred period. There was a comfortable California house on the place, barns and outhouses, and some six and one-half acres of oranges, some lemon and lime trees and deciduous fruit trees. We spent our summers there until we built our present home on the ranch, in 1888. The following Christmas, after I had entered into this agreement with Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, they made a gift of the place, subject to my contract of purchase, to Mrs. Graves. I cancelled my contract, thus vesting the property in her. I have added to it, by purchase, enough land to make fifty acres, after having given the Pacific Electric Railway Company three acres for right of way and some five acres which we gave to our two daughters.

While we were building the new home there were at least twenty-five men on the job. They put up two immense tents, near our barn, and lived there while the work was going on. They do not build houses today as they did then. The ceilings on the lower floor are 13 feet high and on the upper floor 11 feet high. Whenever I enter a modern house I feel as if I were going to strike my head on the ceiling, and I rejoice that our house is old-fashioned. We had our fortieth Christmas dinner in that house, last Christmas. The house is as good today as when it was built. The lower floors are finished in oak, and it would be impossible today to get oak of the same quality as we used in it. You cannot get the point of a

needle in any crack in the wood finish, anywhere. It cost us about $28,000 and could not be built today for less than $100,000.

Paying for it involved me in some trouble. Prior to beginning to build, I had sold a piece of property for $35,000, received $5,000 down and the balance was to be paid in sixty days. The purchaser forfeited his $5,000 and refused to carry out the bargain. This left me short of money. I always hated debt, and I believe I have paid as little interest as any man in Los Angeles who has anything. I went to Mr. Goodwin, of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, where I was maintaining one of my bank accounts, and asked him if I could borrow $20,000 on the note of myself and my wife. I went to the Farmers & Merchants knowing that, at the time, it was stronger in resources than the Commercial Bank, where I also maintained an account, although I have no doubt I could have borrowed the money there had I asked for it.

Mr. Goodwin said: "You can have all the money you want on your own note." That lifted a load from my mind, and in due time I was out of debt.

When we moved into our Alhambra home, our eldest child was seven years old. Both of our daughters and our eldest son were born at Third and Broadway. Two of our sons, Jack and Francis, were born on the ranch. All of our children loved our home, and the two boys, Selwyn and Jack, when they were little fellows, used to say, "If you ever sell this property, sell us with it." The country then was not settled anything like it is today, and they had ample room and breathing space. All of our children grew up at our present home and our daughters were married from it. We buried our sons, Selwyn and Jack, from it.

CHAPTER XXXVII

PARTNERSHIP WITH H. W. O'MELVENY. FIRM OF GRAVES, O'MELVENY & SHANKLAND RECEIVER BEAR VALLEY IRRIGATION DISTRICT. DISSOLUTION OF FIRM JANUARY 1, 1904

NO TWO MEN were ever in business together who got along more harmoniously than did myself and Mr. H. W. O'Melveny. He was young, had a good legal mind, was industrious and always willing to do his part and more. He was of a genial disposition and made friends rapidly. From 1885, the time we formed our partnership, until 1890, we were attorneys for every bank in the city except two, one of which was the Los Angeles National, organized by Major Bonebrake, for which Senator Frank P. Flint was the attorney, and the other, the University Bank, organized by Judge Widney, who, I think, acted as his own attorney.

When the great boom of 1884-5 broke, we had a tremendous amount of business from the banks, in the way of foreclosures and attachments. The business of the Board of Trade which I had incorporated while the firm of Graves & Chapman was in existence, in March, 1883, remained with our firm. This gave us an immense amount of detail work which, added to the foreclosures which almost swamped us, and the real estate business, including the probate matters, reduced us to a condition where it was necessary for us to have assistance. We looked the field over and there was no one in Los Angeles that we would want in our firm who was not almost as busy as

we were. We had been doing business with Mr. Shankland, attorney for the Board of Trade of San Francisco, for a number of years. I had met him twice. Henry had never met him, but from correspondence with him and from cases in which we were jointly interested, he knew that he was a good, careful attorney. In discussing the matter, I said to him:

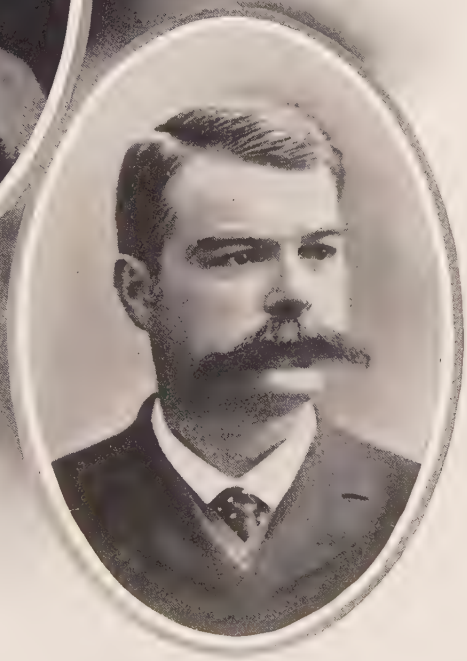
"What do you think of Shankland?"

"Fine," he replied; "write to him and see if he will come."

I was writing him at the time on a business matter. I added a postscript, telling him the amount of business we were doing, and that we would be glad to have him unite his fortunes with ours as an equal partner. I told him that we needed assistance immediately, and if he was going to come he must make up his mind shortly. In a few days we received a telegram from him, saying, "I am coming." On April 10th, 1888, he walked into the office and immediately took up a laboring oar. We turned over to him the commercial business of the firm. He was the most grateful man I ever saw. I handled the funds of the business. He had been getting $4,000 a year as attorney for the Board of Trade in San Francisco. On the first of each month I drew checks to each member of the firm, for his share of the earnings for the preceding month. When I would give Mr. Shankland his check, he would always say, "Too much, too much! This cannot last." But it did last. We did an immense business. We had monthly retainers in a very large amount from excellent clients. Mr. Shankland told me that when he came to Los Angeles he had $3,000 in money besides his household goods, and he left an estate, upon his death, on February 23, 1923, of over $600,000, most of which

J. A. GRAVES

H. W. O'MELVENY



J. H. SHANKLAND

was made during the sixteen years that our firm was in existence.

In about the year 1894, Judge E. M. Ross, then Judge of the United States District Court for this district, appointed Mr. A. P. Maginnis and myself receivers of the properties of the Bear Valley Irrigation Company in San Bernardino County.

In making the appointment, Judge Ross said:

"I feel that while the creditors need protection, there must be some person for the protection of the Court, which can only be secured by the appointment of a person whom I know. I have long been acquainted with Mr. Graves. He is well-known in this community as a man of high integrity, in whom complete confidence can be reposed." A compliment which I then, and ever since, have highly appreciated.

This withdrew me from the office for some little time. I went to Redlands, dug deeply into the affairs of the bankrupt concern, made up a full report of its assets and liabilities and laid it before the court. There were quite a number of English investors interested in the concern. One F. E. Brown, a surveyor, built the first dam at Bear Valley. He and others owned considerable property at Redlands. To realize a high price for their land they gave the land water-rights under the Bear Valley system, and fixed a price for the water which would not pay the zanjero fees for delivering it. Prior to doing this, they had mortgaged all of the property, including water rights and dam in Bear Valley, to a savings bank in Cleveland, Ohio. The owners of the property were visionary. They bought lands on contracts in Perris Valley, built a number of brick buildings at Moreno, at the eastern end of Perris Valley or northern end of Moreno Valley, connected

Moreno and Redlands with an aqueduct of considerable size, much of which was tunnel work. When they had expended an immense amount of money on this conduit and in laying pipe through Perris Valley, they found that the lands in the Redlands district, to which they had sold the first rights of the Bear Valley system, would take all the water that the system could furnish.

After getting the situation thoroughly in my mind, I got those interested, including representatives of the English investors, together, and told them there was but one thing to do, and that was to foreclose the Cleveland mortgage, so as to wipe out the Redlands water rights. This they did, built a new dam, charged the Redlands people a reasonable rate for water, and now have a paying proposition. But even with a new dam, they have no water for the Moreno system. I understand that the people of that valley have recently bought some water-bearing lands east of Redlands, drilled wells, have either leased or acquired the conduit built by the old Bear Valley company, and are now taking quite a body of water through that conduit into Moreno Valley.

I never spent as much hard labor on anything that was as unsatisfactory as the Bear Valley system proved to be.

Illustrating the amount of business that Graves & O'Melveny and Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland did, between January 1st, 1882, and April 10th, 1888, Graves & O'Melveny brought or defended two hundred and twenty cases, and from April 10, 1888, to January 1, 1904, Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland brought or defended ten hundred and eighty cases. In making the above calculation, cases in justice courts, federal courts and cases in superior courts outside of Los Angeles County were not included. I am satisfied that the federal court

cases and cases in the superior court outside of Los Angeles County would have added seventy-five cases to the total of Graves & O'Melveny and possibly two hundred to that of Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland.

For some years, prior to 1903, I had been a stockholder in and a vice-president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank of Los Angeles. In February, 1903, the Farmers & Merchants Bank was converted into the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, and in June of that year I took charge of it as vice-president and general manager. I have often been asked why I abandoned the law and took up banking. In the first place, I had considerable money invested in the bank, a crisis had arisen where some one had to take hold of it, and my interest was large enough to justify my doing so. In the next place, I had been a slave at the law for twenty-nine years, and I thought, and as it turned out, properly so, that banking would be easier work than the drudgery of law practice.

On January 1st, 1904, the firm of Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland dissolved, I leaving the practice, Mr. O'Melveny and Mr. Shankland each opening an office for himself. Mr. Shankland was then well along in years and did not ask for more business than would comfortably occupy his time. Mr. O'Melveny has made a wonderful success at the bar. He is today at the head of a very responsible firm, and, to my mind, has the best-paying law practice in Los Angeles. He and I parted with great regret, and I do not think I will be violating any confidence in here printing a letter which he wrote to me at about the time of our dissolution. No human being has seen it from that day to this. My response to it expressed as high regard for him as his letter did for me. It ran as follows:

"My Dear Buzz:

"In sending you a reminder of Xmas days, I wish to say it is but an exponent of my great regard for you.

"I thought sometimes of having a grand blowout at the Club to mark in its way the termination of our long partnership, but I am sure that I could never control myself in public and it seems to me that the feelings it engenders are best kept in privacy.

"You ought to know, and do know, that in all the long years of our association I have always looked upon you with absolute confidence in your honesty, manliness and strength.

"We unconsciously affect each other. I know I am a better man from the nineteen years of our partnership, through you. It is a record we can both be rightfully proud of. Nothing in the future can take its place with me.

"I couldn't talk this over with you if I tried, and we neither of us wish to.

"Although in the future we may not divide moneys, I hope that in the friendship of ourselves and families we may remain as partners still.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. W. O'MELVENY."

I am very proud of the fact that, when the firm of Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland dissolved, it had the respect and confidence of the people of Los Angeles. I am still prouder of the fact that the firm never lost a client from any act of omission, or default, done or suffered by it, or any member thereof. Clients who came to me as far back as 1879, were still our clients in 1904. Parents died, we did the legal work in administering their estates, and their children remained our clients. We never had a dispute with a client over a fee. We did not charge excessive fees, but we had a constant stream of them pouring into the office. We educated our clients to pay when services were rendered. They did so cheerfully. We never had any large amount of unpaid fees standing upon our books.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

AMUSING INCIDENTS OF LAW PRACTICE

SOME amusing things will occur in the course of years of legal practice. When Mr. Chapman and I were together, Mr. I. W. Hellman sent Mr. Walter Raymond's father, Mr. Emmons Raymond, to us. He was then eighty-one years old, a typical Boston merchant, physically vigorous and mentally bright and alert.

Mr. Walter Raymond and a man named Gluck, who was associated with him in the passenger excursion business, began the erection of the Raymond Hotel. Walter Raymond's father had agreed to finance the building of the hotel. Evidently alarmed at the financial proportions the project was assuming, he came out to look it over. When he came to me, he had been over the situation. He immediately saw that Gluck was unable to contribute anything towards the building and that the architect engaged by them was too extravagant for his economical Yankee ideas. The architect's name was Littlefield. He came from Colorado. Mr. Raymond, Sr., declared that he had put in a foundation for a frame building, sufficient to sustain a twenty-story brick building. That he had built cement piers, six feet square, to sustain the iron piers of an ordinary veranda. He brought me the contract, signed by Raymond and Gluck, with Littlefield, and said he wanted me to draw a notice discharging him. I read the contract, which was iron-clad in Littlefield's favor. After perusing it, I told Mr. Raymond the shoe was on the other foot; that, under the contract, Littlefield could discharge Raymond and Gluck, but they could not discharge him. The old gentleman said:

"Then, not a dollar of my money goes into the project until both Gluck and Littlefield are off of the job."

Raymond and Gluck owed a large amount of money for material bought and contracted to be delivered. Of course, the work could not proceed without funds. After consultation between my firm, Raymond and Gluck, and the elder Mr. Raymond, it was arranged that I should go out to the hotel the next day, which was Saturday, pay off the men and tell them work was suspended. I drove my horse "Bummer" out there. An accountant accompanied me with the pay-roll. We got there just before quitting time, with sufficient money to meet the pay of all employes. I had a foreman call the men together. I made them a little talk, telling them that on account of the lack of funds work would be suspended and they need not return Monday. I thought for a time that they would mob me, but I reasoned with them and they finally accepted their week's pay, each man receipting for it, and then departed.

The elder Mr. Raymond, after arranging with Mr. I. W. Hellman, of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, to advance us sufficient money, on our drafts on him, to take care of the wreck, left for Boston. Littlefield, the architect, was wild, and threatened all kinds of things. I went back to the hotel Monday morning, employed some laborers to put things into shape, house the cement lying out in sacks, and gather up lumber scattered all over the place, into compact piles. The Southern Pacific branch line from Shorb Station to Pasadena should have been completed to the Raymond site, but owing to lack of ties and rails, it was only completed to the San Gabriel winery. There were many cars of lumber standing on the track from Shorb Station to the winery, and more coming in every day. The line was completely blocked, so that the

winery could not be reached by cars in which to ship its products.

I employed Tom Banbury, a contractor of Pasadena, who had graded down the Raymond hill, making a site for the hotel, to haul all of that lumber up to the hotel site, pile it into neat piles, cover it with rough lumber, and weight down the covering with rocks and heavy pieces of old iron, to prevent the lumber from being warped out of shape.

Numerous attachments were filed against Raymond and Gluck. The creditors levied upon all the material in sight, including the lumber. Then several creditors filed a petition in insolvency, which, in the end, dissolved all attachments levied. To make a long story short, Gluck was soon only too glad to relinquish his rights. At the end of some four months, Littlefield also faded from the picture, for some consideration paid him by Mr. Walter Raymond. We then wired the elder Mr. Raymond, in Boston, the situation. He immediately came back, bringing his family with him, built a comfortable cottage near the hotel site, paid all the debts of the concern, amounting to a very large sum of money, and proceeded to finish the hotel. He was on the job every day until it was ready for occupancy.

One day, when the frame of the building was up, roofed in, weather-boarding in place, and lathing and plastering were in progress, he and I were inspecting the work. Being on top of a hill, it was very windy. Draughts swept through the building and up the elevator shafts at a great rate. I said to Mr. Raymond, "When this thing burns up, I want the ashes for my orange orchard," which was but a mile away. I have been a long time leading up to the joke in this story, but here it is.

On Easter Sunday, the 14th day of April, 1895, the

Raymond Hotel burned to its foundations, in about one hour's time. Monday morning, when I got to my office, there was a telegram on my desk. I opened it. It was from Boston, from the elder Mr. Raymond, who was then 93 years old, and read:

"You can have the ashes."

He had remembered my remark during all these years.

I looked the wreck over, but the ashes were so mixed with debris and brick from fallen chimneys, that I concluded it would not pay to remove them.

In 1904, I was in Montreal. I wandered into a building in which some one told me courts were held. I entered a court room, which proved to be a municipal court. A motley mob sat outside of the railing within which attorneys sat. A good-looking, black-bearded young man was on the bench. I went to the gate leading into the inner circle and asked the bailiff if I might sit inside. He told me I could, but added, "Bow to the judge before you enter, and when you leave."

I did so, the judge bowed to me, and I went inside and took my seat. He held his court in English or French as the prisoner chose. About one-half of them demanded an examination in French, and the other half in English. The court dispatched business rapidly. His last case was that of a rather pretty girl of the streets, who chose English procedure, though she spoke English brokenly and with a decided French accent. Two policemen had arrested her for being quite drunk on a public street and they both testified that she was acting very indecently. The judge said to her:

"What have you to say to this, Louise?"

In the queerest French-English dialect, which it is impossible to put on paper, she replied:

"As to being drunk I plead guilty. As to an indecency, nevaire!"

Two pounds or ten days was the sentence. The judge then adjourned the court. When I reached the gate and turned to bow to him, he beckoned to me to come to him. He descended from the bench and extended his hand to me, saying:

"I see that you are a stranger here and from your appearance I judge that you are an attorney."

I told him that I was, and that I came from Los Angeles, California.

"Oh, ho," he said, "a great place. In my youth I, with my parents, was at the Raymond Hotel when it was destroyed by fire. We lost most of our clothing and baggage."

He took me to his chambers and we had quite a chat. He was a loyal Canadian and warmly espoused her laws and institutions. I spent a pleasant hour with him. He invited me and my wife to come to his house to dinner, that evening, but we were leaving for Quebec by an afternoon train and I was obliged to decline his invitation.

CHAPTER XXXIX

LEARNING FROM A CLIENT. SUNDRY EXPERIENCES

AN ATTORNEY sometimes learns from his clients. Back in the '80's, I had a client who owned several hundred acres of land in one of our large Mexican grants besides considerable Los Angeles city property. He removed to Santa Cruz and died there. The executor of his will was a very wealthy and prominent man there. Our firm looked after the Los Angeles interest of the estate. The executor was a thorough business man, and he was unable to find any evidence of title to the grant lands. He requested me to have an abstract made and see if the title was in good condition. I ordered an abstract and, when it came to the office, examined it and found the title perfect except that the United States patent for the land had never been recorded in Los Angeles County. Hoffman's report showed that it had been issued. I wrote to the General Land Office at Washington, asking about the patent. They replied that the patent had been lying there for years, but that there was a $9,000 bill due the Surveyor General's office, for survey, which would have to be paid before the patent could be delivered. I wrote to the executor telling him about this, and asking if I should interview the other owners of the grant (of whom there were many), and see if they would proportionately contribute towards the payment of the $9,000 bill, so that the patent could be delivered.

The statute providing for surveys of these Mexican grants by the United States Surveyor General's office,

does not make his bill a lien upon the land which is surveyed. The executor wrote back to me, "Do nothing until you hear from me. I know a trick that will beat that a mile." He had had much experience with Spanish grants in Northern California. When a United States patent for Spanish or Mexican grant lands is issued, it is immediately recorded in the General Land Office at Washington. A certified copy of the patent from that office is admissible in evidence with the same force as the original. My friend, the executor, sent to the General Land Office, had a certified copy of the patent made, showing its record, for which he could not have paid over twenty dollars. He sent it to me, and told me to have it recorded. I did so. The original patent never has been delivered nor has the $9,000 bill ever been paid.

During the partnership of Graves & O'Melveny, one of our clients suffered a loss of $40,000 through the embezzlement of its funds by its general manager. He was in sole charge of the business. Its owners lived in San Francisco and were seldom here. The annual turn-over was very large and profits enormous. The general manager received an excellent salary and stood well in the community.

Out of sympathy for him, and in consideration of his long service, he was not prosecuted. He made partial restitution and, of course, lost his situation, and his standing in the mercantile world. He selected me as the victim to whom he could pour out his woes. I never had any sympathy for an evil-doer, especially one who betrays a trust imposed in him. He pretended to me to be deeply religious, and in former days had frequently upbraided me for my ungodliness. I had always thought his religion was not even skin-deep. He would tell me he never could account for his yielding to the temptation of robbing his

employers; that his fall was a mystery to him; that he said his prayers three times a day, and was a God-fearing man; and he would then ask me, "What more could I have done?" He went through this performance many times, and the last time he said:

"Now, Graves, tell me what more I could have done."

I answered him that I did not know what more he could have done, unless "he had prayed less and stolen more." He never bothered me again.

Among our old-time good customers was the firm of Balfour, Guthrie & Company, of San Francisco. Mr. Robert Balfour, the head of the firm, was as fine a man to deal with as I ever met, and he had a sense of humor and highly appreciated a good joke.

His firm had acquired, before they came to us, quite a body of land at Cabazon, in Riverside County. I used to josh him about it. When he asked me what it was good for, I told him it would make a fine rattlesnake farm. It is at the lower end of the valley, beyond Banning, just before you turn off to go to Palm Springs.

In the early summer the papers used to give dispatches from various towns, giving the state of the thermometer. For instance, it would say, yesterday the thermometer stood at so many degrees at Tucson, so many degrees at Fresno, Sacramento and different places in the state. Just after a hot spell, when a number of these dispatches had appeared in the papers, I received a telegram from Mr. Balfour, asking, "How hot was it yesterday at Cabazon?" I knew he meant it as a joke, so, without making an inquiry, I wired back, "One hundred and thirty-nine in the water-cooler."

Balfour, Guthrie & Company had a mortgage on 100 acres of very beautiful land belonging to Joe Woodworth, on the east side of the Los Angeles River, about where

Ninth Street now is. During one of our flood years, the Los Angeles River broke through its banks and flowed out through the Laguna Ranch. It literally wiped the 100 acres off the map. All that was left of the improvements was the fence on the north side. It stood on the top of a bank ten feet high. House, barns, orchard, everything was gone for the entire width and length of the hundred acres, and the cut was fully ten feet deep. I received a telegram from Mr. Balfour, reading:

"Alarming reports as to Woodworth property. Wire particulars."

I promptly answered it as follows:

"Nothing left but the mortgage."

However, Joe Woodworth was an honest man and a good sport. He came into our office and made a mortgage upon additional properties and, in the end, the firm lost nothing by the flood.

CHAPTER XL

HOW MY ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH I. W. HELLMAN BEGAN

IT IS SINGULAR how things happen in this world. When I came to Los Angeles, there was in progress some very bitter litigation between Mr. I. W. Hellman, who became president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, in 1875, and ex-Governor John G. Downey, its former president. Brunson, Eastman & Graves represented Downey, and we made as strong a fight in the matter as we knew how. As a result, Mr. Hellman did not have any too kindly a feeling towards me, but Mr. L. C. Goodwin, vice-president of the bank, whom I made a friend of at the time of the collection of the Prager note, the first day I arrived here, virtually swore by me. While in charge of the bank on one occasion, Mr. Hellman having gone to Europe, he called me in when he needed the services of an attorney. He also gave me the business of the Los Angeles Savings Bank, of which he was also vice-president. When Mr. Hellman came back and found me handling their litigation, he upbraided Goodwin severely, asking him, "Why on earth did you give that fellow our law business?"

Goodwin answered him, "Wait until you see him in action, and you will know why."

Mr. Hellman soon found that I was prompt and efficient, and in time became my very warm friend and supporter. He caused me to be elected vice-president of the bank, in 1896. When I took charge of the bank, in June, 1903, its total assets were something like $8,000,000. At

the present time they are close to $60,000,000. There are larger banks than the Farmers & Merchants, in Los Angeles, but they are the results of combinations and mergers. The Farmers & Merchants National is the same old bank, never consolidated and never merged, although it has had many opportunities of doing so. Its growth is all its own. It is universally recognized as sound, fair in its dealings, safe and responsible.

In 1890, Mr. I. W. Hellman left Los Angeles to take charge of the Nevada Bank in San Francisco. He retained his Los Angeles interests and always had the deepest affection for the Farmers & Merchants. He undoubtedly was the leader of the banking world in Los Angeles, when he left here, and as far as that is concerned, for many years afterwards. Living in San Francisco, in an atmosphere hostile to Los Angeles, and only coming here occasionally, I do not think he realized just how rapidly this country was making progress until a few years before his death, on May 10th, 1920. Mr. Hellman was very much beloved by all of the old-timers. There was not a merchant, a farmer, a stock raiser or a sheep raiser, whom he had not befriended or to whom he had not advanced money when they needed it. People who understood him knew the character of man that he was. Some of the newcomers to Los Angeles, who never had any experience with him, probably had the impression that he was a hard man to deal with. Nothing, however, was further from the truth. Necessarily, any bank which loaned money on mortgages, as the old Farmers & Merchants did, had to foreclose some of them. Mr. Hellman never foreclosed until it was necessary, to prevent the statute of limitations from running. He used to call me in and give me the papers for a foreclosure suit, when there was so little time to elapse, before the statute

would run, that it was very difficult to get a search of the title, and I remember one instance when I filed a complaint in which I made a number of John Does and Richard Roes parties, then had the search made, and served those who had any interest under the fictitious names.

Mr. Hellman always said to me, "I do not, nor does the bank, want to take any man's property. I wait until the last minute, hoping that something will happen to prevent the necessity of a foreclosure." And, as a proof of this fact, the moment the bank had acquired a property on a foreclosure, and could sell it for sufficient to get back its money, with expenses of foreclosure and sale, it always sold the property. I am glad to pay this tribute to him.

Going back a little: In 1887, Mr. Joseph F. Sartori, himself a lawyer, and now the president of the Security Trust & Savings Bank, and Mr. F. N. Meyers, incorporated the Security Trust & Savings Bank. The principals borrowed from the Farmers & Merchants Bank every dollar of capital they put into the bank, and included in the securities with which they secured the debt, were hundreds of boom town lots, scattered throughout Southern California. These lots were deeded to me as trustee for the bank. When they had discharged their debt to the bank, they did not call on me for a reconveyance, and I was fully twenty years conveying these lots, as they succeeded in disposing of them.

Shortly after the incorporation of the Security Bank I became a director in it, and remained such until the passage of the Clayton Act. I was at that time a director in a dozen banks, and had to resign in all but three of them. The firms with which I was connected were attorneys for the Security Bank until the time of our dissolution, and I think that both Mr. Shankland, during his lifetime, and

Mr. O'Melveny, up to the present time, represented the bank.

I am very proud of the record of the Farmers & Merchants Bank and its successor, the Farmers & Merchants National Bank. It has been in business since April, 1871. Some people are still its customers who opened accounts with it in the first month that it did business. It has never been involved in any sort of a scandal. Its officials have recognized the fact that banking is a jealous mistress, and have devoted themselves, almost exclusively, to the banking business. Anyone who knows the bank will agree with me that its reputation has always been, and is now, most excellent.

In 1905, it completed and moved into the building owned by it at the southwest corner of Fourth and Main streets, where it is still located.

In the fifty-six years since the incorporation of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, that bank and its successor, the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, have had but three presidents. Ex-Governor John G. Downey was the president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank from the date of its incorporation until 1875. He was succeeded by Mr. I. W. Hellman, who remained president of the bank until his death, in May, 1920. Since that time I have occupied the position of president. A fairly good record for a fifty-six-year term.

CHAPTER XLI

BRIEF BANKING HISTORY OF LOS ANGELES

IN 1875, there were three banks in Los Angeles city, viz.: the Farmers & Merchants, the Los Angeles County, and the Temple & Workman Bank, the first of which, as the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, is still in existence. The Temple & Workman Bank closed its doors in September, 1875, reopened for a time, and in the early spring of 1876, made an assignment of all of its assets, and all of the individual assets of its two owners, F. P. F. Temple and William Workman, for the benefit of their creditors. In the fall of 1875, the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles was organized and, in 1880, it became the First National Bank of this city.

Until 1887, the banks of Los Angeles cleared their several items on each other by messengers going from bank to bank and collecting their respective items owing from one bank to another, over the counter, usually taking away the money so paid in coin. This method was cumbersome, expensive, and, to some extent, dangerous.

The growth of the business of the city was constant. The bankers here finally realized the necessity of following the example of larger and wealthier cities and, in the fall of 1887, established the Los Angeles Clearing House Association. There are no minutes of the association in existence prior to 1896, so that the exact date of the organization is at present unknown. There are records, however, to show that in October, 1887, its first officers were elected. They were: President, I. W. Hellman, president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank; Vice-Presi-

dent, Geo. H. Bonebrake, president of the Los Angeles National Bank; Secretary and Manager, J. M. Elliott, cashier of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. On its clearing house committee were: I. W. Hellman, president of the Farmers & Merchants Bank; John E. Plater, president of the Los Angeles County Bank; W. F. Bosbyshell, vice-president of the Southern California National Bank, and A. D. Childers, president of the Childers Safe Deposit Bank. The above-named were selected from the officers of the banks composing the clearing house. That practice in the selection of officers and clearing house committee has been followed to the present day.

The association at that time was composed of the following banks:

No. 1. Farmers & Merchants Bank;
No. 2. Los Angeles County Bank;
No. 3. First National Bank;
No. 4. Los Angeles National Bank;
No. 5. Southern California National Bank;
No. 6. University Bank of Los Angeles;
No. 7. Childers Safe Deposit Bank.

While the preliminary object of a clearing house is as defined by the supreme court of Pennsylvania, "an ingenious device to simplify and facilitate the work of the banks in reaching an adjustment and payment of the daily balances due to and from each other, at one time, and in one place, on each day. In practical application it is a place where all the representatives of the banks in a given city meet, and, under the supervision of a competent committee or officer selected by the associated banks, settle their accounts with each other and make or receive payment of balances, and so 'clear' the transactions of the day for which the settlement is made . . . . ," these purposes have been, from time to time, broadened. Clear-

ing house associations have become the censors of their members, and, to a large extent, the guardians of those who become the banks' depositors. Illustrating the change that has taken place in the activities of clearing house associations, the second paragraph of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association (being amendatory of its original constitution and by-laws, the amendments being adopted May 8, 1914) provides as follows:

> "The objects of the Association are:
> "First. To foster sound and conservative methods of banking.
> "Second. To establish such rules and regulations to facilitate the handling of business as shall be of mutual advantage and interest to all members.
> "Third. To effect at one place the daily exchanges between the several associated banks.
> "Fourth. To effect payment at the same place of the balances resulting from such exchanges."

Between 1887, the time of the organization of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, and the time that the Federal Reserve Bank began business, balances between the banks, when clearings were once ascertained, were settled in the following manner: Each bank which was a member of the clearing house deposited with the clearing house committee gold coin in an amount which it deemed necessary to cover its weekly debits at the clearing house. For such gold coin, the clearing house committee issued to each bank so making its deposit clearing house certificates of various denominations. Daily balances were settled at the clearing house with these certificates. The total amount issued to the clearing house banks

of Los Angeles, for many years, stood at $400,000, which amount was, at a later date, considerably increased. Every Wednesday each bank redeemed in gold coin the clearing house certificates presented by all of the other banks against it to the clearing house. The use of these clearing house certificates relieved the banks of the necessity of daily taking gold coin to the clearing house to settle the daily balances against them, and of daily taking away from the clearing house gold coin to cover their credit balances.

Originally, the executive committee of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association consisted of its president, vice-president, and three members, officers of various banks in the city. Recently, the number of members of the committee has been increased to seven, consisting of the president and secretary of the organization and five additional members elected from the officers of the various banks of the city.

I have been a member of the executive committee of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association for twenty-four years, longer than any man who has ever served upon it in the past. During that time I have been president of the association for six years. It was my misfortune to be elected president in October, 1907. Immediately afterwards, like a bomb from a clear sky, a money shortage suddenly occurred, and, without any warning, the banks of all eastern monied centers notified their correspondents that they could not draw any money on deposit with them. All the banks in these eastern centers went upon a clearing house basis, issued clearing house certificates, in varying denominations, as a circulating medium, and would pay drafts drawn by their correspondents only with these clearing house certificates. At that time all the banks of Los Angeles carried heavy credit balances in the eastern

banks. They were thus placed in a position where none of their funds, on deposit there, were available except by drafts in the ordinary course of business, which would be paid in clearing house certificates. The position assumed by the large eastern banks compelled the Los Angeles banks, through the clearing house, upon proper securities furnished by each bank, to largely increase its issue of clearing house certificates, with which the banks met their debit balances through the daily clearings, and the encashment of these certificates weekly, as had formerly been done, was waived. The result was that the credit banks of the city accumulated these certificates in very large amounts. These last clearing house certificates were made to bear interest at the rate of 7% per annum.

Furthermore, as the salvation of the business public, the banks issued clearing house certificates in small size, commonly designated as "scrip," in denominations of one dollar, two dollars, five dollars, ten dollars, and twenty dollars. This scrip was issued to each bank, upon commercial paper deposited by it with the president of the clearing house association, and approved by the clearing house committee. The total amount of scrip issued during the panic was $3,396,650. The scrip did not bear interest.

The clearing house did not confine the issue of this scrip to its own members, or to Los Angeles banks, but generously allowed outside banks to secure scrip, on deposit of proper securities.

In due time, and in a much sooner time than anybody anticipated, all the banks paid off this scrip and took away their collateral. When scrip redemptions had virtually been concluded, there remained outstanding, $3,896 thereof, for which the clearing house set aside that amount of money, placing it in a savings bank in an interest-bear-

ing account. From time to time, portions of this outstanding scrip have been presented for redemption, until the amount outstanding on January 1, 1927, was reduced to the sum of $3,350.

There is no doubt that the prompt action of the clearing house banks, taken in October, 1907, saved Southern California from a financial depression, from which it would have taken years to recover.

Prior to the installment of the Federal Reserve system, the Farmers & Merchants National Bank was much criticised by some of its contemporaries, for the reason that it always carried in its vaults a large cash reserve, amounting very frequently to 45% of its deposits. It was a fortunate thing for the banks of this city, when the panic of 1907 came, that the Farmers & Merchants had this gold reserve. As a result, it soon accumulated a very large portion of the clearing house certificates, issued for panic purposes, and of course collected 7% interest thereon. The scrip spoken of above was the only circulating medium, and any shortage of cash that resulted to the Farmers & Merchants, it made up by taking out large quantities of scrip.

Many of my legal friends approached me in alarm, when we issued this scrip, and pointed out to me sections of the penal code which made it a crime for the clearing house to do so. I told them that "necessity knows no law"; that unless the banks of this community had desired to see all of the business enterprises of this section closed down, the issuance of scrip was an absolute necessity; that I was willing to take my chances, in case of prosecution, before an American jury. Nothing, however, ever came of it beyond the threats of some of our interfering socialistic elements.

The Los Angeles Clearing House Association was the

only clearing house association in the United States, of any size, that did not pay from $20,000 to $50,000 in attorney's fees for services rendered by attorneys during the 1907 panic. I performed all the duties of an attorney for the association, free of charge, and was only too glad to do it. I was made the custodian of all the securities which the banks deposited to secure clearing house certificates and also to secure scrip issued to them.

These were certainly trying times, but I was quite ably assisted by Mr. Stoddard Jess, Mr. J. E. Fishburn and Mr. W. H. Holliday, members of the clearing house committee.

In 1908, there were 46 banks in the City of Los Angeles. Some of them were of a mushroom character, illy organized as to personnel, under-capitalized, addicted to unethical methods of securing deposits, and were, without doubt, a menace to the public at large. The clearing house association took hold of the matter vigorously, established rules which may have seemed harsh to banks of the character above-mentioned, and by exerting proper moral pressure, forced consolidations and liquidations until the number of banks in the city was reduced to about twenty.

This action of the clearing house strengthened the banking situation in Los Angeles and protected the public from losses which, in the end, might have been serious. In one instance, the clearing house association took over the assets of a bank in failing circumstances, paid off its deposits in full, liquidated its assets, and repaid to the banks who advanced the same, the funds necessary to accomplish these objects.

Not in this century has a depositor in any bank in Los Angeles city lost one single dollar, except in the case of one small bank not connected with the clearing house.

The fact that a bank belongs to the Los Angeles Clearing House Association, or is affiliated with it, or is subject to clearing house bank examination, is an assurance to the public that that bank is safe, solvent and worthy of trust and confidence.

Taking up the subject out of its chronological order, all the business men of this city most vividly remember the difficulties that confronted the financial world of America when the European War broke out. The foreign trade of the United States immediately came to a standstill. Unemployment was universal. Business depression was widespread. Foreign collections became frozen, also many domestic credits. Money was hoarded by private individuals and thereby bank deposits were depleted. Quick action was necessary to save the nation from a financial calamity.

Fortunately, in 1912, when there was not a cloud in the financial sky, the national banks of Los Angeles city had incorporated the National Currency Association of Los Angeles, under the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. Mr. Stoddard Jess, the then president of the clearing house, and myself, then its vice-president, were elected president and vice-president respectively, and an executive committee was appointed from the officers of the national banks of this city. Subsequently, the by-laws of the corporation were amended, so as to include the national banks of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange, San Diego, Imperial, Ventura and Santa Barbara counties. When the trouble of 1914 occurred, the clearing house association acted with its usual promptness, through the National Currency Association. I was elected custodian of the securities offered by the various banks, and there was issued to the banks, by the National Currency Association of Los Angeles, emergency currency to the amount of

$4,603,028.44. The total amount of securities which passed through the hands of the custodian exceeded $12,000,000.

Just as I did in 1907, during this panic I drew all of the documents that were executed between the banks, attended to all the matters that an attorney would have attended to, without charge for my services.

With the destruction of the German raiders and the resumption of foreign trade, and the coming of the unusual activity in America engendered by the war, all of this emergency currency was, in a very short time, redeemed, and the securities deposited by the banks were returned to them. Here, again, the Los Angeles Clearing House Association rendered the Los Angeles public a service which justified its existence and maintenance.

CHAPTER XLII

J. M. ELLIOTT OUR LIVING PIONEER BANKER MY ENTRANCE INTO THE BANKING BUSINESS

MR. J. M. ELLIOTT, chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Los Angeles, has been in the banking business in Los Angeles longer than any other banker here. His banking career began with the formation of the Los Angeles County Bank, in 1874, of which he was cashier. It is rather singular that I, who have been in the banking business but twenty-four years, prior to 1880, secured a position for Mr. Elliott in the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles. After it became the First National Bank of Los Angeles, he filled the position of cashier, vice-president and president of it, and is now the chairman of its board. He was always highly respected as a banker, a kindly man, patient, careful, always ready to advise or condole with his customer, as occasion demanded. No officer in that bank was ever more beloved by the bank's depositors than is J. M. Elliott.

Since 1874, and ever since 1903, when I actively entered the banking business, the entire banking structure of the country has been changed. The functions of banks have been very much enlarged. A bank is no longer a place simply for the deposit of money, the borrowing of funds and the withdrawing of funds by checks. Every bank in the country now has a savings department, where its customers can accumulate spare funds, which are enriched at stated periods by the crediting thereon of interest earned by the money while so deposited. All banks have

credit departments, for the benefit of the banks themselves and of their customers. This department is freely drawn on by bank depositors. Many banks have established research departments for the gathering of information useful to themselves and their clients. Nearly all banks of any size now have trust departments. They are allowed by law to become executors and trustees under the will of decedents. They can take property, real and personal, hold the same as trustee, as security for bond issues. They are also the depositaries of numerous trust and financial corporations, who place with them valuable securities against which they issue negotiable securities, and all of which are secured by properties so deposited. They take title to real property from persons living, often with full powers to sell the same or exchange them for other properties, to pay the taxes thereon, collect the rents, issues and profits therefrom, and to pay over to the beneficiaries the net proceeds at stated periods. They are also empowered to act as the guardians of minors and insane persons. In fact, their activities are almost as broad as those of the communities in which they are located.

In the last few years the branch banking idea has taken possession of American bankers, and especially upon the Pacific Coast. Branch banking originated back in Roman times, but it was not practiced on the extensive scale that it is today. On this continent, Canada has long sustained the branch bank system. There are many banks in Los Angeles which have from fifty to one hundred branches each, some of them spread throughout the boundaries of the state. One California corporation, the Bank of Italy, not satisfied with being represented by branches in every county in the state, now announces a plan of sustaining a nation-wide branch banking system and possibly with international connections.

The branch bank idea is, to some extent, a new one. It is an experiment which has not yet been fully tried out. It came into vogue in California during most prosperous times—during a period of unparalleled inflation. What will happen to the branch banks, in case of a serious depression, such as we have many times undergone, yet remains to be seen.

If it is desirable that a banker should have full knowledge of the inner workings of his institution, a correct understanding of its assets and liabilities, then branch banking will destroy that, which has been regarded in the past as a prerequisite of good banking. No human intellect can grasp the details of one hundred institutions, and, necessarily, he who is responsible for the workings thereof must rely upon subordinates.

That the branch bank idea is not altogether popular, is proven by the fact that, in many of the prosperous cities of the state, where branch banks have taken over all of the independent banks located there, very shortly afterwards an independent bank is organized by local people.

If, under the branch bank idea, one bank could, in time, acquire all the branch banks in the State of California, and thereby, in time, crowd out all the independent banks, then, of course, depositors would be at the mercy of such a monopoly, as to interest to be received on their deposits, and as to interest to be charged to them on moneys borrowed. I think it safe, however, to say that the spirit of America will never allow a complete monopolization of banking by any financial power which may arise.

While my duties as a banker have been onerous, they have been pleasant and I have enjoyed my experience. While practicing law I always had a faculty, on the first

inspection of an individual, of making up my mind immediately as to whether I wanted anything to do with him or not. This faculty has stood me well in hand in the banking business. When a stranger walks up to the counter, I have him sized up before I know who he is, and I am glad to say that my judgment has never failed me with regard to the character of an individual whom I guessed off at first sight. I am happy in the thought that I have enjoyed the confidence of my customers, and I believe I have earned, and yet have, the respect of the banking fraternity of Los Angeles.

CHAPTER XLIII

BILLY SANDS. RUNNING TO A FIRE

TRY AS I WILL to keep my mind upon things of the present, it will revert to the past. I have a very distinct mental picture of "Old Billy Sands," a product of the times in which he lived. He was on the police force when I arrived in Los Angeles. He was squat in figure, blear-eyed, grizzled, was highly respected by the mercantile world and held the confidence of all who knew him, notwithstanding the fact that he drank, smoked and, when off duty, frequently sat in a quiet game of poker.

Everybody knew him and everybody liked him. He was on the night watch in the business portion of the city. He would wander into Billy Buffum's saloon, where either John Tait or Ben Parker would be dealing faro. He would stand around and look on the game, jeering the dealer when he lost and cheering the player when he won. When free drinks on the house were passed around, he took his with the rest of the assemblage. Finally, with a wave of his hand, he would say, "Good-bye, boys, I am going. Be good. Don't violate the law, as I don't want to have to arrest you." There was no law in Los Angeles, at the time, against gambling.

It was Billy Sands who rescued my party on the return from the picnic which resulted in my story of "Ludovici's Punch."

Well do I remember the first fire engine which Los Angeles possessed. It was one of those old-fashioned hand-power machines. A dozen men stood on either side

and by an alternate up and down motion, worked the pump. The old machine was kept in a building in the city jail yard, at Franklin and Spring streets. Jacob Kuhrts, who died in the spring of 1926, at the age of 93 years, was chief of the fire department, and Charles E. Miles was his deputy.

One day Judge Brunson and I had just come from the old court house, and we heard the fire bell ringing as we stood at the corner of Spring and Temple streets, and along came the old machine with Jacob Kuhrts out on the end of the lead rope and Charlie Miles holding the tongue of the machine. They were pulling it alone. Just as they rounded the corner from Spring into Main, Miles called to me, "Graves, get in here and give me a hand." I pulled off my coat, and asked Judge Brunson to take it up to the office, which he did. We crossed Main Street, and by the time we got to Commercial Street there were a dozen men on the rope, assisting in pulling the machine. There is quite a fall on Commercial from Main to Los Angeles Street, and there was no brake on the machine. Miles and I had to simply lay back and dig our heels into the ground to keep from being run over. We then diagonally crossed Los Angeles Street, and when we reached Aliso Street we had the same difficulty, until we came to Alameda Street.

The fire was at the Philadelphia Brewery. We soon reached it. It was in an outbuilding, used for a stable and for the storage of wagons and we soon extinguished the flames. There was an immense Aliso tree at the brewery, from which Aliso Street was named. After we had put out the fire, the brewery people rolled out a ten-gallon keg of beer, opened it, and we sat around and drank a little beer, and of course, as it was a warm day we had gotten quite warm with our exertions and run with the machine. After

a short time we took the old engine back to its quarters. When I reached my office I was foundered. Now, don't laugh and think that I was intoxicated. My people were Kentuckians and I had been used to good Bourbon all my life, and a little beer had no effect whatever upon me; but the overexertion, sitting in the shade of the Aliso tree, and the cold beer stiffened me up like an old work-horse. But youth soon throws off any disability of that kind and by next morning I was all right.

Not long after that, the city bought its first steam fire engine. It was horse-drawn. At that time a man named Joe Brison kept a beer saloon downstairs at the northeast corner of Main and Requena streets. About that time, Boca Beer, made in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near where the Donner party was snowed in, in 1846, had just been introduced and was very popular. It was a very excellent beer and was light in alcohol. All the business people, doctors, lawyers, merchants, used to go down to Joe Brison's and get a glass of beer and a sandwich for lunch. One day the place was filled and there was a fire alarm. The entrance to the beer saloon was curved, and at the corner of the street. The driver of the engine attempted to swing from Main Street into Requena, made too short a turn, and the fire engine turned over into the saloon entrance. There it lay, hissing steam and dropping coals, and of course everybody was very much alarmed. There were some low windows, just above the sidewalk, on the Main Street side of the building, and the way we all came out of those windows was astonishing. Tommie Rowan, a well-known character, for many years county treasurer, afterwards a member of the city council, and later, for years, on the board of supervisors, was very stout, and we had quite a time getting him through the window, but with some of us pulling on him from above and others boost-

ing from below, we succeeded in compressing him sufficiently to pull him through.

There is no use of comparing the present conditions with those existing in 1875. Things then were crude. Society was in a formative stage. Crime was not more frequent than it is now. People then had the privilege of lawfully buying good liquor, if they desired to drink it, whereas today, notwithstanding all of the refinements of our civilization, a man must become a criminal to even purchase bad liquor.

CHAPTER XLIV

BUILT HOME AT TERMINAL ISLAND "OUR SOUTHERN SEAS"

IN 1889, I purchased a 75-foot lot, fronting on the ocean, with a depth of 200 feet, at Terminal Island, which was then a very popular summer resort, and one of the most pleasant beaches in Los Angeles County. It was remarkably free from fogs and cold winds. While living there, often I would take the train for Los Angeles, with the sun shining brightly, and before we had reached the city we would be enveloped in heavy fog. The fogs seemed to come from the ocean, from the direction of Redondo, and did not reach either the Terminal or Long Beach territory.

I immediately built a very comfortable and quite a large-sized cottage. I drove a number of piles to rest the house on, and it was well that I did. The next winter a terrific storm came along, destroyed quite a number of houses along the beach, washed the sand out under our house, so that one could walk around underneath it, but never injured the house in any particular. Another storm filled it up again, and before the next winter we had a bulkhead built, which entirely protected us.

It was a wonderful beach for bathing and especially for children. The beach receded gradually, and the water was quite shallow until one got out a considerable distance. It was a grand sight to sit on our porch and watch the summer storms. Waves would be coming in towards the shore that were much higher than our house, and a stranger would have thought that everything would be enveloped therein, but owing to the shallowness of the

water, the bottom of the wave would drag, and that would cause the mass of water to fall before it reached the shore-line. My family, and especially all the children, enjoyed our summers there very much.

In 1889, I commissioned Mr. Joe Fellows, a boat-builder, who had just come here from Seattle, to build me a 38-foot gasoline launch. He installed in it a 25 H.P. Union Gas Engine. We named the boat the Pasqualito, that being the name of the ranch upon which our home is situated. It was a very seaworthy boat, and we crossed the channel to Catalina in it many times, but we never should have done so. No small boat without sails should ever be caught in the middle of that channel, as frequently storms come up quite unexpectedly, and if one's engine were to be put out of commission, the boat would, without doubt, be swamped.

We enjoyed the Pasqualito very much as a pleasure boat and also for fishing. During vacations I made quite a number of trips, not in the Pasqualito, but in larger boats, to the Islands, all of which were very enjoyable. St. Nicholas Island was especially interesting. I wrote for the September number of the *West Coast Magazine* an article which described the situation so well that I will here insert it, under the heading of

"OUR SOUTHERN SEAS"

"In no land under the sun can as much pleasure be gotten out of the sea, year in and year out, as in Southern California. Like the land, the ocean has its seasons. Winter brings its storms, with rolling billows. Wind-swept and pitiless, the roaring waters beat the land. They climb far up great shoulders of bleak barren rocks that stand all along our island shores, grim guardians of the land beyond, and fall back in surging masses of foam,

themselves engulfed in the deep vortex of the swirling tide, only again, and still again, as long as the Storm King rules, to be caught up and hurled against the cliffs.

"At such times the whole vast expanse of the great ocean is lashed to fury. Along the shore line of the coast, wave after wave comes pounding in with the mad energy of some demon bent upon destruction. It is a great sight to watch the sea during a rising storm, to see its smooth surface grow turbulent, to look upon the foam-crested waters, gathering added force, until an impressive climax of destructive energy is reached. Everywhere the sea has become foam-capped and furious, as if driven by a passion uncontrolled.

"And then again, no less interesting a picture is the gradual subsidence of such a storm. For hours, sometimes days, the fury of the waters rages unabated. Then the wind dies down. As if exhausted by their exertions, the white caps lose their foam-crested edges. The roar of the billows grows fainter until they assume their normal murmurings. Little by little the fury of the storm is spent. The high-crested waves melt into long, unbroken swells. Gradually the ocean grows quiet, and sinks into that placid condition in which we know and love it best.

"These storms are not frequent. They serve to teach us to avoid the sea when angry waves arise thereon. The calm that follows such a disturbance is far more beautiful in effect than brush can paint or words portray. For months, during that period of the year which the almanacs call winter, we get some of our best effects and finest weather on our southern seas. As a rule, it is warmer toward the seacoast during the winter months than it is a few miles inland. These advantages will bring to us, when the Panama Canal is finished, many of the private yachts of eastern millionaires which now spend their winters in the Mediterranean.

"With the advent of spring the sea becomes a thing of marvelous beauty. One bright May morning, years ago, I left San Pedro in a launch and coasted along in the shallow waters past Long Beach and Newport Bay, down as far as where Balboa is now located. Not a ripple disturbed the placid waters. We often say the surface of the sea is as 'smooth as glass.' The expression is erroneous. The sea is never still. It is never smooth. The surface may be unbroken, but it is ever undulating. Slight may be the undulation, but it is there, always there—a thing of perpetual motion. When there is no wind to ruffle the surface, the motion is almost imperceptible, but it is there, just as regular as the breathing of a sleeping infant, and frequently as gentle. Such was the sea on that May day. Two of my sons, now lost to me, were with me. How they reveled in the joys of that delightful experience! For miles we sailed through a very garden of gloriously colored jelly-fish. They were everywhere. Their colorings were more radiant, more varied and more beautiful than those of the rainbow. The warm rays of the sun had brought them to the surface. There they expanded to immense size. Some of them cast out long feelers or streamers in every direction. Every tint in their delicate and filmy organism was magnified. Occasionally the launch would touch one of them. Instantly this quivering mass of color would contract into a compact body. Its contraction was accompanied by a kaleidoscopic shifting of colors, bewildering to the eye. The sea birds and the fish of the sea seemed to be exulting over the splendors of the season. The smaller gulls and terns, and still smaller water fowl that frequent the ocean, whirled and circled in the air as if in play. They gave forth shrill cries as they cavorted from the air to the water and from the water to the air. They flew here and there and everywhere, as if mad with

pleasure. They were not feeding. They were just having a good time. The pelicans, both gray and white, usually so solemn and sedate, even assumed a livelier aspect. Flying fish broke the water on all sides of us. Schools of sardines, acres wide and many feet deep, swam around us. Schools of porpoise sported through the water. Snake-like barracuda, rock bass, and occasionally a yellowtail, swam alongside of us. All the denizens of the deep performed that morning with the same abandonment of happiness displayed by the birds of the forest as you walk through some well-wooded meadow on a bright spring morning. They seemed carried away with the very joy of living.

"Many days like this one, the spring affords to those who love and follow the ocean! On its broad bosom one can rest. Simply to bask in the sunlight, to inhale the smell of the salt water, to breathe the ozone from the uncontaminated air of the sea, is a benediction.

"Following the spring, the mornings of the early days of summer are quite often foggy, but the summer nights are brilliantly beautiful. This is the time to betake yourself to Catalina Island for an outing. You can either remain on shore, or take a boat and cruise around, anchoring where night overtakes you, or fancy suggests. Your boat is your home. You fish until your larder is full. You can go ashore and wander to your heart's content.

"San Clemente Island presents more charms to me, as a cruising place, than any of the off-shore islands. Off the north coast are the grouper beds, where you fish at a depth of from four hundred to six hundred feet. You bait your hooks, put on pounds of sinkers and let out line until bottom is reached. The pressure is so great that you never feel a bite. Occasionally you draw up your line. With it usually comes an ample supply of fish, the

number depending upon the number of hooks you put out. Anywhere along the San Clemente coast, the bottom fishing for sculpin, rock bass, whitefish and sea bass is good. On the south side of the island are flounder beds, where immense numbers of these fish are taken. In these waters are also found great black bass, also known as 'jew fish,' The sword fish also abound here. Of recent years, ambitious anglers have taken these warlike monsters of the deep with hook and line, using the same tackle with which tuna are caught. The shore of San Clemente is rough and broken. The island itself bleak and desolate. Along the coast, great rock masses have been eaten into by the wind and waves, until caves and broken cliffs abound. At San Clemente's extreme western end, exposed to the full force of the incoming sea and winter's gloomy storms, a great towering mass of rocks arises perpendicularly from the water's edge, high into the sky. From a distance it looks for all the world like some great castle of the middle ages. One can easily picture against the sky line, turrets, battlements and cathedral spires. Let him who coasts the shore of San Clemente, even in the summer-time, unless his craft be staunch and well-manned, refrain from crossing the channel to Catalina during the afternoon. Every day the trade winds sweep in from the ocean through this channel toward the mainland. No matter how calm the sea in the forenoon may be, by three o'clock the waves are running high. An ugly sea with curling waves, foam-crested and turbulent, runs cross-wise to the course of your vessel, which makes the going bad, and to a frail craft even dangerous.

"On one occasion a party of us crossed from San Clemente late in the afternoon in a staunch sailing vessel. Our good boat tossed and careened. Now she stood almost straight up in the air. Before she had fairly topped

a high breaker, down she would go into the dark abyss of greenish blue, swirling waters, only again to rise, and still again to plunge downward, as if bound upon going to the bottom of the ocean. We were all good sailors. While drenched to the skin, we stayed on deck. We clung to spars and rigging to keep from going overboard. There was an exhilaration about that ride that I will never forget. At last we got under the protecting shore of Catalina near Seal Rocks. While the channel we had just crossed was still wind-swept and storm-tossed, we found ourselves suddenly becalmed. Our sails flapped idly. The sea was just choppy enough to give our boat that awful plunging motion that in time upsets the stoutest stomach.

"Virgil, in describing the storm which scattered the vessels of Æneas far and wide, wrote, 'Nox atra incubat mare!' How that word 'incubat' described our situation. 'Black night brooded over the sea.' The blackness, as it were, 'brooded' over us, shutting out sky and land. While we could still hear the wind sweeping down the channel we had just crossed, not a breath of air reached us. After a time the moon came up. What a moon it was! A great full moon, radiant with light! Like the rising sun, it illuminated the sky. It illuminated each silver wavelet. It lighted up Catalina's coast. While straining our eyes in search of some belated pleasure craft, we heard the metallic 'click, click, click' of a gasoline motor over next to the shore. Then the lights of a small launch appeared, hugging the shore and running towards Avalon. There was a small brass cannon on our deck. We loaded and fired it in the direction of the launch. It was evidently heard. Soon we saw the lights headed in our direction. In a short time it was alongside of us. It was a small gasoline launch which had been around the

island. Some of our friends were aboard it. It was too small to tow us. They kindly took me to Avalon. There I hunted up Capt. Alec Smith, who was in charge of the 'Paloma,' Mr. Hancock Banning's yacht. He got his engineer, and we soon ran down to our craft. Never did a rescuer receive a warmer welcome. The sailboat was still plunging with the swell, like a pitching bronco. We threw out a line, and were soon safely back in Avalon's peaceful harbor. What a ride that was! The light of the moon was radiantly brilliant. The sea was never more beautiful. Catalina's giant form was lighted up with a subdued, softened light, which brought out its outline, the indentations of its shore line, the steep declivities of its mountains, but disclosed none of its disadvantages. All the island seemed to be tree and verdure clad. As we rounded the point beyond Pebbly Beach, the lights of Avalon, illuminating hill and vale and shore and bay, hillsides and canyons, came suddenly into view. Well may Catalina be termed the 'Magic Isle.' Surely no part of the Mediterranean, with her miles of shore line, ever presented a more beautiful picture than did Catalina, and especially the crescent-shaped bay of Avalon, that wondrous summer night.

"When Byron wrote:

" 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore: Upon the watery plain,
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, unconfin'd, and unknown.'

he could have had no more inspiring view of the ocean, no matter where he was, than he would have had if

seated upon some frowning cliff of Catalina, overlooking the wind and storm-swept channel between it and San Clemente.

"Of all the moods of the sea, and there are many, that of autumn suits me best. There is a still calm, the equivalent of what is called 'Indian Summer' upon land, which takes possession of the ocean during the fall months. The summer vacationist who visits Catalina, as a rule leaves it too early in the season. October, brown October, with its quiet days and glorious nights, bringing peace and comparative quietude even to old ocean's ceaseless activity, is the month one can get the most enjoyment in cruising about on our southern seas. The days are full of sunshine, but not of oppressive heat. No fogs obscure the starlit sky. No dust shuts out any of the mysterious lights implanted in the blue dome of heaven. No treacherous winds lash the peaceful waters into waves mountain high, or carve out of the sea's uneven surface dark valleys to engulf your craft. Nowhere else are these fall moonlight nights as bright or as beautiful as upon the ocean.

"I spent a delightful fortnight in cruising around San Clemente, Catalina, even out past the barren rocks of Santa Barbara to St. Nicholas, seventy miles beyond Catalina, in October, some years ago. St. Nicholas is some ninety miles long by several miles wide. The shore line is rough and forbidding and anchorages are few and difficult to make. The land ascends from the coast until at a height of several hundred feet there is a broad table-land, very level, extending east and west. From the north the winds sweep the island with great force. Vast acres of sand have invaded the northern extremity of St. Nicholas. One large ravine, in which a good-sized stream of water rises, and which formerly flowed to the ocean, is com-

pletely choked with sand. For miles, the former habitation of a race now extinct, which formerly lived here, can be traced by the burned rocks of their fireplaces, great piles of abalone shells and household implements, many broken and many yet in good repair. A few of us gathered fully half a ton of relics there in a few short hours. I have a bowl made from Catalina soapstone—an almost perfect bowl. Also a pestle made of the same material, which could well be used by a druggist today, so smooth it is and perfect in construction. Both of these I found on St. Nicholas on that trip. Here at a great depth along the shore are found immense quantities of red abalone. In fact, the shells scattered in great numbers around the ancient fireplaces are of the red variety. Fishing lines made of seaweed and of remarkable strength, pipes, beads, hammers, stone axes, all well preserved, are frequently found here. The shifting sands, while unstable, drifting hither and thither, at times cover up and again disclose many of these relics.

"Returning from one trip there, as we were almost off Santa Barbara Island, which is a high, flat, barren rock projecting from the sea, we saw two men in a tow boat, pulling toward us and signaling us to stop. We slowed down and waited for them. They were two highly excited Italian fishermen. They wanted to show us an immense crawfish they had just captured. He was certainly a monster. They said he weighed thirty-one pounds. He looked as big as a nail keg. We asked them to sell him to us. They replied: 'Not-a mucha, we puta heim back. He da bigga da crawfisha in da worl'. We no kill heim. We puta heim back.'

"That night we lay at anchor in the little bay at the isthmus on the eastern side of Catalina Island. Next morning, at four o'clock, we sailed for San Pedro. I was

up early studying the sea, watching the birds and the fish. Just before sunrise we were in mid-channel, halfway between the Isthmus and San Pedro. All at once I saw a most remarkable mirage. Catalina and the mainland appeared to be almost contiguous. I could see the houses in Avalon, the rocks along the shore, the trees and brush on the mountains, as well as the houses in San Pedro, the vessels at anchor around Deadman's Island, just as plainly as if they were but one hundred yards from us. My companion on the trip was still asleep, but I hurried him on deck. In wonderment we gazed on this unusual sight. The crew said that never before had they seen anything like it. As the sun broke forth above the horizon, the island and the mainland, in an instant, seemed to glide away from us. To the human eye, they actually seemed to move off. They all faded into that obscurity which their distance from us justified.

"In the autumn months throughout Southern California there are times when the atmosphere is remarkably clear at daybreak, and the eye can distinguish objects at a very long range. An old friend of mine, Mr. John E. Jackson, a civil engineer, who lived a great deal of the time in the open, often called my attention to this peculiar atmospheric condition. He told me that on one occasion he had seen the flagstaff on the Hotel Arcadia at Santa Monica from the summit of Mt. Wilson, with the naked eye. This was hard for me to believe. A short time afterwards, in company with a gentleman from England, who was here on business, I spent a night at Echo Mountain. This was before the electric road had been extended to Mt. Lowe. The next morning we went on muleback, before sunrise, to the summit of Mt. Lowe. It was late in the fall, just after a slight rainstorm. The morning proved to be a 'Jackson' morning. We not only saw

plainly the houses in Santa Monica and the flagstaff on the Hotel Arcadia, with the naked eye, but we also saw the houses in San Pedro and Long Beach, and even the surf breaking into foam on the Seal Rocks at Catalina. The rock island, Santa Barbara, and St. Nicholas, miles beyond, were in plain view.

"While our southern seas are usually free from storms in summer-time, there are occasionally summer storms here of considerable violence, unaccompanied by winds. The ocean will occasionally, on short notice, become very ugly. For days great big breakers will roll into the shore. Before the breakwater was built at San Pedro, these storms worked great havoc along the Terminal Island shore line. At one time it looked as if every house on the island would be washed away. Great waves in quick succession would advance from the ocean. They appeared to be high enough to sweep over the housetops. When, however, they reached shallow water, about one hundred yards from the shore, the base of the column would drag on the sand. The top would plunge over onto the beach with a terrific roar, and cast its spray and foam far into the air. Sometimes for days this process would continue. Each tumbling breaker shook the earth. When one of these storms subsided the ocean front from Terminal to Long Beach would be covered with deep-water seashells and great bodies of giant kelp.

"On one occasion, after a peaceful summer evening, I left Avalon with my family and a few guests in the 'Pasqualito,' a sturdy gasoline launch, 38 feet long, and equipped with a 25 H.P. engine, for San Pedro. We waited until after seven o'clock for the moon to come up. It was bright as day when we started, and the sea was as smooth as one ever sees it. Soon dark, broken clouds obscured the sky. The ocean became black and

turbulent. When we were halfway across, we ran into one of those strange summer storms. The waves were running mountain high. Our good little boat never faltered. She would climb straight up a solid mountain of water, then, just before reaching the top, stick her nose in the crest of the wave and dive down into an abyss, which in the darkness seemed to be utterly bottomless. At such times our propeller would be frequently out of the water. Before the bottom of such a descent was reached, she would start up another water mountain only to dive down on the other side. The waves were not running parallel with either shore, but came in from the north. To meet these great walls of water head-on, we had to hold our course pretty well out to sea. When we finally reached still water on this side of the channel, we were more than half a mile west of the lighthouse at Point Firmin. We skirted the kelp, ran around the point of the breakwater, and were soon tied up at the wharf on the inner bay of Terminal Island. Our children all thought the trip a great joy. I certainly was truly thankful when we were safely anchored.

"If any of my readers know Dr. Ernest A. Bryant, who was with us, just ask him how he liked it.

"Victor Hugo could have adequately described our voyage. I know of no other writer, living or dead, who could have done so.

"The long stretch of sea-coast from Balboa south, past San Juan Capistrano, past Oceanside, Del Mar and La Jolla, to San Diego, and still beyond, also affords delightful cruising grounds. The Channel Isands, off Santa Barbara, are charming spots. Their shores afford deep water and good landing places.

"The yachts from the East, which will winter with us upon the completion of the Panama Canal, will use all of

these waters. They will sail at will from San Diego as far north as Santa Barbara, stopping at Catalina, San Pedro and other favored spots on the way. Thus a new industry, heretofore unknown to us, viz., the provisioning and caring for a fleet of winter pleasure vessels, will be added to the resources of this marvelous land of ours."

Later on, the City of Los Angeles, in excavating the Inner Harbor, pumped miles and miles of white sand out into the ocean in front of the Terminal Island beach, and absolutely ruined it as a pleasure resort. In front of our house, where the water used to come within twenty-five feet of it, it is now at least a mile to the water. When Terminal Island was laid out, a 25-foot strip was left in front of the lots, as a street, and so marked on the map. If this street had not been there, the accretion formed by the sand pumped from the Inner Harbor would have belonged to the lot owners, but as the city owned the street, the accretion went to it.

Naturally, this very much depreciated all of our properties. I sold our house and lot for about a quarter of what it cost. It was comfortably furnished, and Mrs. Graves gave all of the bedding to Mr. L. N. Brunswig to send to France for the war sufferers, during the war. I also sold the Pasqualito when we could no longer use our home at the Island. It went to San Diego, and some one told me it is still running, although it must be seventeen years since I disposed of it.

No matter what I was out on this deal, I feel that I was amply repaid by the pleasure which it gave us, and especially the enjoyment which my children and their friends had there.

CHAPTER XLV

VARIOUS FISHING EXCURSIONS. BIG TROUT BUT GOT AWAY

DURING my vacations I had many fishing excursions. I had fished most of the trout streams from the McCloud River to those of Los Angeles County. Back in the '70's, and well into the '80's, there were no better trout streams on this coast than the San Gabriel Canyon and the small stream in San Antonio Canyon. In the old days, 23-inch trout were frequently taken in each of them.

In July, 1893, I had most wonderful fishing at a large lake, well up toward the headwaters of the Kern River. This lake was formed by an immense slide from a mountain into the bed of the stream, during a wet season back in the '60's. The slide, after the dirt had washed out of it, completely dammed up the river with rocks. It is many years since I was there, and from the progress made in filling it up by sediment settling in it from the upper end, I would imagine that by this time it would be nearly destroyed for fishing purposes.

One morning I caught four fish, using a brown Hackle fly, which, after being drawn, weighed sixteen pounds and four ounces. All of my party were equally successful. Judge Wm. P. Wade, of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, and myself, were walking along the edge of the lake, one bright morning. There was an eddy, in which had gathered floating debris, of all kinds, including large pieces of bark off of pine trees. At the same instant, some twenty feet from shore, we espied a trout, I

think fully twenty inches long, lying at full length upon an upturned piece of pine bark. The trout saw us at the same instant, and, with an almost imperceptible motion, leaped into the water. You can imagine our astonishment. My explanation of the circumstance is that the fish had leaped out of the water after a fly, bee or some other winged insect, and fell upon the bark. Feeling the sun's rays, it was lying there taking a sun-bath, when it saw us.

When the judge and I got into camp, and told our story, our companions would have none of it, and vowed we had been drinking and had gotten to the stage where we were seeing things. The story is, however, a true one. Judge Wade has long since gone to the reward that awaits an honest judge and all good fishermen. During his lifetime he verified this story, and would do so yet, were he living.

On that trip we caught the true Golden Trout, in Whitney or Volcano Creek, a tributary on the east side of the Kern River. They are a game and very palatable fish, not over twelve inches long, in that locality. I have heard that they are much larger in a stream called Cottonwood Creek, that flows into Owens River Valley. We caught hybrid golden trout in streams east of Kern River and south of Whitney Creek. They had golden spots on their sides, often as large as a fifty-cent piece. We first found them in a stream in Brown's Meadows, but one day's travel from Kernville.

In 1903, I had most excellent fishing in Spring Creek, in the Klamath River Indian Reservation, in Oregon. The waters of the stream were so clear that it was impossible to catch a trout in it except on riffles where it ran with considerable velocity over submerged rocks and thus made a foam or bubbles which, to some extent, interfered with the vision of the fish. The best trout fishermen

I ever knew would always wear black clothes, use black rods and dark line, when fishing. They insisted that they were less plainly seen by the trout than when in light-colored clothing and fishing with a light-colored rod and line.

One morning, on Spring Creek, in a very short time, with a fly, I caught four trout which were nearly as large as any of the four which I caught at the lake on Kern River. They were beautiful fish, lighter in color than the Kern River trout. Trout owe their colorization largely to environment. A trout which has its habitat in a deep hole, where it can go under large boulders, is usually darker than those that live in more open waters.

On the trip to the Klamath Indian Reservation above-mentioned, the largest fish taken was caught by Mr. Norman Sterry, an attorney of this city. It was caught in the Williamson River, just below where Spring Creek empties into it, and weighed over six pounds. It was shaped, as far as its body was concerned, more like a fresh water black bass than a trout, but it had the head and fins of the latter.

One morning I caught a ten-pound trout on a light rod with a Wilson spoon, in Lake Tahoe. Just as I landed it, the lake steamer came along, going to Tallac. I hailed it, gave the fish to the captain, asked him to have it cleaned and ship it to my partners, O'Melveny and Shankland, at Los Angeles, which he did. After a few days, desiring to ship them more fish, provided the first one reached them in good shape, I wired the firm asking if the trout had arrived safely. Mr. Shankland answered as follows:

"Trout arrived in fine shape. Served it at California Club. Cost me nineteen dollars for wine."

To which I replied: "You got off cheaply. What do you suppose it cost me?"

Both the San Gabriel and San Antonio canyons have been ruined as trout streams by the power companies. There is still some fishing on the upper reaches of the San Gabriel. There is much good fishing in many of the streams throughout the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I always found the best trout fishing where the other fishermen did not go. That means, at or near the headwaters of the stream one is fishing, and of course means extremely hard work.

Like all other fishermen, I once caught a large one that got away. I will describe the incident by quoting from an account which I wrote of the adventure and which was printed in *The Graphic,* a weekly paper once published in Los Angeles County. The creel mentioned in the story was given to me by a friend and was extra large in size. I measured it a day or two since. It is twenty inches long across the bottom. This incident occurred in San Antonio Canyon, and after describing some adventures there, I proceeded as follows:

"Near Ice House Canyon the main stream turned a little to the left, and ran over a sun-baked, boulder-strewn flat for some distance. This flat was evidently torn up by winter floods. The stream had frequently changed its course over the flat. That season it ran in a small depression among the boulders. I kept to a path along one of its banks, and as I crossed the flat I saw in the bottom of the depression where the stream ran an immense hole, some ten feet in diameter, and probably as deep. The water flowed into it from above, and out of it on its lower side. The flat I speak of terminated at the foot of a mountain, where in those days the trail for the trip up 'Old Baldy' began. I remember that an immense maple tree stood where the trail began its ascent. Under the maple was a beautiful pool of water, out of which I took,

in a short time, four trout, from ten to twelve inches long. I then started to fish down-stream, casting my fly into all of the likely-looking small pools or riffles, and I soon got two more good-sized fish.

"Just as I made the hole I spoke of as being in the bottom of the creek bed, I saw an enormous trout, almost on his side, near the top of the water, apparently sunning himself. He saw me just about the same instant I saw him, and dove to the bottom of the pool. There was a stunted sage-brush on one side of the pool, the only growing thing anywhere near it. I crept up behind it, and as much in its cover as I could get, and began to cast over the pool. I dropped my fly into every nook and corner of it, but never got a rise. Then I backed off and changed my fly, and tried it again. For fully an hour I stood in the boiling sun, and used all my skill to lure that trout from his hiding-place. It was one of those really hot mornings that one gets sometimes even in high altitudes. I actually suffered from the heat. I concluded to go away for half an hour and give the trout a rest. I moved from the stream, looked at my watch, determined to give that trout fully thirty minutes to get into motion again, sat down on a boulder in the sun, there being no shade anywhere in sight, and waited patiently.

"While sitting there, several big, yellow grasshoppers flew by. I made after them, watching them alight, and killed two of them with my hat. These I put on my fly hook, and when my half-hour was up I crept back to the pool and played them all over the surface, but without success. Then I let them sink slowly into the pool, and to my delight I saw the trout come up towards them. He looked twice as big as he did when I first saw him. He swam slowly to my grasshoppers, and contemptuously poked them to one side with his nose, swimming around

and coming back, and frequently repeating the trick. After a time he sank out of sight again. Fully another hour I worked on that pool. I let the hook sink still lower, and once or twice I thought I felt a nibble, but a strike on my part failed to land the hook. I was wild with excitement and disappointment. Finally, I drew off determined to give Mr. Trout another half-hour's rest.

"I got fresh grasshoppers, went back to my boulder, and sat down and waited. While sitting there I saw a kangaroo rat cross the path in front of me and disappear in a hole in an old log not far away. I went over to the log, gave the knot under which the hole was located a vigorous kick, knocking it off, and disclosing the rat's nest with a few little rats, each about the size of a mouse, in it. I captured two of them and got bit in doing so. I tied one of them up in my handkerchief. I took off my fly hook, and put in its place a bait hook. This I inserted through the skin on the back of the neck of the other little rat, in such a way as not to kill it. Again I crept back to my pool. I hung that rat just above the water, so that his hind feet and tail touched it. These he wiggled, making just such a motion as a live bee dropped into the water makes. Instantly, there was a mighty swish, and the trout gobbled him. I struck at the same time, sinking the hook home fast. My, but I was excited! 'Would I land him?' I asked myself. 'Would he break something?' My rod was a light one, not intended for such game, and my line had seen long service.

"Fortunately, my leader was a new one, and the hook a strong one. Round and round that pool went the trout; then up into the air; then down to the bottom; then around the edges of the pool, dangerously near to jagged rocks that projected into it. The pool was too small for him to make such a fight as would have delighted a fisher-

man on more extensive ground, but he was doing very well, I thank you, considering his opportunities. He went to the bottom and sulked. I pulled him gently this way and that, and after a time he came to the surface with a bound and leaped into the air, I reeling in as fast as I could to keep the line taut. Up he rushed, and down he went, first into the air, and then down to the bottom of the pool. On one of his downward trips, I held him a little too tight, and the tip of my rod broke at about its center, rendering the rod useless. I got hold of the line with my left hand and ran off a few feet of line, bit it in two pieces with my teeth, and threw the rod from me.

"I now played him Indian fashion, hauling him hand over hand as he came up, and playing out as he went down. In one of these rushes, he ran under a projecting rock, some three feet from the surface, and was hidden from me. I was afraid to pull him out, thinking I might cut the line on some sharp ledge. I reached my rod, took off the reel, and running the butt end of it down along the line, I brought him away from the ledge and again got the fish into the open water, where we began the battle over again. At last he tired and gave up the fight. Slowly I led him into shallow water on a flat rock overhanging the edge of the pool, and then yanked him out onto the land. Oh, wasn't he a beauty! Fully twenty-four inches long, and broad in proportion. I put my left thumb under his gills, gripping him around the throat, removed the hook from his mouth, and took him onto dry land. He struggled hard to get away and cut my thumb until the blood ran.

"My creel was on my left side. I stuck his nose into the slot in its lid, and lo and behold, he would not begin to go into the slot! I have just measured that slot and it is three and one-half inches long and two inches wide. I

reached down with my right hand and unbuckled the strap that holds the lid down, and put my trout into the basket. His nose came out under the lid on one side, and his caudal fin protruded from under the lid on the other side. Can any mortal tell me why I didn't kill that fish, or why I didn't again buckle down the lid? My heart beat with excitement. I was cooked by the heat, I was thirsty to desperation. During all of my two or three hours' struggle to hook and land that trout I had not taken a drink of water. I now took off the creel and went to the stream, slaked my thirst and bathed my hands and face in its cooling waters. I then put my rod together, making the best loop I could at the end of the second joint, the tip having been destroyed, put on my creel again and started down-stream, and even yet I was idiotic enough not to buckle down the lid.

"About three hundred yards away the stream was fringed with willows and alders. In these I cast into a good-sized pool and hooked another twelve-inch trout. I was on the right-hand side of the stream. I squatted down near the edge of the water to avoid an overhanging willow, and was trying to land my last catch. This position brought my creel, which was on my left side, immediately over the water. Just as I got my hand on the trout at the end of my line, I heard a mighty struggle in the creel, and immediately afterward there was a 'kerplunk!' and looking around I saw my big trout disappearing in the water. He had kicked up the lid and jumped out. How could I have been so idiotic as not to have buckled down the lid? I have fished with that creel at my side on the McCloud River, along the upper reaches of the Sacramento River, in the big meadows of Plumas County, at Lake Tahoe, for miles and miles along the Kern River, and on the latter, on one occasion, I had in it

four fish taken in about thirty minutes, whose combined weight was sixteen pounds, but never has it been my good fortune to catch so large or so beautiful a trout as the one that got away from me that morning in San Antonio Canyon."

My fishing experience of many years teaches me that hunger has nothing to do with trout taking the fly or bait. On one occasion, with my good old friend, Mr. John E. Jackson, a surveyor of Los Angeles, I was camped on Kern River, nine miles above Kernville. Near camp was a splendid pool, say 75 by 200 feet in extent. The river poured into it over a flat rock, with a fall of some ten feet at its upper end, and ran out of it in a stream, over a rock ledge, at its lower end. It was full of fish. One morning we worked it for a full hour without getting a strike. Two hours later we saw trout leaping into the air in all sections of the pool. We hastened to it, and caught all the fish we wanted in a few minutes. In a short time, they quit leaping as suddenly as they began, and would not longer take a fly. Every fish we caught was gorged with food, mostly grasshoppers, small fish and frogs. Hunger could not have induced them to strike when we were catching them.

Returning to camp on that occasion, I was wading in the water, near the edge of the stream, casting ahead of me. I got a tremendous strike and hooked a trout which measured twenty inches in length. When I got him in my landing net I could not, for an instant, make out what was the matter with his mouth. On getting my hands on the fish, I was much astonished to see the caudal fin of a trout protruding from its mouth. I killed the fish by sticking the blade of a penknife into its neck, just behind the head. We carefully measured it, and cut it open. The fish it had swallowed was a trout seven inches long. Its head and

shoulders were partially digested. The stomach of the fish and entrails were full of partially-digested food, mostly small trout. Surely hunger did not make that trout strike at my fly.

On another occasion, I could not get a strike in a pool that was full of trout. I accidentally snagged one, which was twelve inches long, through the gills, landed it and found it as empty as if it had eaten nothing for hours.

Lake fishing never had much attraction for me. I always liked to get into the water up to my knees, or even higher, and fish down-stream, casting ahead of me as I proceeded. Since losing a limb fourteen years ago, that pleasure has been denied me.

CHAPTER XLVI

MY FIRST EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE

WELL do I remember my first earthquake experience. It was on a Saturday, early in October, 1868, in San Mateo County. My father, myself and four Chinamen were digging potatoes in a field on a plateau which sloped from some hills easterly to a ravine in which was laid the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company running from San Francisco to San Jose. Another plateau sloped from the western foothills of the San Bruno Mountains westerly to the same ravine. The San Bruno Mountains are seven or eight hundred feet high. They rise abruptly, near the division line between the City of San Francisco and San Mateo County, nearly opposite and east of Lake Merced. They run southerly and terminate abruptly near Baden, where the old cattle king, Henry Lux, of Miller & Lux, had his home.

The Chinamen were digging, my father was sorting and picking up the potatoes and putting them into sacks, while I sewed up the sacks. All at once my father called to me, and said:

"Look at that fool mountain!"

Beginning at the northern end, it was dancing up and down. The motion was traveling southerly. While we were looking, my father again said:

"Look at that freight train!" which was proceeding north on the San Francisco tracks. The train was weaving up and down like a snake. The next instant we all saw, coming towards us from the northeast, a wave of earth. It looked to me to be six feet high. When it reached us we were all knocked down, the sacks of pota-

toes were overthrown. I felt a peculiar weakness in my knees and could not get up for a few minutes. I was not frightened. It was some sort of an electric affection of the knees. My father complained of the same feeling. The Chinamen shouted to each other in terror and as soon as they got on their feet they started towards our home, where they were stopping in a small house near the barn. They never stopped at their house, but kept on to the village of Colma, half a mile beyond, where they caught a stage which took them to the street-car line to the Mission in San Francisco. They did not come back for three days.

My father and I sacked and sowed up the potatoes that were dug, gathered the sacks into a pile, covered them with weeds and potato vines, to prevent sunburn, and then we went home. When we got there, my mother called to us to come to the milk-room. About a dozen pans of milk had been milked that morning. Every pan was empty. They did not turn over. The milk simply splashed out with the swaying motion.

Between the first shock at 8 o'clock in the morning, and midnight, there were thirty-seven distinct shocks, none of them of great severity. My greyhound, Flora, had a warm spot on a hillside, back of the house, where she would lie in the sun and was protected from the wind which came from the ocean, but passed over her. A short time before any of us felt any of the additional shocks, she would come running to the house whining with terror. I suppose that she was that sensitive that, lying on the ground, she detected the coming shock before it manifested itself by motion.

We were located on the fault which heads up in Mendocino County, crosses the bay this side of Sausalito, then heads in a straight line through what is now Golden

Gate Park, and down through San Mateo County. The occupied portion of San Francisco hardly felt this earthquake, which did some damage in the cities of San Mateo and Redwood.

When living in San Francisco I felt a pretty strong shake. I remember that the front of a building on California Street near Sansome, occupied by the wholesale liquor house of Schultz & Von Bergin, sprung out from the top, leaving a wedge-shaped opening at the top and extending down some fifteen or twenty feet. The entire front was immediately taken down and rebuilt.

During my fifty-two years in Los Angeles County, we have never had an earthquake which has done serious damage. There has been some pretty flimsy construction here, during the building boom of the past several years, and we may not always be as lucky in the future. We can, however, hope that the country may be spared any serious disaster.

The records disclose that the most serious shocks felt south of Tehachapi were those of 1812 and 1857. The latter was very severe in the Fort Tejon region, some miles this side of Bakersfield. In the early '70's, Inyo County suffered severely, several persons having been killed in a building at Lone Pine. Mr. James C. Kays, now deceased, an old-time resident here and at one time sheriff of Los Angeles County, was asleep in the building where these deaths occurred, but fortunately was not injured.

Geologists all say that Los Angeles County is fortunate in having mostly a shale foundation rather than solid rock. The latter cannot give, while shale can compress and relieve the strain put upon it. I do not believe that a human being exists who is not peculiarly affected by an earthquake shock.

CHAPTER XLVII

HUNTING TRIP IN ANTELOPE VALLEY CHASING A BEAR ON HORSEBACK AT LAKE TAHOE

IN A FORMER CHAPTER I mentioned the fact that bears were quite numerous in Southern California, in 1875. In fact, they were numerous all over the State of California. It is singular that in all my travels and hunting trips on this coast, I never saw but two bears in the natural state, in the open.

On the trip I have mentioned with Mr. A. C. Chauvin to the upper end of Antelope Valley, in Los Angeles County, in 1876, after we had crossed over to the La Liebre Ranch, I was out one morning quite early, looking for deer. I had worked over quite an extent of territory, climbing up-hill nearly all the time. I came out on a flat, and crossing to its south side I found it terminated or dropped off into a brushy canyon fully 200 feet deep. The side of the canyon where I was standing was very abrupt, even precipitous, virtually a cliff. While examining the country below me, in the bottom of the canyon and some distance from the foot of the cliff, I saw an immense bear, eating acorns off a clump of oak bushes. I had an old-fashioned Henry rifle, which, for efficiency, when compared with the modern 30-30 Winchester or Savage rifle, was no more than a pop-gun. I was not looking for bear, but as I had all the advantage of position, I took a shot at Bruin. I hit him in the shoulder, and had I been using a 30-30 Winchester, would have done him some damage. He turned his head around and bit at the wound. I ejected

my exploded shot, which had got jammed, and by the time I got it out and another shell in the chamber, the bear had disappeared in the brush. I had no anxiety to renew my acquaintance with him.

The next morning, Mr. Eulogio de Celis, whose father once owned the San Fernando Rancho and the Celis Vineyard Tract in Los Angeles, situated on the east side of Main Street, near Tenth, came into our camp greatly excited. He had, during the night before, caught an immense grizzly bear in a trap, in the canyon next to the one we were camped in. He had just killed him and wanted us to go over and see him, which we did. On examining him, we found the wound in his shoulder, caused by my shot of the day before. The bullet had penetrated to the bone and had not sufficient driving force to penetrate or break the same. We assisted Eulogio in skinning him. The pelt was very large. The bear's teeth were much worn, and he bore every evidence of great age.

It was not far from this point that Allan Kelly, of the *San Francisco Examiner,* captured the grizzly named "Monarch," and which was for years in the museum at Golden Gate Park. He was supposed to be the last of his species in that district.

On another occasion, accompanied by Mrs. Graves and my daughter, Katherine, I was visiting at Mr. I. W. Hellman's summer home at Lake Tahoe. Mr. E. S. Heller, Mr. Hellman's son-in-law, was also there. He proposed that we, Mr. Heller, my daughter and myself, ride up to a lake in a canyon west of Mr. Hellman's place. We went on horseback, had a pleasant trip, but it was an off day with the trout, and we caught but few fish. Returning in the afternoon, we had gotten pretty well down towards the mouth of the canyon, when two dogs which

were with us raised a great commotion, in a patch of willows, some acres in extent, through which a stream ran. The dogs were going away from us. They evidently were on the back-track of a big cinnamon bear, which ambled out of the willows in front of us. He started up a moderately wide canyon coming in from the north. I went after him, calling the dogs. I got in front of him with my horse and he turned to the west side of the canyon. I again outran him and he turned to the east side. I was hoping the dogs would come and tree him. We had no firearms with us. Had we got him into a tree, one of us and the dogs could have held him there while another member of the party went to the home of Mr. Hellman, about half a mile away, for a rifle. Then we could have shot him at our leisure. I turned that bear a dozen times. Occasionally, I was near enough to him to hit him with my bridle reins. Soon the canyon narrowed to such an extent that I had to abandon the chase. The bear jumped up onto a big flat rock, took a parting disgusted look at us, and went on up the mountain. Mr. Heller never got over berating me for what he termed my foolhardiness.

CHAPTER XLVIII

EXPERIENCES AS AN ORANGE-GROWER

SINCE 1882, I have been an orange-grower, under somewhat adverse circumstances. When we acquired our present home at Alhambra, there was planted on it 6½ acres of seedling oranges, just coming into bearing, also three acres of seedling lemons, which were utterly worthless, and three acres of limes which paid well when they did not freeze. After a freeze, they bore no fruit for several years. I removed the limes and lemons and then planted twenty acres of Mission grapes. When they were six years old and bearing, they died over night, of the Phylloxera. I dug them up and replanted the ground to navel oranges. When they got to bearing, I found my section was not a good navel section. The oranges did not ripen early and would not hang on the trees late. Consequently, they had to be picked when the market was glutted and brought a low price. I budded almost all of these navels to Valencias. I bought more land, and planted more Valencias, until I had thirty acres of oranges. In 1900, I budded the six and one-half acres of seedlings to Valencias, and they did remarkably well.

During all these years I had a constant fight for water. Our place originally had four-tenths interest in all the water in Stoneman Canyon, which was sufficient for the original thirty acres until the flow of the canyon decreased to such an extent that four-tenths of it did not much more than furnish water for household purposes. I acquired water rights in the canyon, and ran a tunnel

which gave me an ample supply for six years and then dried up inside of twelve hours. I account for this in the following manner. There was a dike which held the water back, crossing this country, and the water I got either came over a break in the dike or through a crevice in it. As the plain of saturation under Pasadena shrunk, the water got to such a level that it would no longer flow to me.

I then acquired land in the southern limits of Pasadena, drilled wells, ran a tunnel, and intercepted the water from them at a point sixty-five feet beneath the surface. Since 1900, I have had ample water for my own needs and am selling a very considerable amount to the City of Alhambra.

One hears all sorts of stories about the profit or loss in orange growing. From the time we took possession of our home, in 1882, until January 1st, 1927, I spent, for land, buildings, water rights, water development, pipelines, planting trees, cultivation and care thereof, insurance, taxation and repairs, the sum of $464,396.40; and I have taken in from the sale of the products, etc., the sum of $480,758.89.

During all of that time we have lived there, we have had our own fruit, vegetables, chickens, milk, etc. Of course, the rent of the house alone, for forty-five years, would be a very large sum of money. The above figures show that whatever the fifty acres, with their improvements, are worth today, would be net profit. The place has paid for them. The rent of the house and our living off the place, to a large extent, would offset interest on the money expended.

There have been times when I have netted as high as $45,000 per year off of oranges. In 1893, I sold, from the six and one-half acres of navel oranges, thirteen thou-

sand boxes of fruit at $1.35 on the tree. Porter Brothers, of Chicago, picked them and shipped them. That meant $17,550 for one crop off of six and one-half acres of fruit.

My other occupations took so much of my time that I have not been able to give the orange growing business the attention which a man who followed the same for a living could have given it.

CHAPTER XLIX

"DRIVING TEN ELEPHANTS HITCHED TO BANDWAGON"

FROM my earliest recollection, I have never had any trouble in expressing myself in writing and was always good at describing things or incidents. By the time I was eighteen years old I began to write for a newspaper which was published in Redwood City. My next experience was, as hereinbefore related, with the *Los Angeles Herald.*

Later on, I have written many articles for publication, mostly descriptive of hunting or fishing trips, or automobile tours throughout the state. I have been surprised that, months after an automobile trip of ten or fifteen days, during which time I made not a single note, I could sit down and write up everything that occurred, giving dates at which we were at various places and what occurred there.

I have never written but one article that was not founded upon fact, and that was three years ago, and was published in the *Los Angeles Times.* I repeat both the heading and the article herein.

"Driving Ten Elephants Hitched to Bandwagon Gave Banker His Start"

"When I was 18 years of age, living with my parents in San Mateo County, I was attending St. Mary's College, then on the western outskirts of San Francisco. A man named Leander Sawyer owned a large body of land in the hills in San Mateo County, back of Redwood City. He had a great many well-bred horses, of good size and

appearance. For several years he had, under contract, furnished the horses with which to haul a large circus from town to town in California. The season before had been a poor circus year, and at the end of the season he was compelled to take over the circus for his pay.

"In the spring of the next year he was busy overhauling the circus paraphernalia, ready to take the road with it on his own account. All the wagons had been painted, the harness burnished up, the horses put in superb condition, and a full troupe of circus performers had been engaged. The bandwagon was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

"I had driven a six-horse team for Sawyer the year before, during vacation, hauling wood from his place to Redwood City and neighboring towns. He approached me and offered me $125 a month and found, to drive the bandwagon during the coming season. Among other things which he had acquired with his circus were ten elephants. He conceived the notion of hitching these ten elephants to the bandwagon. It was yet six weeks to vacation time. I explained the situation to Brother Justin, the president of the college, and he told me to go, as I was well up in all my studies. I betook myself to Sawyer, and we began to train the elephants to team-work on the bandwagon. We first started out with two elephants, gradually we added two more, until we had ten in harness. They were hitched up just like horses with especially made harness. I sat up in the driver's seat, radiant in a red uniform with brass buttons and gold lace, and held the reins from that point of vantage. At first they objected to bridle bits in their mouths, but at last accepted them.

"I drove them around several miles twice a day for a week or more, with the band playing all of the usual circus music. A clown in fantastic garb sat in a small

seat back of me and acted as bandmaster. One morning Sawyer said: 'Graves, take the beasts out on the road today, nearly to Redwood City and back again. We want to begin to get them used to road work.' We started off, band playing and colors flying. I had on each elephant an Indian mahout (imported from Ireland), dressed in Indian costume with turbaned head, and each armed with an elegant goad, to assist in maintaining discipline.

"Crossing a ridge we went down a hill and out onto a plain that lay between the mountain and the bay. Nature was at her best that early spring morning. The air was redolent with the fragrance of growing things and thousands upon thousands of wild flowers. The sun was warm, the atmosphere all that a perfect California day in the springtime could bring forth.

"For a time all went merry as a marriage bell. Quite an audience of ranchers, their wives and children, attracted by the music and the unprecedented spectacle of ten elephants hitched to a bandwagon, thronged the roadside. As we neared Redwood City, I selected a spot and was ready to swing round on a road which would lead me back to the training camp. We were at the time on a road between two barley fields. There must have been a hegira of field mice crossing the road. The lead elephants were fairly in the body of them. Some of them ran up the elephants' legs. When the huge beasts reached down with their trunks to sweep the mice aside, they climbed onto their trunks. Then things began to happen. The elephants tossed their trunks into the air, endeavoring to shake off the mice, trumpeting loudly, again and again, and dashed forward with all the speed they were capable of—and I want to tell you that an elephant can travel very rapidly. Necessity, in his early environment, to keep out of the way of lions, gave him speed.

"I immediately realized that I had a runaway on my hands. On we dashed. The road led into the main street of Redwood City. To turn the unruly beasts was impossible. We soon were in the center of that peaceful little town. Men, women and children, horse-drawn wagons, buggies and carriages, fled in wild disorder. Dogs did not linger to bark. They fled unceremoniously to the sidewalk. All I hoped for was to swing the elephants straight and miss the impedimenta scattered throughout the streets. I argued that, in time, even an elephant would tire. In vain, every mahout out in front of me used his goad in an endeavor to stop the frenzied beasts. Evidently losing heart, all at once I saw the two mahouts on the lead elephants take a quick back somersault onto the edge of the road. They lit standing up, and, following them, off went every other mahout.

"There I was, clinging to ten crazy elephants, doing a Marathon down a public highway, with a lot of panic-stricken musicians and a clown as passengers. Taking a look out of the corner of my eye, I saw the clown working his way aft. He seized the hand-rail that ran around the top of the bandwagon, and let himself down onto the road. The musicians soon began to drop off in the same manner. They left their instruments lying in the seats. Some of the musicians got badly bumped, but none of them was seriously injured. Every once in a while, when the going got rough, a horn or some other instrument would go overboard. At last, only the bass drum was left, rolling back and forth between two seats. It would strike the sounding surface against the seats and give off an alarming boom, which only struck added terror to my elephants. Redwood City was far in the rear.

"So far, we had not run into anything, not through our efforts, but those on the road fled. Horses in harness

jumped fences, turned over buggies, ran away, and added to the confusion. In a short time I had recited all the prayers that I had ever learned at St. Mary's. I even prayed for sudden death. In my desperation, I hoped that the bandit, Vasquez, or some other demon, would suddenly appear and fill me full of bullet holes, but I never for a moment thought of deserting my job. I could not have done so with any safety, had I desired to.

"Soon we were at Santa Clara and going strong. Straight down the Alameda we sped, with accelerated speed. When in the vicinity of Santa Clara College, I saw a stately priest double up and drop to the sidewalk. I subsequently learned that he was Rev. Father Joseph Acosta, who had a weak heart, and at the sight of my flying elephants he had dropped dead. He was a most beloved priest from the college.

"Now we were in San Jose. I saw four nuns standing upon the sidewalk, and as I passed, one of them threw up her hands in supplication, and I heard her cry, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God!' The rest of her prayer was lost to me as we whirled by.

"Don't imagine that I was not constantly using my brake. I threw it on until the hind wheels locked and slid. I could smell the brake blocks burning, but any pressure from the brake had no effect upon my ten maddened beasts.

"On we went. In swinging out of the way of a loaded wagon, my bandwagon ripped off the side of an old-fashioned street-car standing upon a siding, which fortunately had no passengers in it. At a street intersection we collided with and overturned an ice wagon. The street was full of flying horses and terrified men and women. A mounted policeman had gotten out in front of us and tried to clear the track. Springing from somewhere, came

two vaqueros, one on each side of us. They lassoed the head elephants. When, however, they threw their horses on their haunches, as they do when they throw a steer, there was nothing doing. They had to come along with the procession. In a short time they dropped their riatas. They were, to some extent, my salvation. The elephants behind the leaders would step on them, and the weight of a beast weighing several tons was disconcerting to the leaders, and they began to slow up.

"We were soon well out of the town of San Jose. I saw they were tiring and that the race was certainly nearly ended. They finally eased down to a standstill, more than twenty miles from where the flight began. I was soon surrounded by all the policemen, sheriffs and deputy sheriffs in San Jose. I was only too glad to let one of them come up to my seat and hold the reins while I stretched and rubbed my cramped and tired hands. The officers wanted to know what I was going to do about it. I told them that that was partly up to them, but that the elephants were now tired and would go along peaceably if kept together; if separated, I would not vouch for them. I drove out into a field where I could turn around and headed back toward San Jose, under guard of numerous mounted police officers and sheriffs.

"The officers concluded that while I was to be under arrest, they would not put me in jail. I was monarch of all I surveyed, inasmuch as I was supposed to be the only man on earth who had any control over those ten elephants. Soon my mahouts began to arrive, dusty and disheveled. They had begged rides from people who were trailing the bandwagon to see the fun. Each one returned to his position on an elephant's head. Then the musicians began to limp into port, having begged transportation from passing vehicles, each with a battered

instrument which he had picked up by the wayside. Even the clown finally appeared, but with him was Mr. Sawyer. The clown had gotten a man to take him in a buggy back to camp, and Sawyer immediately took a good two-horse team and a light buggy and dashed after us.

"Coming to a watering trough, the elephants, by loud trumpeting, and flourishing of trunks, gave notice that they were thirsty. The mahouts secured buckets, and it seemed to me that we fed those elephants half the water in San Jose. When they had drunk their fill, each one would fill his trunk and squirt it up over his back.

"The lumbering beasts were pretty tired. On the return trip I had a chance to view the wrecks by the wayside. Here would lie a buggy with one wheel off, then a carriage broken in two and more or less otherwise dilapidated. Wagons were overturned. The entire population was on the street watching the procession. Men and women whose rigs had been injured shook their fists at me. The band tried to play, but the only instrument that would give forth a sound was the bass drum.

"Mr. Sawyer met all the people whose rigs had been injured. He settled with them promptly. He settled to the satisfaction of everybody and persuaded the sheriff to discharge me from custody. He showed them that I was not to blame. That night Sawyer told me he thought it better to put horses on the bandwagon. I agreed with him. Why shouldn't I? A week later, when the circus took to the road, I was still on the bandwagon, holding the reins over ten as beautifully formed dapple gray horses as any man ever drove. We toured the entire state, even coming to Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego.

"When college opened, I had to resign my position. When I returned to Los Angeles, in 1875, it was with the

purpose of getting a job driving stage from here to San Francisco, but the Southern Pacific was almost completed between the two cities, and stage driving was no longer a fashionable employment. So I betook myself to the more sordid following of the law.

"Here I am yet, in the prime of life (I am only 72 years of age), with a head as white as snow. My gray hairs began on the day of my elephant drive."

I knew Mr. Leander Sawyer, mentioned in the article, intimately, knew that he lived where I said he did and had a great many good horses, and that he had hauled a circus throughout California until he had to take it for his pay. I had also driven a team for him during one vacation, hauling four-foot wood from his place to Redwood City. Everything else in the article is pure fabrication, and was written in derision of an article by my good friend, John S. McGroarty. Somebody had stuffed him with the story that H. W. Hellman, who had for years been a prominent merchant and afterwards a banker, in Los Angeles, had at one time driven a six-horse stage, and, coming through the Cahuenga Pass, drove it with one hand while he was shooting at Vasquez with a rifle with the other hand.

McGroarty got up quite a story, written in his usual attractive style. It was as much a fabrication as my elephant story. There occurs, in an illustrated history of Los Angeles County, published by the Lewis Publishing Company, in 1889, at page 506 thereof, a biography of Mr. H. W. Hellman which, to my knowledge, was written by himself. After he had prepared it, he brought it to me and asked me to look it over, which I did, and suggested one or two changes, which he made. That article detailed his life in Los Angeles County. He went to work for Phineas Banning at Wilmington when he got here, prior to 1860, and in 1862, came to Los Angeles and engaged

in mercantile business. Afterwards he went into the wholesale grocery business. Vasquez was sent to the state prison from Humboldt County, in 1868. A few years afterwards he escaped from prison and made his way down the coast, committing depredations as he went. He did not appear in Los Angeles County until 1873, and was captured by William R. Rowland, sheriff, and his deputies, in 1874. Mr. Hellman had then been engaged in the wholesale grocery business for some time.

When I began to write this article I did not know what trend it would take, but it came to me as I proceeded. Notwithstanding its fictitious nature, I subsequently received letters, from San Jose, from three different people, one of whom said he was a boy and standing near Father Joseph Acosta when he dropped dead from fright. Another one said he was standing near the nun when she threw up her hands and cried, "Holy Mary, Mother of God!" and the other one claimed to be the son of one of the policemen who assisted in arresting myself and the elephants. Each of them wanted a loan, which none of them got. And, by the way, Ned Hamilton, for many years a writer on the *San Francisco Examiner,* whose father owned the mountain where the Lick Observatory is situated, and who was living in San Jose at the time, told me to call on him any time I wanted an affidavit to corroborate my story.

CHAPTER L

FIRST OIL COMPANY IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY MY EXPERIENCE IN OIL

AS FAR as I can learn, the first incorporated oil company in Los Angeles County was the Los Angeles Pioneer Oil Company, of which Phineas Banning was president and P. D. Downey, who was in the employ of Banning, was secretary. Nearly everyone in Los Angeles took stock in the corporation. Stock was issued in it in October, 1865, and so dated.

The company drilled a well, without success, on either the Rodeo de las Aguas or the Brea Rancho, west of Los Angeles. It also drilled a well on Lot 3, of Block 27, of Hancock's Survey, which, in 1875, was still owned by Mr. Matthew Teed, a carpenter and builder and for many years a member of the City Council of Los Angeles. From the 10th of June, 1875, until I was married, in October, 1879, I roomed continually in Mr. Teed's house. He told me about the drilling of this well and that it was not an oil producer. It was very close to a road which ran out of the city towards Cahuenga Pass, which would be about where First Street is now located. In the old days, some of us would frequently start out to the San Fernando Ranch for a quail shoot, leaving Los Angeles as early as four o'clock in the morning. If we happened to pass this oil well when there was a heavy fog, it would be so dark that we could hardly see. There was a bad hill just beyond the oil well, which we had to descend, and more than once I have gotten out of the vehicle, struck a match and lighted the gas in this well, the casing of which stood up two or three feet above the surface. It was full

of rocks and sticks and debris that boys had thrown into it, but still gave off a large quantity of gas, and would burn for several hours after we lit it, with a flame ten or fifteen feet high, and it made us an admirable guide going down the hill spoken of. After the first of the gas had exhausted itself, the breeze that usually came up in the afternoon would put out the flame.

The Pacific Coast Oil Company, of which Mr. C. N. Felton, at one time United States Senator from California, was president, and with whom Mr. D. G. Schofield, who was afterwards president, was associated, early operated in Los Angeles County. The first producing well in the county was brought in by the Pacific Coast Oil Company in Pico Canyon, south of Newhall, in the early '70's. This well, I understand, is still producing some oil.

During the '80's, Mr. Wm. R. Rowland and Mr. William Lacy, with whom was associated Mr. Hancock Johnston for a time, drilled some producing wells on lands belonging to Mr. Rowland. They afterwards incorporated the Puente Oil Company, which was one of the early companies in the county. These wells produced a very high gravity oil.

In 1894, my brother, H. E. Graves, came here from Spokane, Washington, where he had been located a number of years, to live. He and I bought stock in the Puente Oil Company and he became its secretary and general manager. Shortly after that, the Puente Oil Company made a contract to deliver quite a large quantity of oil yearly to the beet sugar factory located at Chino, and a pipe-line was laid from the Puente hills to that point, and large tanks were erected on the Puente hills in which to accumulate oil for the sugar factory. The company then conceived the idea of building a refinery at Chino and taking off the light products, leaving the residuum,

which was better fuel than the oil in its natural state, for the sugar factory. We built the refinery and removed most of the tanks from the Puente hills to Chino.

This was the first independent refinery of any size in Southern California, and the Standard Oil Company made it very warm for us for some time. I finally negotiated with Mr. Miller, then president of the Standard Oil Company, whereby his company agreed to take, at Chino, all of our refined goods at a stated price. The contract called for all the water-white, distillate and gasoline that we made, and did not limit us as to that which we could make out of our own production. We immediately made contracts for light oil, and during the eight years that this contract lasted the business was very profitable for the Puente Oil Company. It paid for its refinery, paid its other debts, which amounted to a very considerable sum, and also paid handsome dividends to its stockholders.

When the contract expired, the Standard would not renew except at a ruinous price at which we could not possibly survive. The Puente, therefore, got back into the distributing field. It finally amalgamated with another company, which had quite a large production in the present Brea Canyon field, and made considerable progress in distilling and distributing refined products.

In the spring of 1906, my brother passed away, and a short time afterwards I sold my stock in the company, and it was later purchased by the Shell Oil & Refining Company, who are still producing oil in the old Puente territory.

The Los Angeles field, in 1898, began to produce more oil than it could possibly dispose of. People were loath to change from coal to oil, as none of them knew how long the oil being produced in the city would last, and there were no storage facilities here. My firm were

attorneys for several of the oil men, among others Mr. Thomas Hughes, a very prominent operator. One day I said to him:

"Hughes, let's get up a company to build tanks and store this oil."

Oil was actually selling as low as ten cents per barrel. He said:

"All right. I can get oil men to put up some of the capital."

Then the question was of a man to run it. Hughes said:

"I have just the man, Edward Strasburg. He has had some experience in the field here."

Strasburg was out of town at that time. Hughes sent for him and we had a talk. We incorporated the Oil Storage & Transportation Company, articles being filed November 5th, 1899. Its directors were J. A. Graves, Edward Strasburg, B. Baruch, A. A. Hubbard and Joseph Maier. Its capital was $250,000 and was immediately subscribed and paid in. I was elected president of the company and Mr. Strasburg, secretary and manager. We bought some land near the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, just this side of the Los Angeles River, and immediately contracted for the erection of a number of 35,000-barrel tanks. We soon filled the tanks, and when we could show oil on hand we had no trouble in getting people to change from coal to oil.

The business was quite successful. People stored oil, for which a storage charge was made them, which they could not have sold for more than ten cents a barrel, and inside of eighteen months they received $1.25 per barrel for it, and everybody was happy. Subsequently the corporation was sold to S. K. Rindge, and it afterwards passed to the Associated Oil Company, which is now using the tanks we built, for storage purposes.

In the fall of 1896, Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland had a client for whom we had done considerable business. We presented him with a bill for our services. He had no objection to the bill, but said:

"I am broke and cannot pay it, but I have three acres of land at College and Adobe streets, which I think is oil land. Let me deed that to you, and call it square."

I told him that would be all right, and took a deed to it, in my name, and we receipted his bill. A short time afterwards, Maier & Zobelein, who conducted the Philadelphia Brewery, started an oil well across the street from this property. I said to my partners, O'Melveny and Shankland, "Let's drill an oil well." They would not hear to it. Then I said to them:

"We took this piece of land in full of an $800 fee. Suppose I pay the firm $800. The land is in my name. Will that be satisfactory to you?"

Both of them said, "Yes," in one breath. I paid $800 into the firm and took over the land. I then made an arrangement with my brother and a man named Nettleton, whom he had known in Spokane, whereby we incorporated the Slocan Oil Company, and I deeded to it the three acres of land, and my brother and Nettleton agreed to drill the first well on it. It was drilled inside of thirty days by Mel Kellerman, an oil driller, at $1.00 per foot. I think they used second-hand casing in drilling it, which cost an additional seventy-five cents per foot. It was but 912 feet deep. It came in on St. Patrick's Day, 1897, and was one of the biggest wells ever struck in Los Angeles city.

This well came in before the overproduction heretofore mentioned. We contracted the first 10,000 barrels of oil that we produced to the Los Angeles Railway, of which Fred W. Wood was then superintendent, at $1.50

per barrel, at the well. We delivered the 10,000 barrels in thirteen days. We then contracted 25,000 barrels, at $1.25 per barrel. In the meantime, we were drilling other wells, so as to keep up our production. When the 25,000-barrel contract was finished, we sold the road 100,000 barrels, at ninety-seven cents, and a short time after that, the slump in oil came, but we were on velvet.

One amusing thing occurred in connection with the Slocan Oil Company. We had drilled a well in Mr. Juan Murrieta's backyard, near our three-acre tract. When the overproduction came on, all the oil producers agreed to shut down their wells for a time. Mr. Murrieta had attached a gas line to the well and was using gas in his kitchen stove. During the night, the pressure at the well, it being shut down, became so strong that it blew the valve of the kitchen stove gas line open, and flooded the stove, the kitchen and the cellar. When the Murrietas got up next morning they were greeted by a flood of crude petroleum that was a sight to behold. We rallied all the swampers we could get, and helped them dig and mop and clean up, until we got the house in livable condition again. A heavier valve was put on the gas line and no further trouble occurred.

When the production of these wells that the Slocan drilled became so small that it did not pay the company to handle them, we sold out to the British-California Oil Company, which had bought all the wells in the neighborhood, for $16,000. My brother and I figured up our profits, and between us, we had made on this one deal a little over $100,000.

Just then I concluded that if I was going to practice law I had to practice law, and if I was going to play oil man I would have to devote all my time to oil, so I gave up oil, except my connection with the Puente Oil Com-

pany. Since that time, I have owned, from time to time, stocks in all of the good oil companies in Los Angeles County, but I never was idiot or criminal enough to own one share of Julian Petroleum.

From various small beginnings, the business of oil production has become the largest single industry of Southern California. Field after field has been discovered. The production has steadily increased. Dealers in oil-well supplies have multiplied. The storage business, which I fathered with the incorporation of the Oil Storage & Transportation Company, has grown enormously. Thousands and thousands of tanks, of great capacity, have been erected. Cement reservoirs, partially underground and partially above ground and covered over, have been constructed, so that the storage capacity for crude oil alone, in Los Angeles County, will amount to many million barrels. There has also been a corresponding increase in storage facilities for refined products.

Refineries of great capacity have been built. The output of both crude petroleum and refined products has grown to immense proportions. Shipments of crude and refined oil overshadow everything else that goes out of our San Pedro Harbor. Gas, in great quantities, has been developed and piped to all of our cities and manufacturing centers, thus furnishing fuel at a cost that cannot be approached in price by coal. Pipe-lines have been laid from the oil fields to our refineries and our harbor. Pipe-lines for both oil and gas connect us with the rich oil and gas producing fields of the San Joaquin Valley. Local land-owners have been enriched by royalties received from leases of oil-bearing property. In twenty-five years the oil industry has developed a wealth in Los Angeles County which it could not have obtained from any other source in a full century of endeavor. It has added

thousands to our population. It has stimulated every artery of trade known to our people.

All of the substantial oil companies of the State of California have either their headquarters or prominent branch offices in Los Angeles city. The oil business has made us so rich that we are envied by the population of the northern portion of California.

The end of the oil production here is by no means in sight. A few years ago, 1,500 feet was the limit depth of the oil wells. Now we have them 5,000 to 6,000 feet in depth. The chances are that, if necessary, we will soon be drilling wells 10,000 feet deep. Improved and heavier machinery and new inventions will annihilate the depth question. Let no man underestimate the value of oil-production in Los Angeles County. Sterling companies, amply capitalized, ably managed, scientifically conducted, are in charge of our oil properties. There have been, and now are, a few excrescences on the corpus of the industry, like Julian and Lewis and the joint product of their peculiar way of doing business, the Julian Petroleum Corporation. An occasional fourflusher makes his appearance, swindles a few deluded idiots, and passes off the stage to well-earned oblivion. There is no business which demands greater courage, nerve, foresight, and greater honesty of purpose, than the oil business. Beware of the promoter who, without capital, expects to hold the majority of the stock in a newly formed corporation, and relies for capital to finance his oil production, on selling a portion of the minority stock in his corporation. Beware of the man who is not willing to risk his own money in any sort of a venture. I know it is a common saying of some who have exploited the public in the past, that any man can make money on his own money, but it takes a genius to make money on somebody else's capital.

CHAPTER LI

INJURY TO KNEE, AND LOSS OF LEG. DREAMS AFTER OPERATION. EXPERIENCES AS A CRIPPLE

IN JANUARY, 1900, I injured my knee. I think the patella was cracked, but not clear across. I got along with it all right until May, when we had moved down to Terminal Island for the summer. Starting out fishing one morning, as I went to board our launch I slipped, and the patella broke in two, making a noise like a young cannon. I was laid up at Terminal Island, a very pleasant place to be. From my room I could see the ocean front, with bathers in it twice a day, vessels going in and out of the harbor, and material being constantly dumped on the San Pedro breakwater, which was then in course of construction.

The patella was not wired. My leg was put into a splint and the parts drawn together with adhesive plasters, which were renewed from day to day, and I got what was called a ligamentous union. I had very good use of the limb; in fact, after I got out one would not have known that I had ever been hurt.

Early in January, 1906, I was at the Westminster Gun Club duck-shooting. My blind was up on a levee composed of black alkali soil, and was very slippery. In retrieving a duck, coming out, I slipped on this levee, and rebroke my patella, it again making a noise like a small cannon. I called to Mr. A. L. Schwarz, whom we all know as "Duffy," who was in the next blind. I got back into the blind, while he went for our keeper. Fortunately,

the blind was so situated that a buggy could get to it. While waiting for the keeper, I shot three ducks. I got to the club house and made a splint out of some pasteboard, doubled, putting one in front of the knee and one behind it, and then used my belt to hold it in place. The keeper took me to the Pacific Electric Railway and I rode to the building at Sixth and Main streets, got off, walked to the elevator, went up to Dr. Bryant's office, and he examined it. He fastened a regular splint onto it, and he and I went to my home on the Pacific Electric Railway. Getting off at the station I walked into the house and upstairs. Dr. Bryant again set the leg for a ligamentous union.

After getting well, I got around about as I always did, and rode horseback, went dove, quail and duck shooting, but did not try to do any fishing where I had to wade in a stream, as I had formerly done.

In January, 1913, I was about to take the Pacific Electric car at Fourth and Main streets, for my home in Alhambra, when a man behind me, endeavoring to get out of the way of an automobile, jumped against me as I had one foot on the steps, and drove my poor old knee against some iron part of the car. It immediately began to hurt, and from day to day got worse. Finally I had to go to bed with it. The knee-cap had begun to grow, and was about six inches long and held the leg rigid. The doctors did not know what to make of it. Fortunately, Dr. Murphy of Chicago happened to visit Los Angeles. Dr. Bryant brought him out to see me, and after examination of it he said that it was sarcoma of the knee-cap and advised an immediate amputation. As I understand it, sarcoma is not exactly a cancer, but a malignant tumor.

Dr. Bryant consulted the leading surgeons of the United States, by wire, and they all advised high excision.

Dr. Murphy advised Dr. Bryant to take out the front muscle of the thigh clear up into the front of the hip. He said the only way to determine whether sarcoma affected the knee-cap was by taking it out, crushing it, and having all the microscopists possible examine it. When it came time for the operation this was done, and six microscopists each found the round or sarcoma cell. Dr. Bryant had taken out this muscle that I have spoken of, and if the sarcoma cell had not been found, he was going to splice that in over the knee, thereby getting a very good muscular knee-cap; but as soon as the round cell was found, amputation followed.

Dr. Bryant came to my place on Friday, the 22nd of March, and said there was nothing to be done but amputation, and for me to come in to the California Hospital next morning and at 11 o'clock he would perform the operation.

There was an old negro, named George Edmonds, living with us. I heard him coming up the stairs after the doctor had left me. I knew that I was going to have misery enough to last me some time, beginning at 11 o'clock the next day, so I said to myself that I might as well have a little fun while I had the chance. I was reading the *Popular Science Monthly* for that month. In it was a full-page picture purporting to have been taken from a Roman painting. The upper half of it showed physicians who had just amputated the limb of a negro slave, and in the lower half they were attaching it to the body of the master. Old George came in and I showed him the picture. He got out his glasses, looked at it awhile, and then said:

"Do you 'spose dat's true, Boss?"

I told him, "Sure. They did that lots of times."

He kept looking at the picture, and finally said:

"What do you 'spose dey did with that nigger, after dey cut his laig off?"

I replied: "Oh, I suppose they knocked him on the head and threw him out for the dogs to eat."

He chuckled to himself, and then said:

"De blac man a'ways did git the wuss of it."

Then I said to him, "George, how are your legs?"

He replied: "Oh, my laigs is fine, suh, fine. Nuthin' matter with my laigs. Only thing bothers me is rheumatiz in my shoulders. Jes' a little stiff. Can't wuk de hoe like I usta could."

"You are about my size, aren't you?"

He drew himself up, buttoned his coat, and replied:

"Dese is your clos'. Pretty good fit, ain't it?" and he chuckled.

Then I said: "Tomorrow morning I am going to the California Hospital and Dr. Bryant is going to amputate my left leg well up in the hip. I want you to go in with me. Dr. Bryant will cut off your left leg and graft it onto me. I need a leg more than you do."

His eyes rolled until they seemed to be all whites. He backed up into the open door, and in a terrified voice he said:

"Boss, you don' want one white laig and one blac laig. Dere ain't a woman in the country would have anything to do with you dat-a-way."

I told him that, at my age, that would not make any difference to me. What I wanted was something to walk on. Then he held up his left foot, which was enormous, and said:

"Boss, jes' look at dat foot. If you gotten dat foot fasten' to you, you couldn't walk straight. You go roun' in a circle, and go flipity-flop, flipity-flop, awful like."

I told him I had talked that over with Dr. Bryant, and

Rex Claiburne, Celebrated Strain of Missouri Horses

Geo. Edmonds

he said that while the leg was knitting he would trim down George's heel and shave down the sides of the foot, and to some extent adjust it to the size of my own foot.

By this time George's eyes were big as saucers. "Kin he do dat?" he asked.

"Surely," I replied. "Modern surgery can do anything."

Then George pulled his trump card.

"Boss," he said, "if dis wuz ma right foot, it 'ud be a'right, but dis lef' foot ob mine is de evilist smellin' foot in America. It comes in waves. Dar it is now. Phew!"

He backed a little further out of the door. "Dat foot mortifies me to deat' when I'se in company. You ought to come down to my room and see how'se I sleep. I tuk a pane o' glass outa de window, at the foot of ma bed, an' I put dat foot out in de air, hopin' a skunk will come along and 'fume it. Sometimes I gits up in de night and walks in de fresh cow-manure in the cow-c'ral, to sweeten it up a little. Mrs. Graves wouldn't never 'low dat foot in de house, not a minute, suh, not a minute."

I told him that medical science and the circulation of white blood through the foot would correct the smell he complained of.

"A'right, den; I'se warned you. When do you want me to go?" he asked.

I told him at eight o'clock next morning, that he could go in with me. He started off, grumbling to himself, and when he got to the head of the stairs he came back, stuck his head in the door, and said:

"Yu'll buy me a pair of crutches, won't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'll get you a wooden leg."

"Don't want no wooden laig," he answered. "All dese niggers I see wid wooden laigs ain't no 'count. I'll go on crutches."

He went to his own room, took a bath, came back, hunted up Mrs. Graves and asked her if she would loan him a hand-bag. She asked him if he was going to travel. He answered:

"The boss wants me to go to the hospital with him in the morning. Dr. Bryant is going to cut off my lef' laig and sew it on de boss when he cuts off his lef' laig, and I want to take some clothes with me."

Mrs. Graves replied: "You old idiot, George; don't you know he was only fooling you?"

George had his hat in his hand. He dashed the hat to the floor, let out a yell, and excitedly said:

"Wha' for did de boss want to scare dis poor old nigger to deat', I want to know?"

If anyone reading this book will visit my family burying-ground in San Gabriel Cemetery, he will find a granite headstone marked, "George Edmonds." He was buried at the foot of the graves of my two sons, Selwyn and Jack, whom he fairly worshipped.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, I, with Mrs. Graves and the nurse I had accompanying me, went to the California Hospital. It is a rather singular thing that, on the trip to town, we saw three one-legged men on crutches. In each instance, I pointed them out to my wife, and said: "I will join that fraternity tomorrow."

When I got to the hospital the nurse there wanted to shave my hip and thigh well into the groin. I took my own razor, sat up in bed, and shaved it myself. When I had finished it she gave me a hypodermic and, I think with more frankness than discretion, said:

"I guess Dr. Bryant knows what he is doing, but that hypodermic is strong enough to kill a horse."

I told her I was a mule, and it would not kill me.

Towards 11 o'clock they put me on a litter on wheels,

and started me for the operating room. When we got to the door, Dr. Bullard, who was to administer the anaesthetic, said:

"Do you want to take the anaesthetic here, or inside?"

I answered: "Oh, take me in and put me on the table. I would be too limp to handle, if you gave it to me here."

Just as he went to adjust his apparatus I waved my hand at the assembled nurses and physicians, and said:

"If I don't come back, good-bye." That was the last I knew of the performance for some little time.

Prior to that, I had never fainted in my life, never been out of my head an instant. I woke up with the weariest feeling I ever had in my life. My son-in-law, Mr. Stewart, and a nurse were in the room. I said to them:

"Did they cut off my leg?"

They answered, "Don't talk, don't talk; lie quiet."

That did not satisfy me, and I ran my hand down and found the jumping-off place. Then I knew it was gone. The first thing that came to my mind was, how I was going to make a living. Then I went to sleep. And I had a very queer dream.

I dreamed that I had a monkey and a hand-organ. I did not seem to have anyone taking care of me, was living in a shack, and would come up town and grind the hand-organ, and the monkey would take in a few cents in a cup. One morning I was shaving myself, and I thought the monkey would look better if I shaved him. I set him up on a chair, lathered his face, and in shaving him I cut his chin. He bled like a newly struck oil gusher. He grabbed his cup, and every time it was full would turn it on the floor. Pretty soon that blood was creeping up to the bed, and onto the bed. I dreamed that I got onto the bed, stretched myself out, and still that blood was coming.

I felt it in my ears, getting around to the corners of my mouth. I said to myself, "Have I got to lie here and drown in that infernal monkey's blood?" Just then I woke up.

The nurse was industriously wiping the perspiration from my forehead. I was simply wringing wet, and she had to change not only my clothing but the sheets on the bed. It was the perspiration that I thought was the blood. I suppose the morphine and the ether caused it.

I went off to sleep, and then I had another dream. I dreamed that a crowd of us had started out to the Perris Valley, shooting, and we came to a place where there was a nice house and plenty of big oak trees. A man hailed us and asked us to come in. The oak trees were full of turkeys, and he insisted that one of us get out a gun and shoot some turkeys. Some one shot a big turkey, and the moment it struck the ground it turned into an ostrich, and lit out into the field. We shot a half-dozen of them and the same thing resulted. Then the man showed us an immense field full of ostriches. We finally left him, and in a short time I woke up.

Then I had a third dream, which was the most remarkable of all, and which I will here set out in full. Two of these dreams I wrote up as soon as I could sit up in bed, and they were published in the *Los Angeles Times,* under the heading, "Echoes from the Hospital." My last dream, as published in *The Times,* was as follows:

"People rave over the first night at the opera, or a good theatrical performance, but I have never heard anybody enthuse over their first night in a hospital, after a severe surgical operation. As the evening shadows fall, you lie upon your back, with your system so filled with ether, or possibly morphine, given to allay the pain, that you have just enough intelligence left to realize that you

are alive, helpless, mutilated and in misery. Never before have you felt as forlorn, as abandoned, as hopeless as you do now. Your mouth is dry, skin parched, head full of pain, and your soul full of gloom. Natural sleep is impossible. You toss and moan, and even weep in your distress.

"After awakening from my 'Monkey Dream,' I was extremely restless. My nurse finally gave me a hypodermic, which quieted me. In a short time I began to feel its effects, and fell off, if not in sleep, in unconsciousness. Soon my wandering mind was beset with another dream, every detail of which is indelibly stamped on my memory.

"I dreamed that Ex-Governor Henry T. Gage and Edward Strasburg (who was then in Europe), and myself, were knocking around Los Angeles one night, when we ran across a street faker with two pigs, one white and the other black in color. A strip down the back of each of the pigs had been shaved, and one strip painted red and one blue. When the faker would run his thumb down the back of the white pig, it would whistle better than any whistling artist on the stage. By touching certain places on the pig's back he got different tunes. When he pulled the pig's tail it immediately ceased whistling. Similar treatment of the black pig resulted in her singing operatic selections. This remarkable animal rendered imitations of Caruso, Tetrazzini, Melba, Mary Garden, and other famous operatic stars, with the greatest ease and apparent delight. I dreamed that we attempted to buy the pigs, but the owner refused to sell them. Thereupon we beat him up and took them away from him. My dream had me sitting upon the rear seat of the automobile, with a pig under each arm. We started out giving concerts. We went to the principal corners of Spring and Broadway and got immense audiences. I sat in the ma-

chine and worked the pigs. Gage and Strasburg got out among the crowds and took up collections. (By the way, neither of these gentlemen have as yet accounted to me for my share of the receipts.)

"By and by, a policeman came to arrest us for our treatment of the street faker, and depriving him of his pigs. Mr. Strasburg bristled up and said, 'You cannot arrest me, because I am a 33° Mason.' Governor Gage began to argue with the policeman and in an instant it seemed to me that he had a stack of law books on the sidewalk half a mile long and several feet high. He was reading from the political code to a bunch of policemen. The black pig was restless, and in trying to soothe her, I touched her painted back, and she broke out into song. This angered one of the policemen. He threw up his club and said to me, 'Take that pig away from here.' I did not wait for a second command, but told my chauffeur to drive on. We drove for miles into the country, and I thought I was sitting on the ground on the side of a high hill, with a pig on each side of me. It was a warm summer night, with a brilliant moon overhead. Presently a coyote barked. Then another, from beyond an angle in the hills. Instantly we were surrounded by what seemed to me all of the coyotes in the world. They were like flocks of sheep, they were so numerous. They crowded around us, and yowled and barked and made night hideous. My pigs were much alarmed, and snuggled close to me, champing their jaws in fear and terror. I, too, was alarmed. I did not know what moment these beasts would attack us. I concluded to serenade the coyotes. I touched up the white pig, and he whistled his very best. The coyotes were entertained. They sat on their haunches and never moved. The pig whistled long and furiously. I happened to touch a particular spot on his back when

he broke out into rag-time. This electrified the audience. Those coyotes stood up on their hind legs, and grasping each other with their forelegs, they danced back and forth, and up and down the hill with the greatest apparent joy. When I saw my pig was getting tired, I pulled his tail and he stopped. Then the coyotes broke out into wild applause. They barked and yowled and howled, singly and in unison, for quite a while. Then they did it all over again. Finally they broke off their frenzy and quieted down and sat looking at us, as if they expected more. I now ran my thumb down the black pig's back, and she broke out into operatic song. Then it seemed to me that every one of those coyotes had on 'glad rags.' They were decked out in Easter hats and garments, gowns, full-dress suits, silk hats, etc. My black pig surpassed herself. Song after song poured forth in voice rich in tone, and full in volume. When I saw that she was well-nigh exhausted, I pulled her tail and she desisted. Then pandemonium reigned. That entire band of coyotes was simply beside itself with delight, and they acted as a human audience does in a theater when encoring a stage favorite. I kept up the serenade until faint crimson streaks began to appear in the eastern sky. All at once that vast assemblage of coyotes faded away. It just seemed to move off without motion, without effort, and disappeared entirely from view. Then a huge white cloud floated up the hill, and I felt myself being carried away. I seemed to be moving swiftly through the air. I felt a little scratching at my right side, accompanied by alarmed grunts. My white pig was endeavoring to stay on the cloud. I threw out my arm to catch him, but he fell away. I must, however, have touched his back, for he began to whistle. I could hear him whistling, going down, down, down, but always whistling. Then, on the other

side, the black pig began wriggling and fell off. I tried to hold it with my left arm, but she slipped away, singing joyfully, and down far below me I could still hear her, evidently falling, but always singing.

"I awoke. A dim light was burning. My white-capped nurse was bending over me, wiping my face with a cool wet cloth. 'You have had a nice long sleep,' she said to me. I looked at her, lifted my head from my pillow, threw out an arm on each side of me, bringing them to my body as if to grasp something, and said to her, 'Where are my pigs?' "

There was something remarkable about that dream. Everybody that knew Henry T. Gage in his lifetime knew that he was an excellent lawyer. They knew, furthermore, that he never went into a court room, to even argue a demurrer before a justice of the peace, without a wonderful array of law books; and in this dream I had him have law books stacked up on Fourth Street from the corner of Spring almost to Broadway. It was peculiar that, even in my dreams, I should bring out that peculiarity of my friend Gage.

After these "Echoes from the Hospital" were published in *The Times,* I had many calls on the telephone and visits from people, both men and women, who had had operations performed, and they all said they had had similar experiences, but did not have the ability to reduce them to writing as I had.

After my operation I had hundreds of letters and telegrams from all over the country, but the one that I especially prize came from Aleck Smith. He was a captain, working for the Wilmington Transportation Company. He and I had often taken trips to the Islands on various vessels. He was an immense Scotchman, with a burr in his voice of such immensity that when he talked

you thought it was thundering, and so thick through the chest that one would imagine that a 30-30 Winchester bullet would not penetrate him, and yet, a couple of years ago, this magnificent old man was killed on the streets of San Pedro by a miserable Ford automobile. His letter, I know, was intended as a sympathetic one, but even in writing such a letter he could not get rid of his nautical terms. The letter was as follows:

"Alexr. Smith, Str. Hermoso. San Pedro, Cal.
April 18, 1913.

"Mr. Graves, my Dear old friend.

"i am Sorrey to hear that you had to go to the Dry dock for repairs and I here that you lost one of your Proppelers. their is lots of ups and downs in this Worald, anyhow. i hope to see you down around here with one Whell, anyhow excuse these few lines from Bothering you. hoping to hear of your Launching and Repairs all fixed.

"Yours trueley,
"Alexr. Smith,
"337 11th St., San Pedro."

After my last dream, I woke up rather restless, and the nurses wanted to give me another hypodermic. I said, "No; I am going to grind this thing out now, by myself." I pretended to go to sleep, but I lay there thinking. I said to myself, "You are not the only man in the world that has lost a leg. You have got to make the best of this and get along as well as you can." And I there and then determined not to wail and weep, but to meet the situation cheerfully.

On Monday morning, two days after the operation, Mr. Karl Triest, of Haas, Baruch & Company, came to see me, and when he got inside of the door he burst out crying. As I took his hand, I said, "What on earth is the matter with you, Karl? Has sugar gone down?"

By and by, Henry O'Melveny came in, and he, too, was in tears. Somehow or other, I could not josh Henry, and he sat there holding my hand and neither of us able to articulate. Finally I told him, "I am all right, Henry, and am going to pull through." Everybody that came in, I met cheerfully.

Mr. V. H. Rossetti, then cashier of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank, came in one morning as Dr. Bryant was dressing the limb. He had left in the wound a drainage tube about as big as a garden hose. He took hold of the end and yanked it out, and it made a noise like "kerplunk!" I made no outcry, while it hurt terrifically, but there was a spasm of pain passed over my face, at which Rossetti fainted, crumpling up like a wet rag. He soon came around, however.

My former partner, Mr. Shankland, had not been informed that the operation was going to take place. Mr. T. E. Newlin, who had just been to see me on the Sunday morning after the operation, went over to see Mr. Shankland, who was in his garage at the time, and told him that I had had my left leg amputated. He dropped as if he had been shot, and on coming out of it fainted again, and coming out of the second, fainted a third time. When I heard of these things I was afraid that I was going to be the death of everybody that I ever knew.

Before I left the hospital, the nurse was wheeling me around the grounds in a wheel-chair. I saw poor wretches who had survived various operations, sitting around, looking like sick cats, and the day before I was to come home I got the nurse to bring me two big pieces of pasteboard, and I printed on one side of each of them: "I lost a leg. What did you lose?" And I hung them onto my chair. As the nurse wheeled me around all of them were con-

vulsed with laughter, and I was almost afraid some stitches would be broken loose.

They took me home in an ambulance. George Edmonds, my old negro friend, had built a runway, parallel with the house, up onto the steps, the house being elevated about four and one-half feet from the ground, so that he could wheel me into the house or out of it. I was about one month convalescing, and then got around on crutches. It was quite an undertaking to go up and down stairs on crutches. The first time I went to come down, I simply sat down and went down on my hands, with one foot out in front of me, sliding the crutches before me; and when I went to go upstairs, I sat down on the lower steps and carried myself up on my hands, the same way.

But I was soon getting around, and the first day I came into the bank Mr. I. W. Hellman happened to be there, and he was the most astonished man in the world when I walked in on him, on crutches. Of course I could not use an artificial limb for several months.

Prior to the amputation, I had had a number of X-ray pictures of my knee taken. I let Dr. Murphy have these plates, and he lectured in the East, before some celebrated medical society on the case, and published articles in the medical journals. He declared that mine was the only case of sarcoma of the knee known to medical science. So it seems that, even in my distress, I had to lead the procession.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington financed research work for the discovery of a specific for sarcoma. Dr. Coley, of New York, I think was in charge of the work, and the specific as finally perfected was Coley's serum. He heard of my case, sent Dr. Bryant a vial of the serum, and strongly urged him to use it and not amputate, but I had gotten in such condition that the doctors were afraid that

the sarcoma had already gotten into my blood and was pretty well scattered throughout the system, and the greatest surgeons in the United States, with whom Dr. Bryant consulted, advised high excision.

About a week after I was taken home from the hospital, Dr. Bryant began to treat me with Coley's serum. It is most powerful stuff, and a drop of it, I guess, would kill an elephant. They have to dilute it, and dilute it, and dilute it, many times, to get the proper proportion for one dose for a human being. It was given me by hypodermic injection in the right hip. In five minutes after I had been treated, there was a lump formed, where the hypodermic had been used, as large as my fist and as hard as a rock. My temperature immediately went up as high as 105 to 106, and for about ten hours after treatment I suffered as I never did before. At, say, the end of ten hours, all ill effects vanished except that the lump on the hip was fully 24 hours in disappearing. When the ill effects of the serum had vanished, I felt as if I had been beaten all over with a club, and was almost powerless to move, but a night's rest restored me to my usual condition.

About an hour after I received the first treatment, I told the nurse that there was something wrong with my stump, that it felt as if it were bleeding. It had all but healed up. There was just the slightest sign of an opening, and from time to time a drop or two of bloody serum would be discharged from it. There was never any pus in the wound. When I complained to the nurse, she investigated and found that the bandage on the stump was thoroughly wet, and on taking it off it appeared that every drop of moisture that was in the stump, including bloody serum, had been discharged. I suppose this was a direct result of the serum. At any rate, after that day, al-

though they treated me with the serum twice a week for four weeks, there was never the slightest discharge of moisture, and the wound in the stump, in a few days, entirely healed up.

After being treated for four weeks they withdrew the Coley serum treatment for one month, and then began with it again. On the second treatment, which consisted of two hypodermics a week for another month, it had no appreciable effect on me except that, when I received the serum, a very small, but by no means painful, lump came up on the hip for a very short time. Dr. Bryant, fearing that the serum had lost its strength, tried it on some one else, and it was just as powerful as the first day I used it. I suppose that I had become entirely immune to it. I am very thankful that we used the serum because it, without doubt, destroyed any of the sarcoma poison that was in my system.

I had many curious experiences while on crutches. I used to walk from the bank over to the California Club, to lunch, and back again, on my crutches, the distance being fully a quarter of a mile. One day, as I came out of the bank door, there was a poor fellow, with both legs off, sitting on the sidewalk selling lead pencils, a man with one limb standing on crutches talking to him, and just as I stepped out of the door, two other men, each of whom had lost a limb, came along and stopped to talk to the pencil vendor. I almost ran into them, as I came out of the door, and I said, "Boys, let's have a convention," which raised a laugh, and I gave each of them a dollar and passed on. But it was a rather singular thing that there were five men, one of whom had lost both his legs, and the other four had lost one limb apiece, who should happen to get together in one spot.

Not long afterwards, I had started over to the Club

one day and I passed a woman leading a little girl. Just as I went by I heard the child say to her mother:

"Oh, Mama, see that poor old man with only one leg. Can I give him my ten cents?"

On another occasion I had gotten to the corner of Spring and Fourth streets and was waiting for the traffic to swing my way. While I was standing there on crutches, a little, old, gray-haired woman came up to me, and said:

"Mister, did you lose your leg in the Civil War?"

There was something about her that made me think that she might feel a little happier if I said yes, so I said, "Yes, ma'am."

Then she came back, "What battle?"

I answered, "Gettysburg." (I was about twelve years old when the Battle of Gettysburg was fought.)

Then she said: "Did you? My husband was killed at Gettysburg. What troops did you serve with?"

Like a flash I replied: "Twenty-ninth Iowa Volunteers."

Then she said, "Who under?"

Then the water began to get pretty deep for me, but all at once I remembered that Meade was in general command, and I replied, "Meade."

Then she came back with, "What portion of the field were you on?"

I replied, "Right opposite Pickett's brigade."

Just then there was a chance for me to move on, and with a hasty, "Good-bye, madam," I got across the street faster on crutches than I ever did with my natural limb; and then and there I vowed never again to utter a fabrication simply because I thought it was going to make the other party feel better.

In 1915, I was up at Mammoth, and they all told me that I ought to go up to Convict Lake, that the fishing

was so fine there. At that time there was no auto road up to the lake, and I had to go on horseback. I started out on horseback, but the limb hurt me so I could not stand it, and I undid my clothing and took off the limb and tied it on behind. I could ride all right without the artificial limb on. When I got to the lake there were four or five Indians standing there. I slid off my horse, untied this artificial limb, and began putting it on. The Indians took to the tall timber.

I got out on a flat rock and caught two very nice trout, when, without a moment's warning, the blackest and thickest clouds I think I ever saw, enveloped us. The wind began to blow from several directions at once, and in no time at all rain was falling in torrents. I sheltered myself behind a pine tree, as well as I could, but got thoroughly drenched. In fifteen or twenty minutes the rain ceased, but the wind still blew and the waters of Convict Lake were lashed to foam, and the waves were running as high as one's head. Of course, the fishing was ruined. So I again removed my limb, tied it onto the horse, and went back to the hotel.

If a good strong person will stand by me, and hold his hands like a stirrup, by putting the stump in his hands, I can mount a horse very readily. While of course I have not much grasp of the animal on my left side, still, I have ridden enough to be able to ride even in my present condition.

An artificial limb is a poor excuse, but one can get around on it. My chief objection to using crutches is that one cannot use his hands at the same time; and as my business association has been with members of the Jewish race for so many years, I find myself affected in talking when I travel on crutches. It was some relief to me to get an artificial limb so I could hold my own in conversation.

CHAPTER LII

THE LOS ANGELES BAR. LEGAL ANECDOTES

I HAD intended to say something about the Los Angeles Bar as I found it, in 1875, but it has been crowded out by other things. The principal paying business at that time was done by the firms of Glassell, Chapman & Smith, Thom & Ross, Brunson & Eastman, Frank Ganahl, and Howard & Hazard. Mr. John D. Bicknell, Judge Albert M. Stephens and Stephen M. White were comparatively newcomers, and were gradually getting acquainted and securing a practice. Other than those mentioned, of course, there were a number of lesser lights who practiced principally in the police and justice's courts.

One of my first acquaintances here was Don Mateo Keller, a shrewd Irishman who had been educated for the priesthood. He was a client of the firm, and he and I became quite chummy. He was a delightful conversationalist, a most interesting and entertaining man. He was a large property-owner, a prosperous vineyardist and wine-maker, and a man of affairs generally. He was eager to hear from me about the great lawyers of San Francisco. I imparted such information as I had about them, to him, and from him obtained a pretty good idea of the practice, habits, ability and standing of the members of the Los Angeles Bar, most of whom have now passed away. Don Mateo had a name for each of the local attorneys. For instance, he called Andrew Glassell "Mucho Frio," on account of his austere manner.

Col. Geo. H. Smith he called "Circumlocution." Mr. A. B. Chapman, in my estimation, was always a most

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worthy gentleman. Because his firm had sued Keller repeatedly over certain land titles, he dubbed him "Zopilote," which, I believe, means scavenger. George S. Patton, Mr. Glassell's nephew and a clerk in their office, he styled "Handsome George."

Capt. Thom, Judge Ross's uncle and partner, he called "Redundans," and when I asked him why, he replied: "Well, if Capt. Thom wanted to ask a witness if that was the same horse Pedro Lopez had, he would say, 'Are you quite sure, in your own mind, beyond the slightest hope, expectation or possibility of a doubt, that this is the same identical horse that this man, Pedro Lopez, had?' "

Hon. E. M. Ross, afterwards United States Circuit Judge for this district, he called "Generalissimo," on account of his military bearing and appearance.

Col. Jim Howard he called "Basso Profundis," on account of his deep bass voice.

Will D. Gould, who was then just as ardent an advocate of temperance as he was when he recently died, he dubbed "Sanctimonium Sanctimonious."

Frank Ganahl was, with him, "Punchinello," and W. H. Mace he termed "Bulbus." He was well-named, for there was something about the man that looked like he was about to sprout.

His intimate friend, Judge Brunson, he called "Nervio Bilio," and Gen. Volney E. Howard, "Ponderosity," referring more to his physical rather than to his mental make-up.

Thomas H. Smith, or "Long Tom Smith," as we called him, he called "El Culebra."

Horace Bell was "Blusterissimo," and Judge Sepulveda, "Mucho Grande." His very intimate friend, I. W. Hellman, not a lawyer, but a banker, he always called "Valiente."

I asked him what he was going to call me. I have frequently referred to the old Remington typewriter which I used. It was much noisier than the modern ones, and when running at rapid speed it made a sound like "diddle daddle, diddle daddle." When I put that question to him he answered promptly, "Diddle Daddle," and with him that remained my name until the day of his death.

Judge Sepulveda was District Judge, and Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny, father of Henry O'Melveny, was County Judge. Judge O'Melveny was a courtly gentleman, a friend and assistant of young and aspiring attorneys, the especial favorite of country jurymen, but I always thought a little given to bearing down on the lawyers for the jurors' benefit. He was expressive in his manner, and earnest in his rulings and in all of his proceedings.

One of the funniest things I ever saw occurred in Judge O'Melveny's court room. A Mexican had been convicted of grand larceny in stealing horses. He couldn't talk English, and Judge O'Melveny called on Capt. Haley to interpret the sentence to him. To appreciate the story you should have known Haley. He had been a surveyor, a sea captain, a druggist, a doctor, and was now a practicing lawyer, and was himself a witness in nearly every case he ever had. It was of him that Col. Jim Howard, in an argument before a jury, said: "But we are told by Salisbury Haley, Surveyor Haley, Captain Haley, Druggist Haley, Dr. Haley, Lawyer Haley, Witness Haley, that the whole story is a fabrication." He was short of stature, a rotund, meek-appearing man, and was a perfect picture of innocence personified, as he advanced to the prisoner's dock. He stood up by the side of the Mexican. To look at the men as the judge addressed them, no one could have told which was the cul-

prit. Judge O'Melveny glued his gaze on Haley, pointed his forefinger at him, and in his most penetrating voice and most earnest manner, addressed the prisoner through Haley, as follows:

"You have been charged by the grand jury of this county with a most heinous offense—"

(Haley threw up his finger in sign that he had enough, and interpreted that to the Mexican, who replied, "Si, si, señor.")

Then the judge, in the same impressive manner, still looking at Haley, and pointing his finger at him, continued: "You have been tried by an intelligent jury of your peers—"

(Signs from Haley and further interpretation, the Mexican again answering, "Si, si, señor," and mind you, the attention of the Mexican was fixed on Haley, not on the court.)

"And after a fair and impartial trial, at which you were ably defended by a loyal attorney, this jury, after long and mature deliberation, has found you guilty of the offense charged. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

(More interpretation, and "Nada," with a shrug of his shoulders, from the prisoner.)

Then the judge continued: "It is a shame that a fine, intelligent-looking man like yourself cannot find something better to do than horse-stealing, and I trust that the sentence I am about to impose upon you will deter others from following your example, and that your incarceration will be for your moral welfare—"

(Sign from Haley, and long interpretation. "Si, si, señor, esta bueno," from the prisoner.)

"I will, however, temper mercy with justice in dealing with you, and it is the sentence of this court that you be

confined in the state prison at San Quentin for a term of four years."

(More interpretation, "Si, si, señor, esta bueno, muchas gracias," from the prisoner.)

No other human being on earth could have interpreted that sentence with the meekness and humility that Haley did, and as the judge never took his eyes off him, any onlooker would have thought that Haley was going to the penitentiary for life.

Col. Howard was a man of rare wit and great general information. He was a clever magazine writer and a shrewd criminal lawyer, and worked hard upon his cases. He and Col. E. J. C. Kewen, an orator of such rare qualities that he deserves a place in the niche of fame by the side of Thomas Starr King and E. D. Baker, were partners for years as Kewen & Howard. They enjoyed a lucrative criminal practice.

A vigilance committee, led by a French barber named Signoret, who was huge in frame and had a hand like a ham, and had oratorical ambitions, and preferred revolution to lawful government, took four men out of the county jail and hung them. They thought that Kewen & Howard were too successful in defending criminals, so they passed a resolution that they should hang Kewen and Howard. The next day Col. Howard met Signoret in front of the Downey Block. He had a habit of standing while talking with his feet well apart, and his head and shoulders bent forward, and of twirling his eye-glasses, which he carried suspended from a long gold chain. "Signoret," he said, "I understand you are going to hang Kewen and Howard?" Signoret was perplexed and hedged a little. "Yes," he answered, "that was our intention last night." "Come, now, Signoret," said Howard, "we are old friends; be generous; let's compromise. Hang Kewen; he's the head of the firm."

Some lawyer, I forget who, now, sued Don Miguel Leonis, litigious Basque sheep-owner, for a twenty-five thousand dollar fee for services rendered. He was trying his own case before a jury, and faring badly. Col. Jim Howard, by chance, came into the court room. The plaintiff, who was his own lawyer, in desperation, without consulting Howard, put him on the stand to prove the value of his services. He stated what he had done for Leonis, and asked Howard if, in his opinion, $25,000 was a fair compensation for services rendered. Howard replied: "My practice has been of such a vagabond, beggarly nature, that I am hardly in your class, but if I should earn a $25,000 fee, I would die of heart failure; but, knowing you and your legal ability, and knowing the litigious character of Don Miguel, I cannot realize any services that you could have rendered him that would be worth over two dollars and a half, unless you had killed him; then, by a stretch of your conscience, you might have charged him five dollars."

Among the thoroughly able men at the bar was Frank Ganahl, "Punchinello," as Keller called him. He also was quick-witted. He was arguing an appeal in the supreme court, for a defendant convicted of that most revolting crime, rape. There is usually some idiot of a lawyer sitting around the court room, whose sole ambition is to sneak up to some lawyer making an argument, and whisper advice to him. At this time the interferer chanced to be Judge Delos Lake of San Francisco. He would pluck Ganahl by the coat-tail, and in a stage whisper advise him of some point to be made in his argument. This occurred six or seven times, much to Ganahl's interruption and annoyance, and he finally said: "Your Honor, my friend, Judge Lake, who, by the way, is an eminent authority on the law and the crime of rape, suggests to

me this kind of an argument." Lake made no more suggestions to Ganahl.

When I came to Los Angeles, and for years afterwards, Long Tom Smith, or "El Culebra," kept all the lawyers in the city busy on different cases, he having one side of each of them. They were generally cases with little in them but worry. He did all the writing and copying on his side himself. We all wondered how he did it. He wrote a peculiarly beautiful hand. It was always the same, page after page, and mile after mile, no variation in any letter. While it was easy to read, there was something snaky about it, something uncanny, and you were always looking for something treacherous in his writings, and you generally found it. He invoked every possible motion known to the practice, and invented many that were not known to it. He kept clients, judges and lawyers in a constant uproar. He never acknowledged defeat, and "e'en though vanquished, he could argue still." When he finally got to trial, he wore everybody out, and created a general state of insubordination and revolt. He could not brook ridicule. On one occasion he was taking a deposition, and Eastman was opposing him. He had a great habit of making copious longhand notes, and while he was writing out the last answer to a question, he would start another question. "Don't you remember," he said to the witness, and he kept on writing. He did this three different times without finishing the question, and just after his last "don't you remember," Eastman, in his most impudent and tantalizing way, added "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Tom was hot in a minute, tore up his notes, denounced Eastman's levity, and would not proceed with the deposition.

The man who could get more pure fun out of the practice of law than anyone else was Judge Anson Brunson.

He was by far the ablest man here when at his best. He was utterly reckless when trying his cases, and relied upon his wit and sheer ability to pull him through. He got into more difficulties, and got more rulings from the supreme court on questions of practice, than all the lawyers in California put together. Mock heroism, pathos and humor, all came naturally to him, and he could make a little thing look like a mountain, and a big question shrink off the map by a look, a gesture or impassioned appeal.

He had demurred to a complaint upon one occasion, and when the case was called, he said to the court that he would submit the demurrer without argument. Not so, his opponent. He must argue the question. Vital rights were at stake. The law must be vindicated. "All right," said Brunson, "I waive the opening." Then the other fellow argued everybody out of the court room, and the judge almost off the bench, with dreary platitudes and citation of authority after authority, that did not apply, and when he sat down, Brunson arose, took a drink of water, shifted his papers, and with a merry twinkle in his black eyes, said in the most aggravating way: "Your Honor, I still submit the demurrer without argument." "Demurrer sustained," said the court.

We were trying a case of the Union Anaheim Water Company against the Stearns Ranchos Company, a case involving water rights at Anaheim. Gen. Volney E. Howard opposed us. He called as a witness, George Hansen, an old-time surveyor, who had laid out the town of Anaheim. As the witness advanced to the stand, General Howard remarked of him, "The father of Anaheim." He asked him the usual preliminary questions, and then came this question: "Mr. Hansen, when did your intercourse with Anaheim begin?" Like a shot out of a cannon, Brunson was on his feet, with his hand up, and in a

most impassioned manner, full of fire and assumed earnestness, said: "Your Honor, I object. Counsel cannot incriminate his own witness. He has introduced this witness as 'the father of Anaheim,' and for the father to have intercourse with the daughter is incest." "Objection overruled." "Exception," said Brunson, and an onlooker would, from his manner, have thought that he meant every word of it.

Like many other men of genius, Brunson lacked a balance wheel. He destroyed the vital forces of his physical system, deadened all the moral instincts of his nature, by indulging in the worst sort of dissipation. He let power and influence and standing and character slip from his grasp, and he died long before his time, as much from the disappointment, which he keenly felt, as from any physical ailment.

H. T. Hazard was a member of the firm of Howard & Hazard. He enjoyed a lucrative practice, especially among the native Californians. I think the following story concerning him is worth relating.

An utterly disreputable fellow, named William Cape, who ran a low saloon and a lower lodging-house, but who was extremely useful at election time to certain of our politicians, because of his peculiar ability to deliver his ward to his political friends by a much larger majority than the ward contained residents, qualified on a bond for $5,000 in a probate proceeding, notwithstanding the fact that he had no property and ran his business from hand to mouth. The qualification was had before Judge Albert M. Stephens, who was county judge, with probate jurisdiction. Knowing the utter financial worthlessness of the man, the oath surprised Stephens, and he looked the matter up and charged the man, before the grand jury, with perjury. He was indicted, convicted, and sentenced to

the penitentiary. Hazard took an appeal for him. He was confined in the county jail. By trade he was a plasterer. He was allowed the privileges of the place, and he actually plastered all the old jail buildings, inside and out, pending his appeal. He even walked around town occasionally, but he kept faith with his political friends and the jailer, and was always inside at night-time. His case was argued by Hazard before the supreme court. Hazard was making very poor headway in getting away from the facts. "But," he exclaimed, "but, your Honors, don't you understand this man signed this bond for the accommodation of his friend?" "Mr. Hazard," said Chief Justice Wallace, "do you claim that a man may commit perjury for the accommodation of a friend?" This was a poser for Hazard, which he could hardly get around. The case was submitted and Cape continued to be a handy man around the jail. When, however, an opinion of the supreme court was filed in San Francisco, affirming the judgment, the news was telegraphed here, Cape was informed of it, his cell was left unlocked, and a convenient ladder at hand. He scaled the jail wall, got to San Pedro, took a coast vessel for British Columbia, and was not heard of again in Los Angeles, and no effort was ever made to retake him.

I do not charge that Mr. Hazard had anything to do with Cape's escape. Hazard was an honest man, and would not have done anything involving the slightest moral turpitude.

In those old days there lived in San Diego a lawyer named Wallace Leach. He possessed as much ability as all the men I have previously mentioned, combined. Dissipated, but industrious, with low instincts, yet not lacking in some admirable traits of character, he was a queer compound of gall and vanity. He was about four feet

and a half tall, gracefully built, fair complexioned, with light hair and beard, and blue eyes, neat in his dress, and an extremely good-looking and intellectual-looking little fellow. I heard him make an argument in the supreme court in a murder case, from San Diego, which was a most masterly effort. He was listened to with rapt attention by both court and lawyers present, and after an impassioned plea, in closing he briefly reviewed the circumstances of the killing, the defense being the plea of self-defense, and I can yet hear, as plainly as if it were yesterday, his last words, which were: "And now, your Honors, if that be murder, make the most of it." The attorney general closed the argument, and Leach left the court room. He was stopping at the St. Charles Hotel. He went there, and in half an hour was as drunk as a lord, quarreled with the hotel clerk, borrowed a wheelbarrow from the porter, piled his luggage and briefs into it, and started down the street to the United States Hotel, trundling the wheelbarrow and leading a yellow dog by a string. The supreme court rooms were over the old Farmers & Merchants Bank building, and when he came along, Chief Justice Wallace and myself were standing at the foot of the stairs, talking, waiting for my carriage, in which we were going to take a drive. Leach wobbled along, looked up at Judge Wallace, set down his wheelbarrow, and called to him, "Hello, Judge; get in and ride," waving his hand toward the wheelbarrow. The judge declined the invitation, told him he was so heavy that he would break down the barrow. Leach took hold of the handles, started off again, and said: "Oh, hell! You're not a dead game sport," and proceeded on his way.

I was in the district court room in San Bernardino County, one hot summer day. Some San Diego Jewish

merchants, whom Leach represented, had attached some cattle in that county. Certain parties replevined the cattle, claiming to own them. This claim and delivery action was being tried before a jury, with the late W. R. McNealy of San Diego County sitting as judge in San Bernardino County. A local attorney represented the plaintiff, and Leach the defendant. All during the trial this attorney tried to bulldoze Leach, but, figuratively speaking, Leach simply walked all over him. In his address to the jury, plaintiff's attorney used up all of his time lambasting the Jews—these Jews in particular, and all Jews in general. Leach replied to him in a close, clear, forcible argument, making every point in the case in a most intelligent and winning manner. He then proceeded to reply to counsel's attack upon the Jewish race, and he paid those people the most beautiful tribute that it was ever my pleasure to listen to. He traced the history of the Jewish race from its earliest beginning; showed how they had been persecuted; how they were denied the privilege of owning real estate, and were compelled to be merchants, possessing only property which could be moved upon a moment's notice; dwelt upon their many admirable traits of character, the success achieved by them under the most difficult circumstances, and the high standing that they had attained throughout the world. He could not, however, resist the chance for a joke, and suddenly descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, he said: "And coming down to our own times and our own people, what other race of men on the face of God's green earth, except the Jews, could sell a forty-dollar suit of clothes for eight dollars, and get rich at it?" The jurymen were mostly farmers, sitting there with their coats off, and they literally howled with delight. Judge McNealy in vain pounded his desk and rapped for order, and it was some time before Leach

could proceed. A verdict was promptly rendered, when the case was submitted, in favor of Leach's clients.

Leach, in a state of intoxication, was thrown from a horse which he was attempting to ride, and after lingering for some time, died of his injuries so received.

There used to be many good stories circulated about the lawyers of San Francisco. For instance, it was said of John B. Felton, one of the ablest men they had there, who was rather careless about his debts, that on one occasion a creditor found him in his office with quite a stack of gold lying before him on his desk. He complimented him and said, "Now, Mr. Felton, I suppose you are going to pay me that note you owe me?" Felton replied, cheerfully, "No, no; this money is for pleasures yet to come."

One could fill a book with anecdotes of this kind, but as many of them have appeared in the histories of the bench and bar, it would be useless to repeat them here. There are two anecdotes, however, regarding Judge T. B. McFarland, justice of the supreme court of the state, which I have never seen in print, and which are worthy of preservation.

Judge McFarland was a pioneer who arrived in California in the early '50's. He came from Pennsylvania and had just been admitted to the bar of that state. He engaged in placer mining, near Grass Valley, for some little time, and then took up the practice of his profession. He served as district judge of Nevada County. He afterwards removed to Sacramento and later on was elected judge of the superior court of that county. In 1886, he was elected justice of the supreme court of the State of California. He served a twelve-year term, and was reelected for another twelve-year term, but died on September 15th, 1908. Judge McFarland was a hard-headed, able jurist. His opinions were always direct,

forcible, and so clearly written that one could not mistake his meaning. His judicial integrity was universally recognized. He was a good companion, not only a good listener, but himself a fine story-teller. He was a very tall man, heavily built, with a thick head of snow-white hair and a full beard of the same color, and was a picturesque character. He always dressed in black and wore a silk hat. It was just as natural for him to swear as it is for a Salvation Army lassie to pray. He did not mean anything by it. It was simply a vigorous form of expression, that he had become used to. Judge Van Fleet, who was also a member of the supreme court, tells this story on him.

He and Judge McFarland were passengers on the Sutter Street cable car, one quiet Sunday afternoon. They wanted to get off at Kearny Street. Fearing that the car was not going to stop, Judge McFarland got up and rang the bell vigorously, but unfortunately, he got hold of the cord that rang up fares, instead of the bell cord. He and Van Fleet got off the car, and when they reached the sidewalk the conductor came rushing over to them, shook his fist at Judge McFarland, and said:

"Look here, man, I want you to understand that I ring that bell!"

Judge McFarland looked at him in astonishment, and in a loud voice, that could be heard for a block, he said:

"Well, ring it, and be damned to you!"

Then, turning to Van Fleet, who was laughing inordinately, he said:

"What the hell do you suppose is the matter with that fellow?"

Judge Van Fleet then explained to him that he had been ringing up fares on him instead of pulling the bell-cord.

"Hell, is that so?" said McFarland. "Well, let's wait here a minute."

In those days, the Sutter Street car ran down to Montgomery Street, and was there turned around by the conductor and motorman, on a turntable, and then proceeded up Sutter Street. In a few moments the car from which they had alighted came back, and when it stopped at the corner of Kearny, Judge McFarland went up to the conductor and handed him a dollar, saying: "My man, I did not know I was ringing up fares. I guess that dollar will make us all right."

After the recall law was passed, a petition for the recall of a councilman named Davenport was filed in Los Angeles, candidate named, as the law required, a special election was had, and Davenport was voted out and his opponent voted in. He contested the right of the successful candidate to the office. The superior court held against him. He appealed to the supreme court of the state. Judge J. S. Chapman was arguing the case and contending that the recall law was unconstitutional. He had stated his position quite fairly, when Judge McFarland, who was presiding in Department 2, where the case was heard, interrupted him and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Chapman, let me understand this law. You say they can file a petition against a man, not charge him with any crime, nominate a candidate to run against him, have an election, and, if the candidate gets more votes than the incumbent, the incumbent has to step down and out—is that the law?"

Chapman replied: "Yes, sir, that is the law which I am contending is unconstitutional."

Judge McFarland then said: "They don't charge him with crime, give him a day in court, or have any trial—just throw him out by vote?"

"That is the law," said Chapman.

Judge McFarland grunted, and in quite an emphatic manner said: "That's a hell of a law!"

Immediately perceiving his mistake, he said: "Excuse me, Mr. Chapman, I did not mean to say that. It just slipped out."

Chapman replied that no apology was necessary, and that he had the same opinion of the law, and if he were outside of the court room he would probably express his opinion more vigorously than the judge had.

When Judge McFarland began his mining venture near Grass Valley, his partner in the venture was Mr. J. B. Stetson, afterwards and for many years a member of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson of San Francisco. Mr. Stetson told me a story so marvelous as hardly to be credited. When a young man he was a tinner and conducted a shop in Boston. A friend of his came to California and, like all the other pioneers, went to mining. He wrote to Stetson, enclosing a drawing and asking him to make him two contrivances such as his drawing outlined. He had an idea that he could use the same in the deep pools on the streams where they were mining. Stetson made up two of the contrivances, which were of tin and about six feet in length, and sent them to his friend via Panama. The friend acknowledged receipt of them, and later on Stetson heard that he had died. He never knew whether the implement was a success or not. After he came to California, he and Judge McFarland were mining on a small stream which emptied into a larger one. One day after lunch they were resting upon a grassy bank on the side of the larger stream. There was a clump of willows in the middle of the stream, and every once in a while something bright and shining would emerge from the water and sink again. They watched it for a time,

and finally Stetson's curiosity got the better of him. He took off his clothes, went out and retrieved the article that had attracted his attention. On getting to shore, he was much astonished to find that it was one of the contrivances he had made for his friend. Mr. Stetson took me up into the attic of his home and showed me the implement. It was rather marvelous that, with only two of these things constructed, the man who made them should, under the circumstances above detailed, have recovered one of them.

As I practiced law nearly thirty years, it may not be amiss to relate my first glimpse of a court room at the first trial I ever witnessed. While living at Marysville, and when about twelve years old, my mother insisted on my attending dancing school. One Madame Peri, a French woman, who, with her husband, conducted a candy store and ice cream parlor, taught dancing as a side issue. She weighed about 280 pounds, but was as nimble on her feet as that trained chamois that Daudet tells us about in "Tartarin of the Alps." Her juvenile class met at ten o'clock each Saturday morning and cavorted until noon. The older students came on at two in the afternoon. Next door to her establishment a justice of the peace had his court room.

On reaching the Peri building one Saturday morning for my dancing lesson, I saw that something was going on in the justice's court. I stole in and found an actual trial in progress. Here was a chance to gratify a long-cherished ambition. I went up pretty well in front of the court room and got a seat. The justice appeared to be a man who habitually looked upon the wine when it was red. J. C. Black, a lawyer from Smartsville, represented the plaintiff; the handsomest man I ever saw appeared for the defendant. He had a fine, long, silky beard, wavy hair to match, and brown eyes. He was tall, well kept and well groomed. He had a low, musical, but penetrating voice.

His manner was gracious and winning. This man, I afterward found, was James G. Eastman. Subsequently, I studied law with him and later was partner with him in the practice of my profession.

It was a jury trial and had been continued from the day before. Two or three of the jurymen I recognized as acquaintances of our family. The trial had just been resumed. Black, the attorney for the plaintiff, had on light brown kid gloves as he entered the court room, and from forgetfulness or affectation, never removed them. The evidence was about in. I think Eastman called one witness and then the testimony closed. There was no rebuttal, and arguments to the jury began. Black was a vigorous talker, kept stroking his gloves first with one hand, then with the other, and gesticulating with great freedom. After he had been talking for some time, Eastman tiptoed back to where I was sitting, gave me a dollar, and asked me to take a note which he had scribbled on a piece of paper to Madame Peri, and bring back to him what she would give me. I started out, the dollar looking as big as a cartwheel, but by the time I got to the door, I concluded that if I went to Madame Peri she would draft me into the dancing class, and not let me come back. Fortunately, just outside of the door, I found a boy fooling around on the sidewalk. I gave him ten cents (my commercial instinct was already developing) to take the note to Madame Peri. Very soon he came back, bringing with him a pair of long canvas gloves that candy makers used in those days, in pulling candy. They had absorbed from the hot candy all the colors of the rainbow, and were more ring-streaked and speckled than Laban's lambs. I took them and hastened back to the court room and gave them to Eastman. Black was hurling great masses of richly garnished rhetoric at the jury. In doing this, his kid gloves were playing a conspicuous part. He exhorted the

jury to return a verdict for his client, and shortly closed his address, after warning them not to yield to the eloquence of his opponent, or be led astray by his sophistries.

Not in all the annals of jurisprudence did there ever occur such a performance as we were then treated to. Eastman slowly arose, and with the greatest deliberation drew on Madame Peri's candy gloves. He pulled them clear up to his arm pits. He bowed to the judge and to the jury. Not a word did he utter, but he gesticulated, stroked his gloves, walked up and down before the jury, went through the most vehement hand and arm movements, sawed the air, first with one arm, then the other, stood on his tiptoes, and came down with a thud, glared at the jury, shaking his head at them, and imitated to perfection every movement of Black's during his opening address. No sound escaped him, and the effect on judge and jury and spectators was extremely mirthful. The judge laughed until diabetic tears chased each other down his whiskey-crimsoned cheeks. The jurymen were beside themselves with glee, in which the spectators joined. When the air was fairly sodden with hilarity, Eastman stopped his gymnastics, and for the first time opened his mouth. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I think I have fairly outgloved my worthy opponent, and I ask a verdict at your hands for my client." Then he sat down amid a howl of delight that could have been heard a mile. Poor old Black was completely done up. He had shed his gloves while Eastman was performing, and got up to reply, but was so overcome that he never got beyond a few incoherent remarks about Eastman's buffoonry. The jury retired and soon returned with a verdict in favor of Eastman's client.

It is a rather singular thing that, ten years later, I entered Mr. Eastman's office as a law student.

CHAPTER LIII

LETTER TO MR. M. H. NEWMARK

ON MAY 25th, 1927, Mr. M. H. Newmark, of Los Angeles, came to me, saying that it was said by people that the Jews caused the failure of the Temple & Workman Bank, in 1875, and wanted to know what I knew about it. After consulting some memoranda at home, on the next day I wrote him the following letter: "My dear Mr. Newmark:

"You tell me that some one has asserted that the failure of the Temple & Workman Bank, in 1875, was caused by the Jews.

"There never was a more villainous slander of the Jews circulated at any time or place since the world began. I denounce such an assertion as false and malicious. No other man alive today is in as good a position to know its falsity as I am.

"The firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves, of which I was a member, were attorneys for Freeman & Spence, assignees of Temple and Workman, and I handled the details of the legal work performed by the firm for the assignees.

"Remember that, as far back as 1868, I. W. Hellman, whose ability as a banker has never been denied, and F. P. F. Temple, were partners in the banking business as Hellman, Temple & Co. I once asked Mr. Hellman why the partnership did not continue. He replied: 'Mr. Temple's only qualification in a borrower was that he must be poor. I saw that doing a banking business on that basis would soon leave me poor also, and I dissolved

the partnership.' Mr. Hellman continued in the banking business alone, as I. W. Hellman, Banker, until 1871, when he organized the Farmers & Merchants Bank. A little while afterwards, F. P. F. Temple and William Workman, his father-in-law, organized the Temple & Workman Bank. It failed, because neither of them were bankers, nor did they have an employee who was a capable and competent banker.

"The bank was headquarters for the speculators who built up a little real estate boom, which collapsed with the failure of the bank. It virtually had no commercial business, nearly all of which was in the hands of Jewish firms. The principal firms owned by the Jews at that time were Hellman, Haas & Co., Newmark & Co., Jacoby Brothers, the City of Paris, owned by Eugene Meyer, Isaac Lankershim, Kalisher & Wartenberg, Polaski & Goodwin, S. Nordlinger, Levy & Coblentz, the Nortons, the Cohns, M. Laventhal, Sam Hellman and I. N. Hellman, all of whom were customers of the Farmers & Merchants Bank, except, possibly, Newmark & Co., who were customers of Temple & Workman, but they did not owe the bank anything when it failed.

"E. J. Baldwin loaned Temple & Workman, after they closed, in September, 1875, a large amount of money on a great deal of property, including the Temple Block in Los Angeles city. Baldwin assigned his mortgage to Camillo Martin, who was not a citizen of California, and the mortgage was foreclosed in the Federal Court in San Francisco. At a sale had under the foreclosure decree, Mr. Harris Newmark and Mr. Kaspare Cohn bid in the Temple Block and paid their good money for it.

"I can recall but very few Jews who were indebted to Temple & Workman. The principal one was Simon Levi, a commission merchant who could not get credit at

the Farmers & Merchants. He owed several notes, some of which were secured, and out of which we recovered considerable for the assignees. He owed still another note which was not secured, and which, as will hereinafter appear, we put into judgment.

"H. S. Ledgyard, an Englishman, was an employee of the Temple & Workman Bank. There was located here quite a colony of Englishmen known as 'remittance men,' all without assets, and every one of whom owed the Temple & Workman Bank, and none of whom paid a cent of the indebtedness.

"I know nothing about the books of Temple and Workman except what I was told. Mr. Spence, one of the assignees of the firm, told me the books showed expenditures to the extent of $50,000 by the bank under various fictitious accounts, which was spent in the election of Mr. Temple as Treasurer of Los Angeles County over T. E. Rowan, the then incumbent. The bank never had an adequate cash reserve, but led a hand-to-mouth existence. When things tightened up it had no reserves, not even notes upon which it could raise money—no place to turn, and, of course, had to close its doors.

"My firm prosecuted many suits for Freeman and Spence, assignees, against debtors of the bank. The following is a list of the cases, the assignees in each case being plaintiffs in the action, so I will omit repeating their names. The cases were brought in the District Court of the 17th Judicial District:

"No. 3052	vs. E. Bouton,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3089	" E. W. Squires, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3090	" F. W. Gibson,	Settled and dismissed
" 3091	" J. F. Burns,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3102	" Geo. M. Fall, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3103	" A. W. Hale, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3104	" Geo. J. Clark, et. al.,	Judgment for plaintiff

"No.	3107	vs. J. L. Warren, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3120	" H. S. Ledgyard,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3158	" W. J. Welch,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3169	" M. Kremer,	Settled and dismissed
"	3174	" Arthur Bullock,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3175	" J. L. Ward, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3231	" D. W. Alexander, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3249	" do.	Settled and dismissed
"	3275	" S. Hellman,	Settled and dismissed
"	3280	" D. W. Alexander, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3281	" Job N. Seamans	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3283	" do.	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3284	" Union Club of L. A.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3216	" J. S. Jameson, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3219	" John W. Forbes,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3224	" S. Boushey,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3227	" Carl Ruthard,	Judgment for defendant
"	3254	" Fred D. Mitchell,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3355	" Leonard Laborri,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3356	" Lucien Curtis,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3357	" Saml. Franklin, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3358	" Henry Dockweiler,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3359	" J. G. Jeffries, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3360	" D. Garcia,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3361	" John Fisher,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3362	" John Lazzarovich,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3363	" John D. Adams,	Settled and dismissed
"	3364	" Eri Locke,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3365	" Chris. Fluhr, et. al.,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3366	" John F. Barham,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3367	" Lucien Curtis, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed
"	3400	" D. Gelcich,	Judgment for plaintiff
"	3403	" Alfred Trumball,	Settled and dismissed
"	3404	" Cardona, et. al.,	Settled and dismissed

"The foregoing list shows that many of these actions brought by us were settled and dismissed. While the defendants in these cases owed the bank, they also claimed offsets against the indebtedness, being the amounts which they had on deposit to their credit respectively, when the bank failed. We took one of these cases before the court, got a ruling that the offset could be allowed, and then

settled all the cases on that basis. Of those actions which went to judgment against the defendants, I think very little money was ever collected. The defendants were execution proof. It will be noted that there were only two Jews sued in the foregoing list. One of these was M. Kremer and the other Sam Hellman, both of them responsible, and each of their cases was settled by allowing them a credit for their deposit and they paid the balance.

"Now and then, various people brought suits against Temple & Workman and the assignees, which we had to defend. Here is the list:

"No. 3126, Ellis vs. Temple & Workman,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3140, Pleffenberger & Co. vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3143, John Jones vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3144, Thos. R. Bard vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3148, L. Geldmacher vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3217, Robt. Turnbull vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for plaintiff
" 3201, The People vs. T. & W.,	Judgment for defendant
" 3621, O'Farrell vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3622, Marischino vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3623, A. L. Whitney vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3624, J. W. Butcher vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3625, I. Danilwitz vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed
" 3626, A. Watermann vs. T. & W.,	Settled and dismissed

"All of the cases in the last list which are marked 'settled and dismissed,' were cases where the plaintiff brought an action to obtain possession of something left for safekeeping with the Temple & Workman Bank, and which the assignees did not feel safe in delivering without the sanction of the court. When that was obtained, the properties were returned to the plaintiffs and the case would be dismissed.

"It will be noticed that the Farmers & Merchants Bank then had, as the Farmers & Merchants National Bank today has, the substantial business interests for its customers. Among the people sued by the assignees of

Temple & Workman were adventurers of every kind, people exploiting mines on the same principle as the Julian Petroleum has been run. None of this class were found as customers of the Farmers & Merchants Bank. There were hundreds of notes in the Temple & Workman Bank so utterly worthless that no action was ever brought on them, as moneys expended for costs would simply have been thrown away.

"I think the foregoing conclusively shows that the bank lost nothing to amount to anything through their Jewish clients. You will notice that most of the suits brought were against American names or Basques, Frenchmen or Italians, many of them being sheepmen."

CHAPTER LIV

BANQUET TENDERED ME ON MY 60TH BIRTHDAY. RETURN BANQUET BY ME, AT MY HOME, ON 70TH BIRTHDAY

ON DECEMBER 5th, 1912, my friends tendered me a complimentary dinner on my attaining the age of sixty years, December 5th being my birthday. Over two hundred persons attended the dinner, which was given at the Alexandria Hotel, in Los Angeles.

The encomiums pronounced on me by the speakers of the evening were especially embarrassing to me. During my response I invited all who were in attendance to a birthday dinner which I promised to give them on my seventieth birthday. Our dry laws would have prohibited me from serving wine had this latter dinner been given at a hotel. I therefore determined to give the dinner in my garden at my residence. As I could not have relied on good weather for December 5th, I advanced the date of the dinner to September 9th, 1922. I erected a tent which entirely covered a large tennis court. Near it I have a permanent outdoor kitchen, where the dinner was prepared. It was served in the tent on the tennis court. Some two hundred guests attended.

I served wines at this dinner, and in so doing I violated none of the laws of the land. Any wines served by me were pre-prohibition vintage, and had long reclined in my cellar. I am satisfied my guests all enjoyed the evening.

The invitation which I sent to my friends read as follows:

1852 *1922*

Mr. J. A. Graves
requests the pleasure of your company
at an informal Stag Dinner
at six o'clock, p.m., on Saturday, September ninth,
Nineteen hundred and twenty-two
at his home, 320 Huntington Drive,
Alhambra, California.
This dinner is to take the place of a
banquet to which he invited his hosts on the
occasion of their giving him a banquet at the
Alexandria Hotel on December fifth, nineteen
hundred and twelve, his sixtieth birthday. It is
given at his residence on account of our dry laws.
Los Angeles, California, August twentieth,
Nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

Please reply care of
Farmers & Merchants National Bank
of Los Angeles
Los Angeles *California*

At the close of the dinner, Mr. H. W. O'Melveny, in a very graceful and eloquent speech, presented to me, on behalf of my friends, a painting of the San Gabriel Canyon, the masterpiece of Mr. Guy Rose, an artist whose parents, Mr. L. J. and Mrs. Amanda Rose, were pioneers of Los Angeles County, and who was brought up within three miles of where the presentation was made. In accepting this gift, I replied as follows:

"Gentlemen:

"From the bottom of my heart, I thank Mr. O'Melveny for his loving expressions of regard and esteem for

me. I am afraid he has drawn too strong a picture of my virtues and accomplishments. Nevertheless, I thank him most sincerely. He has, however, completely taken the wind out of my sails, and all the conceit out of me. I had hoped that this was to be my affair, that I was to be *it;* that you were accepting my hospitality; but I find that you have overwhelmed me with your kindness and generosity.

"I accept this beautiful painting, the subject of which is familiar to me, with most pleasurable feelings. The able artist who painted it I have known from his childhood, and his parents were warm friends of mine. Believe me, that I shall cherish this gift through all the years of my life, and I hope that some of my posterity will preserve it for all time, and pass down the story of its acquirement. I again thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for your extreme kindness to me."

I then continued:

"On December 5th, 1912, my sixtieth birthday, you were my hosts and I was your guest, at a very elaborate banquet given at the Alexandria Hotel, in Los Angeles City. At that time, I promised you that ten years from the day I would return the compliment. I have anticipated the date and I am giving this entertainment today in lieu of the one I promised you.

"I am giving the entertainment here for the reason that personal liberty has been curtailed in public places. If I had waited until December 5th, and given you a banquet in Los Angeles City, it would have been a dry banquet, which would be about as acceptable to me and my guests as freedom has been to Ireland. I could not wait until December 5th to give my entertainment here because we could not depend upon weather conditions at that time. It is fitting that we should meet here, as I have

spent fully one-half of my life on these premises. This, however, is Admission Day, so we can have a joint celebration—one in honor of the admission of the State of California to the Union, and one in honor of my seventieth birthday.

"There are many present who will say that this also ought to be a celebration of the retirement of the present mendacious governor and his predatory followers, from power. No man in the State of California contributed more to bring this about than one of my guests here tonight, Mr. Henry W. Keller.

"Here and now, I again invite you to meet me at this spot, in another reunion, when I am eighty years old. I see but one contingency that will prevent my attaining that age. Should I, in the meantime, espouse a ticket, at any election, which should be elected, I am satisfied I would drop dead.

"Like the *Los Angeles Times,* I sometimes fail to pick the winner in a political contest, but I rejoice that, with *The Times,* I have always stood for decency, honesty and the best man. At no time has either of us trailed under the banner of dishonor, no matter who carried it. At no time has either of us supported a candidate who previously, on three different occasions, knifed his own party, and who relies for election on the votes of members of an organization which, whenever there is a strike, furnishes from its own ranks professional sluggers, murderers and dynamiters, and who defends these criminals when apprehended. Defeat is often an honor, while victory is too frequently a dishonor. Up to date I claim the honors for both of us.

"Of those who attended the banquet given to me on

December 5th, 1912, there have, in the meantime, passed on to the Great Beyond, the following gentlemen, viz.:

"Mr. John Alton	Mr. James C. Kays
Hon. M. T. Allen	Mr. Frank W. King
Mr. Guy B. Barham	Mr. John Llewellyn
Mr. O. F. Brant	Dr. Walter Lindley
Mr. John J. Byrne	Mr. J. Loew
Mr. C. A. Canfield	Hon. J. W. McKinley
Gen. Adna R. Chaffee	Gen. Harrison Gray Otis
Mr. Kaspare Cohn	Dr. J. A. Ozmun
Mr. T. L. Duque	Mr. W. C. Patterson
Mr. L. H. Groenendyke	Mr. R. A. Rowan
Mr. Abe Haas	Mr. Jud Saeger
Mr. Gustav Heimann	Mr. Geo. S. Safford
Mr. Isaias W. Hellman	Mr. Chas. Seyler
Mr. M. F. Ihmsen	Mr. T. Spellacy
Mr. Stoddard Jess	Mr. Alfred Stern

Mr. Nate F. Wilshire

—thirty-one in all. They were all good friends of mine, and I will ask you to drink to their memories, and the peaceful repose of their souls.

"Much has happened to all of us in the ten years that have elapsed since that banquet. We have all lost something. I, for one, have lost a leg; Dr. Bryant has lost his gall bladder; many of you have lost an appendix, and many more of you your tonsils; nearly every one here, in ten years past, has shed a few teeth, and we have all lost ten perfectly good years of our lives. We have endured much, but the worst punishment that we have undergone was eight years of a Democratic administration of the nation's affairs—but that is past and gone, with its mistakes and imbecilities.

"Losing my leg was not my only affliction—I have almost lost my hearing, and I can assure you that it is by far the greater affliction of the two. When one grows deaf he grows moody and morose; he cannot help it. He

becomes solitary in habits, avoids his fellowmen, and herds by himself. When you sit in an assemblage of gentlemen and only hear half that goes on, you soon get the impression—although you know it is wrong—that they don't want you to hear the other half. You imagine that there is a spirit of aloofness among your friends, even among those who, by family ties and connections, owe you affection, as well as those who, from past favors rendered, should owe you at least some attention.

"But we will let that go. I am thankful that I am alive, thankful for the friendships that I enjoy and the many blessings that have been bestowed upon me. Life is an experiment and I want to see it out.

"I propose to be a little reminiscent in my talk to you tonight. I arrived in Los Angeles on the fifth day of June, 1875, before a great many assembled here tonight were born. There are a few men in Los Angeles who were then grown men and in business at the time. They include Judge Ross, Mr. J. M. Elliott, Dr. Joseph Kurtz, Mr. Wm. R. Rowland, Mr. A. W. Hutton, Mr. Will D. Gould, Mr. James Cuzner, and Mr. Jacob Kuhrts. Some of them are here, tonight. There are others here who were boys, or just entering into manhood, at the time I came to Los Angeles—Bill Mulholland, the builder of the aqueduct without graft, came later."

(I then related many historical incidents which have already been set forth in preceding chapters.)

"My wife and I cast our lot in this neighborhood in 1882. For the first few years we only came out in the spring and remained until fall. In 1888, we built our house here and have occupied it ever since. Last Christmas Day we ate our thirty-fourth consecutive Christmas dinner in it. We have had our share of joys and sorrows. We came here in the full vigor of our younger days.

We have now reached an age when we 'hear the voices calling.' Don't imagine that Old Black Joe was the only person who heard the voices. We all do, as we grow older.

"My wife has been more than a helpmeet to me. She has been my constant and cautious adviser and has aided me in many ways. She is more responsible for the development and beauty of these grounds, for the success of this entertainment, than I am.

"We are thankful for the blessings that we have enjoyed. It has been a joy to see these things grow and develop. Every tree you see in this yard, except the large oak tree by the lily pond, the Norfolk Island pine in front of the house, and that white birch from Vermont, has been planted by us; even that tall redwood yonder I planted thirty-four years ago, when it was about five inches high. It is now fully four feet through and certainly over one hundred feet in height.

"In this house two of our children were born. All of our children grew to manhood and womanhood in these surroundings, and they all loved their home. From it we buried two grown sons. They, as boys, used to say, 'If you ever sell this place, sell us with it.' From it two of our daughters were married. Our six grandchildren now play in these grounds, where our children formerly played. Here we expect to spend our declining years, and here finally end our days.

"While Los Angeles was small and relatively poor, in 1875, as compared with her present condition, do not imagine that we did not enjoy life and have good times—and it seems to me that we had more pleasure in those days than we do now. We were not driven from morning till night. We felt more at liberty to take a day off, to go into the woods picnicking, trout-fishing or hunting. Our

pleasures were simpler than they are today. There was less artificiality, less style. In 1875, everybody in Los Angeles knew everybody else. There were no such class distinctions as we have today. The people here had grown up together. Some of them had gotten rich and others had remained poor, but the rich and the poor were still friends.

"I regret very much that my good old friend, Mr. William Pridham, is not here tonight. He lives in Alameda County, is eighty-seven years of age, and felt that it would not be safe for him to make the journey. In 1861, he was the Wells Fargo Express Company agent at Virginia City. Before that, he had been around the world several times, as a sailor before the mast, although he came of a good Boston family. He had also been a Pony Express rider, and I believe is the last of the riders who is alive.

"Now, I have strong reasons for affectionately remembering Billy Pridham. He materially assisted me when I needed assistance. In January, 1878, the law firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves was dissolved. I secured a small office, purchased a desk and a desk chair and some other furniture, a bookcase, the California reports, codes and statutes. After paying for these things I had $1,680 in the bank, and I used to sit down and figure how long it would be before I starved to death. About the second day that I had opened the office, Mr. Pridham came to me about nine o'clock in the morning, bringing with him a man named Durrall. Durrall had an overdue note of a man for $2,900. He wanted me to attach on it. I did so. In about an hour they had effected a settlement whereby Durrall got in value all of his claim and a little old safe about three feet wide by three and one-half feet high. He paid me $300 and gave me the safe. I

had my name painted on the face of it, near the top, and afterwards, when Henry O'Melveny and I formed a partnership, we changed the name to Graves & O'Melveny. That little old safe is sitting up in his office yet, but the name has never been changed.

"You can imagine that I felt very much relieved; elated, in fact. A three-hundred-dollar fee, within a few days of opening the office, made me feel a whole lot better. Life took on a new aspect for me. I took my $300 to the Commercial Bank to deposit it. Mr. Spence was cashier. He took my deposit. I told him that was my first earnings since the dissolution of our firm. He congratulated me, and said, 'I am going to help you myself.' He gave me three notes running to the bank, which he desired put into judgment, and two foreclosures for customers of the bank, out of one of which I remember I got $250. It was my good fortune to know two of the men whose notes he gave me to put into judgment better than he did, and I collected their notes without suing them, very much to Mr. Spence's satisfaction.

"My relations with Mr. Spence became very cordial and he was always satisfied with the manner in which I transacted business for him. For years I did all the legal work of his bank and for him I drew the articles of incorporation of the First National Bank of Los Angeles when it was organized, and was attorney for it for many years. One day at luncheon Mr. Spence told me that he gave me this initial business at the earnest solicitation of my friend Billy Pridham, and I know that Billy put in a good word for me in other quarters. He called the attention of Mr. J. M. Griffith, whom I did not at the time know, and who afterwards became my father-in-law, to me, and induced him to patronize me. He was a man of great influence and large business interests, and his clientage very materially assisted me.

"And now, my friends, I want you to unite with me in drinking to the health, prosperity and happiness of Billy Pridham.

"The ice was now broken, and from that time on I have never had any trouble as far as money was concerned. Business came to me so fast that I never had an opportunity to become a great lawyer, but I believe all who know me will say that I was a safe and competent one, and I know I made more money than the gentlemen of the profession who had to try more cases than I did and wrestle with our judges.

"Living was wonderfully cheap in Los Angeles in those days. For instance, at the St. Charles, a lot of us young fellows boarded there for thirty dollars a month, three meals a day, and they set a wonderful table. Messrs. Lips & Craig ran it for a long time, and after them the firm of Whitney & Solari had it, and they kept the table up to the same degree of excellence that Lips & Craig had done.

"Santa Monica was our principal outing place. We would drive down there on Sundays and holidays. There was a Frenchman, named Eugene Aune, who had a restaurant in a dwelling-house a block or two from the ocean front. He did the cooking and his wife waited on the table. He did not have many patrons and did not want many. He had a wonderful garden and raised artichokes and fresh vegetables of all kinds. To give you a sample of what things cost in those days, eight or ten of us would let him know a few days ahead that we would be there, and this is about what he would serve us:

"Razor-back clams on the half-shell; then as delicious a soup as ever a Frenchman made; some sort of fresh fish caught out of the ocean that morning, cooked exquisitely. After that a roast—chicken, duck, goose or

turkey, or a filet of beef, or game in season, with appropriate vegetables. Then a salad. Then, either a Spanish omelet, a rum omelet, or omelet souffle, followed by cheese and black coffee.

"To each guest was served a bottle of good French wine, and the price of the dinner and wine was three dollars. We always used to chip in a dollar apiece for Mrs. Aune, who waited on the table. She would demur, saying it was too much, but would finally accept it. Today, the same dinner, not half so well cooked, in one of our modern hotels, would cost you twenty dollars. Those were the good old days, but they will never come to us again.

"Years afterwards, after I was married and was living here, Mrs. Aune would occasionally, when in Los Angeles, call on me at the office, just to ask how I was, and pass the compliments of the day. She complained bitterly that times had changed, that people were not now as liberal to her as we boys used to be. Then, one day, she came in great grief and sorrow. Her husband, Eugene, had died, and she had been left with sundry pressing debts which were annoying her. While she was in our office, Col. R. S. Baker came in. He and Mrs. Baker had been good customers of the Aunes. Learning of her troubles, he united with me in a purse sufficient to relieve her present necessities. A few months afterwards I saw in the newspapers that she, too, had passed to the Great Beyond.

"Since 1875, the world has made more progress, materially speaking, than in any century of its previous existence. It is useless for me to go into particulars. You all know what has been done. You all know of the progress, of the improvements in the arts and sciences and all material things of this world. You all know, fur-

ther, that all of this was nearly swamped in the World War which extended from 1914 to the fall of 1918. Improvements in mechanical inventions made the submarine and the fighting airplane possible, and the whispering device by which the course of the submarine was detected. We think the world has improved, but the barbarities of the World War aroused us to the fact that in the heat of war civilized man soon lapses into savagery.

"The war left the world disorganized for everything except war. It left all of the belligerents financially bankrupt except the United States. It left nearly all of the nations of the world bankrupt morally. The lust for gain by profiteering on the part of thousands, who knew better and should have been actuated by higher motives; the breaking down of family ties; the corruption that this war, like all wars, engendered—all these things were magnified by reason of the gigantic agencies brought into play during the conflict.

"The time lost in fooling over the League of Nations at Paris, when a peace treaty should have been quickly negotiated, instead of nursing the illusion that the people of Europe were ready and anxious for self-government, was a disturbing factor in restoring normal conditions.

"Even before the war, there had grown up in America a disregard of law and order. Since the war terminated, this disregard has increased until it has assumed most dangerous proportions. We boast of being the land of the free. We do not know what freedom, what liberty, is. We are ruled by compact minorities of corrupt politicians, who barter away all liberty for temporary self-advantage. There can be no freedom where the law does not prevail, where all laws are flouted and disregarded. There can be no liberty when a man cannot work for any person he pleases, at such time as he chooses, and at such wage as he

agrees upon, without interference or dictation from a walking delegate or union thug. There is no such thing as liberty as long as men who are willing and anxious to work are allowed by our authorities to be beaten up, maimed, even murdered, by strikers who left their jobs. There is no such thing as liberty while an ordinary citizen cannot walk the streets, or ride in the streets, of any city or village, in safety and without molestation. Murder is a common crime. Robberies, hold-ups, burglaries, are of every-day occurrence. The fool laws, which the so-called Progressives, of the Johnson and Stephens stripe, and their numerous followers, who should know better, have foisted on the State of California, including the indeterminate sentence and the parole of criminals after conviction, all have added to the number of crimes committed.

"Any man of my age can thank his stars that he has lived when he did live. He has enjoyed 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' during the 'Golden Age' of America. Life in the future cannot have the opportunities and safeguards he has enjoyed. Confiscation of his accumulations is threatened by taxes, which are ever on the increase. I sometimes ask myself if we can stop when we reach the precipice, or must we make the plunge which means utter ruin and destruction to the human race?

"A revolution against capital is in progress. Coupled with it are savage onslaughts on property rights. Victor Hugo says that such revolutions come about so often, when conditions are ripe for them; that when any such revolution is over, capital has not been destroyed, but still exists, but its owners have been shifted and capital rests in the hands of its new owners, who have taken by force what others acquired by industry, until another revolution despoils them, as it did their predecessors.

"These are questions which loom big to me in my idle,

silent and reclusive moments. I try to be an optimist, and force myself to believe, against my reason, that things will right themselves.

"The past is gone. It is forever lost to us. It is valuable for the memories that we hold of it and the lessons that we can learn from it. Then away with the past, with its joys and sorrows, with its hopes deferred and ambitions unfulfilled, its delusions and disappointments! Sustained by hope of better things to come, let us drink to the future, which may bring us further joys, peace and contentment, a reverence for the Constitution and obedience to the laws, and which, at the worst, can only bring us oblivion!

"To the future, then, with the hope that this great land of ours may recover from its present ills, and go down the ages as an example of liberty to all the peoples of the world, that the expectations of the founders of our government may be fully realized, and America blaze the path to righteousness and justice for all ages and all mankind!"

All who attended the dinner expressed themselves as having had a most excellent time. I trust that I will be alive on my 80th birthday, so that I can again meet my friends on that occasion. It is my purpose, if living, to have them all again assembled at my home. I regret that death has already made quite heavy inroads upon those who attended the dinner, in 1922.

CHAPTER LV

WARS OF THE UNITED STATES DURING MY LIFETIME

DURING my lifetime, the United States, not counting her Indian wars, which, for years, were continuous, has undergone three wars, viz.:

First: The Civil War, or War of the Rebellion

Second: The war with Spain

Third: The World War, which began in 1914

I well remember the outbreak of the Civil War, or War of the Rebellion. The excitement was intense. There were many Southern people living at Marysville, where we then resided. I believe that as many men left that section to join the Southern army as left to join the Union army.

The war was a devastating one. It left the South with her resources destroyed and the flower of her manhood gone. It also crippled the resources of the North very considerably, and many thousands of the best of her manhood were killed upon the battlefield. The death of President Lincoln, at the termination of hostilities, was the severest blow which could possibly have been delivered to the country. He could have done more than any other man in the nation to heal the wounds of his countrymen and bring the people of the North and South to a better understanding. All his utterances, during the conflict, went to prove that he would have been a magnanimous victor. He did not regard the people of the South as enemies, but as misguided fellow-citizens. Had he lived, we would not have had carpet-bag rule in the South,

with all its horrors and villainies. The Southern States, under his kindly rule, would have been speedily restored to their former standing in the nation. Better feeling would have immediately prevailed.

Perhaps the world never witnessed the termination of a war as devastating, in its proportions, which was so quickly followed by a resumption of the ordinary duties of citizenship. The soldiers of both armies returned to their homes and immediately went to work to build up what had been destroyed. The country suffered all possible ills from debt, from a lack of tools of trade and implements of husbandry, and also from a depreciated currency. In an incredibly short time, our people put all their troubles behind them. New industries were started, farming operations expanded, our overseas commerce enlarged; railroads were built, and manufacturing plants established. Immigration, on an immense scale, from foreign countries, was encouraged, and ample cheap labor was thus obtained. The curse of labor-unionism was, at that time, unheard-of.

In time, the pulse of the new era became too strong to be healthy. Inflation followed, which resulted in serious financial depression. Yet the country made great progress. Her wealth increased, and she began and kept steadily at the reduction of the enormous debt which the war entailed. The nation generously cared for the veterans of the war. Much more could have been done for them had thieving politicians not stolen appropriations made for the benefit of the veterans. The war, while an expensive one, was worth all it cost, in that it resulted in the abolishment of that greatest blot on American civilization, human slavery.

The war with Spain was short and snappy. Admiral Dewey's wonderful performance at Manila Bay, followed

in a short time by the destruction of the Spanish fleet as it emerged from Santiago Harbor, aroused the American people to a sense of the fighting ability of the trained American. As soon as the war was over, our government performed its obligations to the world and Cuba by putting the latter on a firm governmental basis. She has ever since kept a close watch upon Cuba's political status, intervening as occasion demanded, and if intervention should again become necessary to quell rebellion, or curb the rapacity of those in power, rest assured that it will promptly and effectually follow.

Our entrance into the World War was so long delayed that it cost all of the belligerents much blood and treasure. Had our government acted on Roosevelt's suggestion, and declared the violation of Belgium's neutrality by Germany an act of war against us, the World War would not have lasted as long as it did. We finally entered the war, after the usual oratorical gesture by President Woodrow Wilson. Then followed the most humiliating spectacle in American history. The president, always inclined toward socialism, took into his confidence that arch-traitor and unconvicted criminal, Samuel Gompers. The latter exercised more power than any member of the cabinet. The offense was more unpardonable when you consider what Gompers was. He traveled hand-in-hand, and lectured from the same platform with Emma Goldman, who finally became so obnoxious to the socialistic instincts of the Wilson administration that she was banished from America. Gompers encouraged strikes with picketing, brutal assaults, bloodshed and murder. He disregarded our laws, derided and laughed at the decisions of the supreme court. He was responsible for sabotage, assaults on non-union workers and even murders innumerable. Gompers condoned the destruction of *The*

Times building, with the murder of twenty innocent employes of that paper. Gompers claimed with Clarence Darrow, who, as a result of the trial, was indicted and prosecuted for attempted jury bribing, that this wholesale killing was not murder but social revolution. Gompers defended the McNamaras, who were responsible for *The Times* disaster, and insisted on their innocence up to the very day they pleaded guilty. Gompers defended the many outrages of the structural ironworkers' union of America. He furnished counsel for its president, Ryan, and saw that his salary was continued after he was put in the penitentiary. Up to the very day of his death, he exerted himself to overthrow our federal constitution. He would have destroyed the barriers which prevented the labor unions from looting the people of this nation as ruthlessly as the Huns and Vandals looted the countries they overran.

The president, through the influence of Gompers, coddled the labor unions. They were exempted, as skilled laborers, from the draft. Their pay was inordinately increased while their services decreased in effectiveness. Never in the world, while our soldiers went forth, through all the horrors of trench warfare and death upon the battlefield, for a dollar a day, were such wages paid as Gompers' followers received, who remained in safety at home and became rich and impudent.

Then came the appointment of the president's son-in-law, W. G. McAdoo, as governor-general of the railroads. Probably with an eye on the presidential nomination, which he has already sought and, if reports are true, is still seeking, he immediately advanced the wages of all railroad employes to unheard-of figures. Not satisfied with increasing the payroll in this manner, he reclassified all railroad men, which added millions more to their pay

envelopes. Under this classification, an ignorant Dago, competent to attend to a small gas engine for pumping water, a few hours a day, at some wayside station, for which he was glad to get two dollars and a half a day, was called an "engineer," and his pay raised to $130 to $140 per month. All the railroads of the country were allowed to deteriorate in both roadbeds and equipment. Discipline of employes was destroyed. Robbery of freight trains increased to a frightful degree. These robberies, it was generally supposed, were connived at, when not committed by railroad employes.

When McAdoo's rule of the railroads ended, that veteran railroad builder, James J. Hill, said it would cost the roads five hundred billion dollars to repair the damages done them under his administration. Experience has proven that his estimate was rather under than over the mark. After the war terminated, certain classes of railroad employes asked for still further increases in salary. As the law provides, the matter was referred to an arbitration board. Evidently from Gompers' influence, the presidential appointees on this board were in sympathy with the demands of the men. The increase was not only granted, but the raise in wages was made retroactive. Thus, at a time when the roads were in sore distress, they were called upon to pay many millions immediately, to satisfy this most unjust salary grab. Mr. H. M. Robinson, a banker living in Los Angeles, was one of the presidential appointees. If he owed his appointment to the Gompers' influence, he amply repaid the debt in a recent speech to students of the California Institute of Technology of Pasadena, in which he became both an apologist for and adulator of the infamous Gompers.

The genius of the American railroad men has overcome all of the difficulties which confronted them when

they recovered possession of their dilapidated properties from the hands of the wasteful, extravagant and neglectful McAdoo. Although still harassed by discriminating legislation at the hands of vote-seeking, political demagogues, they have made good. People should not complain of high freight rates without considering the reasons therefor.

Continuing the glorification of the labor unions, President Harding, as a vote-getting measure, appointed that moose man, Davis, Secretary of Labor. He is not, except in name, secretary of labor. He is secretary of organized, unionized labor. President Coolidge, it is to be presumed, as a vote-getting measure, has retained Davis as Secretary of Labor. He, through the cowardice and subserviency of senators and congressmen seeking the vote of organized labor, has dictated our immigration laws so as to give labor an absolute monopoly of that commodity. Labor charges what it pleases for inadequate attention to its duties, and constantly asks and gets increased pay. The united brotherhood of railroad employes has become so rich that it has become capitalist and organized banks and commercial enterprises in many large cities of the United States. In the meantime, labor has been virtually exempted from the income tax, and the rest of our population is bearing that heavy burden and paying off our enormous debt which labor is largely responsible for.

The natural resources of the country are so great that it will probably survive these abuses. But people who complain of high prices must not confine their criticism to merchants and manufacturers alone. Labor should come in for its share of the blame.

CHAPTER LVI

THE SORROWS OF MY LIFE

IN APRIL, 1861, when I was nine years of age, I experienced the first great sorrow of my life. My brother, Selwyn, thirteen year old, four years older than I was, died of scarlet fever. All of us children had it. He caught cold just as he took the disease, and it was impossible for him to recover.

He realized that he was going to die. He told my mother that he did not want to die, but at the same time, urged her not to mourn for him. At daybreak, a meadowlark alighted on the roof of the house and sang a few melodious notes, then, with a burst of joyous song, flew away. Selwyn heard him, and with a smile on his lips told his mother that the lark had come to bid him good-bye, and that he would never hear it sing again. In ten minutes he was dead.

He was my guide and mentor. We were chums. He taught me to ride and shoot. He showed me where to find the largest blackberries, the sweetest huckleberries and the best wild grapes. He showed me the most likely places to catch chub and perch.

It was my first experience with death. Up to that time I had received no religious instruction other than such as I got at my mother's knee. I had no religious instinct or feeling, and I have never since acquired either. I knew but little about God. At my brother's funeral I heard the minister say that God had taken Selwyn from us. I immediately felt an enmity toward Him. I considered that He had done me a personal injury, and I was bitter

towards Him. When my mother heard me abusing God for taking Selwyn from us, she endeavored to show me that the minister did not mean his remarks as I interpreted them. She showed me that the minister meant that God had taken Selwyn to eternal happiness. My resentment gradually wore away. My poor mother's grief, which she tried to hide from us, for the loss of her boy, was distressing to me, and I did my best to comfort her.

For many weeks after his death I felt deserted. In time, I began to rely upon myself, and to do for myself the things which my brother formerly did for me. The pain and misery which I experienced, little by little, disappeared.

Then, in 1864, the grim reaper, Death, again visited us. My sister, just past fourteen years of age, also died, the doctor said, of scarlet fever. I am convinced she died of diphtheria. I drove her home from boarding-school in Marysville, at four o'clock Friday afternoon. She was then well and in good spirits. The next morning she complained of sore throat. Sunday morning her throat was worse and she had a high fever. The family physician was summoned from Marysville. When he arrived Sunday afternoon she was much worse. He did all he could to relieve her sufferings. He remained with us all night. At four o'clock Monday morning she died, literally choked to death.

My mother suffered so much from this new affliction, that I suppressed, as best I could, my own grief, in order to comfort and sustain her. After my sister's death my mother devoted herself to my care and welfare more closely than she had done in the past. She taught me arithmetic, geography, history, spelling and Latin, during all of our spare hours. It was her ambition that I should be a lawyer. She hammered that idea into my head con-

stantly. I finally absorbed her enthusiasm on the subject. I read everything I could find in the newspapers which came to the house, about lawyers, courts and trials. I accepted the profession as my future calling.

The years sped on until, in 1867, we left Marysville for San Mateo County, and then my real education began.

There were no further deaths in our family until 1883, when our infant son, Griffith Graves, our second child, died when three days old. His mother had suffered much with neuralgia before his birth. The physicians said his little body was so charged with it that he could not possibly rally.

In the fall of 1889, my mother died of pneumonia, at Santa Rosa, Sonoma County, California, where she and my father then lived. Having been notified of her illness, I was going to her when I received a telegram, at Mojave, notifying me of her death. Gloomy, indeed, was the remainder of my journey to Santa Rosa. I brought her body back with me. She was buried from our house in Alhambra, in my lot, in the San Gabriel Cemetery. My father spent the remainder of his days at our home.

My mother used to mourn because, in flood times, the cemetery at Marysville, while not actually flooded over its surface, was so drenched with underground water from the rise of the water level, that the bodies of all who were buried there were submerged in water for weeks at a time. Remembering this, I had the remains of my brother and sister, within a month after my mother's funeral, removed from Marysville to San Gabriel, and interred beside those of my mother.

In April, 1906, my only brother, Henry Emmet Graves, died at his home in Los Angeles in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was to me always a kind and affectionate brother and helpmate. He came to Los An-

geles from Spokane, Washington, in 1894. We were associated in many enterprises together. He was a man of sterling character, and was universally beloved by all who knew him. We buried him also in our family plot at San Gabriel.

Our first grandchild, Griffith Stewart, son of H. F. and Alice Graves Stewart, died at the home of his parents in what is now San Marino, on January 4th, 1908, of spinal meningitis. There were at the time nearly one hundred cases scattered throughout various localities in Los Angeles County, nearly every case of which terminated fatally. He was a fine large boy, something over two years old, bright, good-looking, and of a loving disposition. Too soon was his young life ended.

Not long were we allowed surcease from sorrow. On the first day of March, 1908, my son, Selwyn Emmet Graves (named for my two brothers), was killed in an automobile accident. He was twenty-three years of age, and would have graduated from the Medical College of Southern California within the next week. He was a most lovable character, well thought-of by everyone, and gave great promise of eminence as a surgeon. All of his preceptors had predicted a brilliant future for him. As a prerequisite to graduation, he was compelled to do a certain amount of what is termed "settlement work." The miseries he encountered among the poorer classes grieved him very much. At the last meal we had together, large fortunes were under discussion, and he remarked that if he had ample means he "would found a hospital at which the poverty-stricken portion of humanity could obtain priceless service without price."

I gave all of his books and medical instruments to his medical college. Shortly after his death, as a memorial to him, I paid off a $20,000 mortgage upon the property

of the college, which is an adjunct of the University of California, and the name of the college building was changed to "The Selwyn E. Graves Memorial Free Dispensary."

He was an intimate friend of Mr. Harry Andrews, one of the editors of the *Los Angeles Times,* who published in *The Times,* a few days after his death, the following beautiful editorial concerning him.

"DEATH'S SHINING MARK"

"That death still loves a shining mark has been brought home again in the inexpressibly sad and untimely taking off of young Selwyn Emmet Graves, who was killed in an automobile accident in this city early last Sunday morning. From the hope and joy of youth, this fine, noble boy was hurled without a moment's warning into the solemn and unknown darkness of another world, from the mysterious pathways of which no footstep returns. There was no hour of farewell, no moment in which to bid God-speed, no waiting for the tide; there was no thought of leave-taking at all. The lights of home were just ahead —then came the flash of doom and the sudden dark.

"Death is sad enough at all times, God knows! Those whom we love leave us all too soon, no matter how long the years or how white the head with the snows of age. But when the Pale Rider stoops from his phantom steed to pluck from the heart's red core a strong, brave man, just as he sets his feet on life's highways that beckon to him with high hopes and bright rewards, it is all that the soul can do to bear it.

"Here was a young man who had everything to live for. He was clean and good. He was blessed with a kindly and generous nature; he was the son of an honored father and a tender, loving mother. His friends were

bound to him with hooks of steel. Life stretched before him alluringly, and he had planned to do his part in the world in a way that would have made the world better for his presence. But now there is an end to that. Some other must fill his place in the broken ranks, and God grant it may be one who shall be worthy of the lance he lifted and the shield he bore."

It was my intention to have sent Selwyn to Vienna, to round out his medical and surgical education, just as soon as he graduated and had been admitted to practice by the state authorities.

Two years later, on March 23rd, 1910, our second son, J. A. Graves, Jr., died. On the twenty-third day of March, 1911, I wrote a review of his life, illness and death, which I will here quote in full.

"JACK"

"One year ago today, Jack died. He was my son, my namesake, a boy of kindly, gentle nature, loved and lovable.

"He was born on July 12th, 1891. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when death robbed us of him.

"It seems but a day since he came to us. What a nice baby he was, so sweet, so good, so lovable! When scarcely three months old, an old friend of mine, Mr. L. C. Goodwin, was stricken with a fatal, yet lingering, illness. He told me to bring the baby in, before it was too late. He wanted to see him. Childless himself, he loved my children. How he fondled him, patted his cheeks, kissed him, smoothed his almost imperceptible locks, admired him, made much of him, as only a childless old man can do.

"When we left him, he shook Jack's baby hand goodbye, and said to himself, rather than to me, 'He little

knows how much misery can be embraced in one short human life.'

"And now my Jack, like my friend Goodwin, is dead, gone, lost to me, never to return.

"How every little incident of his early childhood comes back to me! How clearly I read his life! He grew and prospered as only healthy babies can, and he was soon toddling around, walking from chair to chair, from parent to parent.

"He was a happy child, full of the very joy of living. The laughter of his soul was always bubbling over. Sorrow was unknown to him. Always happy, always smiling, always good-natured, he imparted to all around him a spirit of happiness and contentment. He was always active, alert, always interested, and always interesting.

"I am looking at a photograph of him now, taken when he was about three years old. How bright his eyes, how inquiring his little face! His very pose indicates an active, anxious and inquiring mind.

"Soon his school days began. Happy days for him! He was always a favorite with his teacher and his school companions. Boys came home from school each day with him. The poorer the boy, the better he treated him. He was a leader—they followed. They laughed and played and made merry until lengthening shadows admonished them that anxious mothers were waiting for them.

"At an early age he began to hunger for books. Boys' books of travel and adventure, and historical works, occupied his spare moments. He could not be idle. Studies finished of an evening, he was soon absorbed in some book until made to retire.

"When he was ten years of age, that dread disease, diphtheria, appeared in Alhambra. One night Jack complained of not feeling well. He barely touched his din-

ner, and went to bed early. During the night we looked in on him several times. He slept, but was restless. In the morning he had a high temperature and a sore throat. The doctor came, took his temperature, looked at his throat, and pronounced his trouble diphtheria. He hastened for anti-toxin; a nurse came. We guarded him tenderly. After the anti-toxin was administered, his temperature went down. He improved gradually, and was finally pronounced well and released from quarantine. The doctors warned us to look out for his heart. Then began a struggle which lasted until his death. His active nature rebelled against restraint. He would overdo his strength. Not that he wanted to do so, but thoughtlessly. He had always been so strong and healthy, that he could not realize what his sickness had done to him. He grew very tall and was very thin, yet active and ambitious in spirit. He went to school, and we begged him not to play football or baseball. About three years after his sickness, he came home one day, looking tired and worn, but his indomitable spirit would not down. He declared he was all right. Bleeding at the nose set in, and he utterly collapsed. We summoned a physician. All that night he suffered, and was dangerously near death's door. The muscles of his heart were affected. Then came a long, hard fight to save his life. He never left his bed for thirty days or more. When he was able to be up again, absolute rest was prescribed for him. School was debarred him. He stayed home. When he got better, we got him a tutor who spent several hours a day with him. He progressed well with his studies.

"In the summer of 1907, we sent him with his tutor to the Mediterranean for the sea voyage. They sailed from New York on the steamship 'Moltke.' The long voyage was beneficial to him. He made warm friends of all on

board. The captain, all the officers, and even the crew loved him. His sixteenth birthday came during the voyage over. He had a seat at the first officer's table. That night they kept him away from the dining-saloon, on some pretext or other, for some little time. When he entered, he found all the passengers and officers standing. The tables were decorated. All greeted him with cheers, hand-clapping and well wishes. The captain had planned the birthday celebration for him.

"He stayed on the Italian coast but a week or so, and came home on the return voyage of the 'Moltke.' From New York he came home alone. The trip improved him very much, so much that the doctors thought it safe for him to start to school again. He started in at the Alhambra High School, and was doing well physically and in his studies. One day he was watching a football game. A player was injured. He took his place and played the game out. He immediately relapsed. The improvement of two years or more, was destroyed in an hour. He had to drop his school work. The physicians said he must have a certain diet, absolute rest and massage. To give him these, we placed him in Dr. McBride's Sanitarium, at Lamanda Park. How he hated the place! His mother visited him several times a week, and he came home on Sundays. Here he formed the acquaintance of Dr. Stephen A. Smith. They were fast friends until the end. Dr. Smith was the last person he spoke to when he was dying. A German masseur at the sanitarium fairly worshiped him. The regular hours, plenty of exercise in a quiet way, did him a great deal of good. He grew still taller, and broad-shouldered. His limbs did not develop in proportion to his body, probably because he could not exercise them as much as they needed exercise. His mind was, as ever, bright and active, and he read and studied constantly.

"The spring of 1908 came. He was at the sanitarium when his brother Selwyn met his unfortunate and tragic death. The loss of his brother was a serious blow to him. Later in the year we took him with us on an automobile trip through Northern California. It agreed with him, and he enjoyed the change of scene and air.

"That fall and winter he spent at home. We got him another tutor, and he made good progress in his studies. He was now in his seventeenth year, and more than six feet tall. The doctors advised a trip to Bad-Neuheim, for his heart. In March, 1909, accompanied by his mother and sister Katherine, and Miss Kate Van Nuys, he started again for Europe. His letters on the trip were original, and showed him to be a close observer.

"On April 18th, 1909, they sailed from New York, again on the 'Moltke,' for the Mediterranean. The captain and officers were overjoyed at again having Jack with them. They showered attentions upon the entire party on his account. After a restful and beautiful trip, they docked at Naples. Then they began a delightful trip through Italy. After visiting the Italian cities, they made their way slowly north through Switzerland, and in July reached Bad-Neuheim. Writing me from there, Jack said, 'I have seen the doctor three times now. He is more sure of an absolute cure every time he has examined me, but, of course, as they have all said, it depends entirely upon myself. I have had enough of this chasing around from one place to another, trying to get my health, and so think that, if I ever do get straightened out, I will have sense enough not to do anything more to set me back again.'

"When his treatment ended, Dr. Graedel sent them to the Black Forest for the after-cure. On parting with him (this I never heard until after his death, as he made his

mother promise she would not tell me), the doctor said to him, 'Jack, you are now in good shape. Do you want to get entirely well?' 'Surely I do,' Jack replied. 'Then,' added the doctor, 'after your trip to the Black Forest, get home as quickly as you can, and spend the next three years of your life in a wheel-chair.' Jack said he did not want to get well bad enough to undergo that punishment.

"What must have been his constant emotions with this knowledge of his condition burned into his soul? The activity of his disposition would not have permitted him to have lived such a life.

"They did the Black Forest and Germany by automobile trip of nearly 3,000 miles. Writing from Frankfort to me, he said: 'This country and France can surely give America lessons in road building. In the first place, they have good material, and labor costs them but little. We have passed a good many road-building gangs. They keep working on the completed roads forever. In constructing a new road, first, they dig down about a foot into the earth. Then they lay a foundation of stone. Each stone is a little larger than a brick, and each one fitted to the last one laid. Every piece of stone is quarried, ground and shaped by hand. On top of the large foundation stones, they put a two-inch layer of red clay (which covers most of Germany) and, after putting water on the clay until it nearly runs, they fill in all the chips of stone left by the cutters, and roll the road until it forms a surface as strong as concrete. This surface never cracks. On top of this finished surface they add a layer of fine sand, which holds the dust, and also helps hold the clay firm in rainy weather.'

"Holland was closed to them by reason of the cholera, then epidemic there. Leaving Germany, they went to France. They then returned to the Mediterranean, and

embarked for home on the 'Moltke,' a vessel they were all enamored of.

"The long sea voyage to New York rested them, after their continental travels.

"Late in October, they reached home. The boy who left home in March, returned, in October, a man in experience.

"Then came the question of how best to occupy his mind, and keep him quiet. His local physician examined him, and pronounced him in good condition. He warned us and him against any violent exercise, but said he must have some occupation, as college was out of the question for him. It was agreed that he could safely study law, if he would not work too hard. He entered the office of the firm of my former partner, Mr. H. W. O'Melveny. Here he won the heart of everyone he came in contact with.

"One day Mr. George Denis said to me, 'Graves, I was surprised and much pleased to learn that that tall, handsome, gentlemanly, well-bred young man, in O'Melveny's office, is your son, Jack. He has been to our office frequently of late on business for his firm. We all admired him before we knew who he was. I congratulate you on possessing so promising a son.'

"So it was with all who met him. He made remarkable progress in his legal work. He took the utmost interest in the affairs of the office. He rejoiced in the firm's successes and grieved over their defeats. The 'never say die' spirit in him was invariable. If he told me about an adverse decision rendered in some case the firm was attending to, he always added, 'But *we* will scoop them in the supreme court.'

"In January, 1910, he caught a bad cold. He grew thinner. His face took on its old pinched and pallid look.

He was at home a few days. His cold seemed to leave him. He vowed he was all right. He returned to the office, but during the month of February he was not well. On about the twentieth of the month he was compelled to take to his bed. It proved his death bed. Then came a desperate fight to save him. We got one nurse, then a second one. He never complained; he never despaired. He joked his nurses and his doctors. Gradually, he grew weaker, but with a smile he always said to me, 'I will be better now.'

"It was a pitiful thing to see him waste away, to feel that we were losing him! To know in our hearts, while we still hoped for his recovery, that he was doomed to die! The doctors were noncommital. Some days they pronounced him better, again they said he was worse. The stomach was affected. When it got better, the heart got worse. Then congestion of the lungs followed his other troubles. The lungs got better. One Sunday, the twentieth of March, the doctors were much encouraged. They pronounced him much better. How the sunshine of joy entered our weary hearts! The fight was won! He would live! What joy! What a load was lifted from our minds! Mr. and Mrs. O'Melveny drove out to see us. When we told them he was better, they rejoiced with us. Henry asked if he could see Jack. I took him to him. He was very weak. He grasped the proffered hand, his eyes closed, but the tears stood in them, as he listened to Henry's congratulations. To get me out of the house, Mr. and Mrs. O'Melveny persuaded me to ride to Monrovia with them, where they were going to take Mr. H. S. McKee, who was with them. How we rejoiced over the change in his condition! We could already see him well again, and planned all sorts of pleasant things for him. Our joy was short-lived. Monday a change oc-

curred for the worse. Tuesday, the heart was in an awful condition. At four o'clock that afternoon, Drs. Bryant, Barlow, Edwards and Smith held a consultation. They told us he would die, that the end was near. I telephoned to Belmont School for his brother, Francis, to come home at once. He reached home Wednesday afternoon. Jack recognized him; asked him what he was doing at home. Francis told him he had come for his Easter vacation. He had intended to start Wednesday, the day following the receipt of my message.

"All Tuesday night I stayed up with Jack. Once he said to me, 'Pop, I am cold, so cold.' We applied hot applications to his extremities and he felt warmer. Wednesday morning I said something about it being morning. He was dozing but heard me, and remarked, 'Is it morning, already? Tomorrow, I will be better.'

"That night the doctors made Mrs. Graves and myself retire. At ten o'clock they called us. Just as we got to Jack's bedside, he breathed his last. He went peacefully to sleep, to the sleep that knows no waking.

"To know our agony, one must go through the same sad experience. The light of his life, and most of the light of our lives had gone out. We could not realize it. For a time we could not comprehend that one so young, so full of the joy of living, could die and leave us.

"There is one consolation in the death of both of our boys. They can never suffer the agony we have suffered. They can never stand beside the cold and pallid forms of their dead children. At least that sorrow is spared them. They can never feel the despair that comes to the human soul when its offspring is thus taken from it.

"We buried him, assisted by kind and sympathizing friends, by the side of his brother. Ah, the desolation of our home! To see the things he loved, and know that

they were lost to him forever! Our home has never been the same to us. The crowds of young people with which he filled the house, came to us no more. For us their songs and laughter have been forever stilled. Only the memory of it, a bright memory, beautiful, and in part consoling, is left to us.

"Speaking of his death, Mr. A. G. Becker, a wealthy broker of Chicago, who traveled on the continent with them, while abroad in 1909, in a letter to my daughter, said:

" 'There are no words at my command that could express, in the slightest degree, our regret and sorrow at the death of your brother, Jack, the fine, big-hearted boy, who was a man before his time. How we all loved him and looked up to him in our too short acquaintance! Louise is home from college for Easter, and she told us, the day before your letter was received, that Jack must have forgotten her, as she received no reply to her last letter. I cannot tell you with what pleasure we looked forward to our few days' visit, which we intended to make you in the fall, and we shall always cherish the cordial and urgent invitation he extended us, and which we felt was so sincere.'

"So it was with all his friends. If he had an enemy, I never knew of it.

"His short life is ended. He is lost to us. In place of his presence, in lieu of his joyous laughter, instead of his genial smile, there is left us a memory of the smiling babe, the happy boy, the enthusiastic youth, and the budding manhood of poor Jack, which was so full of promise, and yet so saddened by long-continued suffering.

"With dim eyes and swelling heart, I close this brief summary of the life of one so near and so dear to all of us."

I believe that, had my two sons lived, each of them would have made a name for himself in his chosen calling. I console myself that, in dying, they have missed a world of trouble. They will, at least, never stand by the bedside of their own children, and see them pass away. Had Selwyn lived, nothing would have kept him out of the European War, and he would have been upon the battlefield to extend first aid to the wounded. What horrors might have overtaken him, no one can imagine.

With each passing year, the memory of my dead grows dearer to me. Perhaps that is my recompense for having lost them. But the death circle was not yet closed. On May 5th, 1911, my poor old father, who was 87 years of age, and very deaf and so nearly blind that he could no longer read a newspaper, died at my home, of apoplexy. Death was a relief to him, and while we mourn his loss I cannot grieve for him as I did for my mother and my children. He was a just man, of good, hard sense. He never harmed a human soul during his eighty-seven years on earth.

On November 7th, 1920, my brother's widow, Mary Frances Graves, passed away, at her home at 1947 Harvard Boulevard, in Los Angeles.

All the dead I have mentioned above are buried in our lot at San Gabriel, and there is still room for the rest of us. I had the body of our first child, Griffith Graves, removed from the Los Angeles cemetery to our present burial lot. There is a central monument on the lot with appropriate headstones for each of those buried there. There is no more beautiful spot on this earth for them to rest in throughout the ages.

CHAPTER LVII

GENERAL COMMENTS ON PROGRESS OF LOS ANGELES

IT WOULD take many volumes to trace with accuracy the growth of Los Angeles from 1900 to the present time. An increase in population, during that period, from 100,000 to 1,200,000, tells the tale. Such a history would necessitate the recording of many new individuals, firms and corporations, which have engaged in business here; a description of our electric and steam railroad developments; an enumeration of the business blocks, apartment houses, hotels and factories erected; an account of the development of electrical energy; a history of municipal water and power development, including grave mistakes made therein and petty politics played; a memorandum of lands subdivided, of dwelling-houses built, and of country homes, on a palatial style, established; the rise and progress of the movie industry, including its scandals, debaucheries, murders, assassinations, suicides and divorce proceedings; the development of our oil resources; the growth of the automobile industry to unbelievable proportions; the increase in our banking facilities, including the inauguration of branch banks and the exploitation of the office of State Bank Commissioner for the benefit of individual banks, making, as it were, a political football of that official position; the rise and extraordinary increase in the tourist business; the construction of our harbor at San Pedro, and great increase in the volume of our ocean-going commerce; the rise and fall of local political demagogues, who, after abusing a little brief authority, have

faded away into well-merited obscurity; the part Los Angeles played in the World War; the account of the valiant services rendered this community by the *Los Angeles Daily Times,* in always fighting for our best interests and against the assaults of labor-unionism, and in constantly showing up the evils of the direct primary system, and in ever voicing a program for the upbuilding and advancement, not only of this community, but of the whole State of California and the nation at large; the growth of our social institutions, including the part taken therein by women's clubs; the vast increase in the number of our houses of worship and public school facilities; and the effects, good and bad, of prohibition. It is enough to state that, from the small beginning of even 1900, we have progressed to our present marvelous position. No thinking person believes that the end is at hand. There is every evidence that there will be as great a development in the resources of this country, in higher ideals of government, and in everything that makes life worth living, here in Los Angeles, as in any other quarter of the country.

The world has made more progress, during the seventy-five years of my life, than in all of the centuries that passed before I was born.

The preceding years were all in preparation for what has since occurred. Man's present knowledge and ingenuity have been centuries in the making. The development which has occurred in the arts and sciences, in the mechanical world, in inventions, discoveries, and the application of scientific principles to the varied affairs of life, have come about gradually. They have resulted from the better education and training of the masses, as well as from constantly increasing opportunities. One invention has led to another, until we are astounded at the perfection of the automobile, the telescope, the microscope, the

telephone, wireless telegraphy, the flying machine, and the thousand and one things that have contributed to the advancement as well as to the comfort of the human race.

I realize that the part I have played in the world's affairs has been inconspicuous. I have always faced every situation that has confronted me, with fortitude. In the daily affairs of life, if there is any one thing above another that I have been conspicuous for, it has been action. I have never idled my time away. While others spent priceless hours at the two great American abominations, professional baseball and professional football, I was attending to business. I have never wasted my time at cards or other games of amusement. I am proud to say I have never disgraced my mother, my wife, my children or myself, by attending a prize fight. Seeing a prize fight would not, in itself, be so bad as mingling with the crowd which attends them. While some decent people are found in prize ring audiences, the bulk of the attendance is made up of the scum of the earth that no decent man should ever mingle with.

I do not believe in luck. If you will look around you and note the men of your intimate acquaintance, or of national reputation, who have succeeded in life, you will find that they have been industrious workers. They were always on deck, as it were, and ready to grasp every opportunity which presented itself. This rule prevails in every walk of life. Industry crowns man's efforts with success. Brought up in comparative poverty, I have always been surprised at my tendency to spend money. I have never recklessly thrown it away, neither have I ever denied myself or my family anything within reason which I or they needed. Every one of my family, except my son Selwyn and myself, enjoyed a trip abroad, and some of them more than one trip. When Selwyn met his death, I

had already made arrangements to send him to Vienna for a two years' course in medicine. While my children were young it was impossible for me to make a trip abroad. After losing my limb, in 1913, I have felt so handicapped in my movements that I have had no ambition to visit the Old World.

At all times I have been charitable; have assisted in building churches, and aided all charities which I deemed worthy of support. Any success which has come to me, or any standing I have attained, I owe to the training of my mother and the devotion of my wife. The former founded my character, the latter has sustained and improved it. How many years more of life are to be my portion, no one can predict. Be they few or many, I will be grateful for them, and I hope to continue doing my duty to those who are dependent upon me, and to society generally, as I have done it in the past. When the end comes, I trust my taking off will not be accompanied by months of helpless inactivity. When I go, I hope to go, as I have lived, with full steam up.

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